

**CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY**

**ENGLISH COLLECTION**



**THE GIFT OF  
JAMES MORGAN HART  
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH**

The date shows when this volume was taken.  
To renew this book copy the call No. and give to  
the librarian.

MAR 27 1912

JUL 30 1913

~~2007~~

MAR 26 1973

#### HOME USE RULES.

All Books subject to Recall.

Books not used for instruction or research are returnable within 4 weeks.

Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible. For special purposes they are given out for a limited time.

Borrowers should not use their library privileges for the benefit of other persons.

Books not needed during recess periods should be returned to the library, or arrangements made for their return during borrower's absence, if wanted.

Books needed by more than one person are held on the reserve list.

Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes it, are not allowed to circulate.

Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or mutilated.

deface books by marks and writing.

Cornell University Library

PR 2753.M84 1888

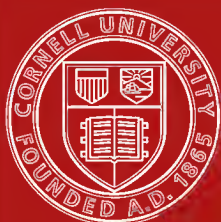
v.11

The comedies, histories, and tragedies o



3 1924 014 138 733

okn



## Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.





THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,  
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars  
Theatres, *circa* 1591–1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel  
pages with the first revised folio text,  
with Critical Introductions*

---

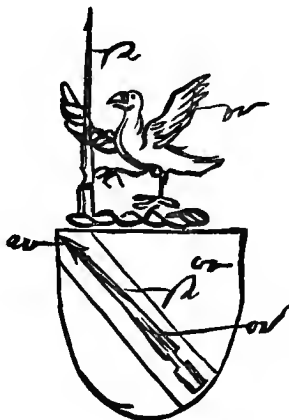
---

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN

---

---



NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

BRENTANOS  
PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*  
Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.



# The Bankside Shakespeare

XI.

---

## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE



*(The Players' Text of 1603, with the  
Heminges and Condell Text  
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching questions as  
to the Origins of the Play, and the Time  
covered by its Action

BY

EDWARD P. VINING, A. M. (YALE)

*A Member of the Shakespeare Society of New York, author of  
"The Mystery of Hamlet," "An Inglorious Columbus,"  
etc., etc.*

NEW YORK  
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1890

A.109406



## INTRODUCTION

IN the twelfth century, Saxo Grammaticus, a celebrated Danish historian who reduced to writing the legends and traditions found in the sagas, ballads, and folk-lore of his times, included in his *Deeds of the Danes* the history of a certain Prince Amleth, whose story is in many points identical with that of our Hamlet. About 1571, Francis de Belleforest repeated the account in a French collection of *Tragical Histories*, and there is little doubt that this story, either directly or through some translation or adaptation, suggested to Shakespeare the foundation of his immortal masterpiece. Although we have no sure record of the existence of our Shakespearean *Hamlet* before 1603, there is undoubted evidence that a drama of that name was played as early as 1589. The first allusion to it that is found was made by Nash, who, referring to the dramatists of his time, in a work printed in the last-mentioned year, wrote: "It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leave the trade of *Nouerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should haue neede; yet English *Seneca* read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*—I should say handfulls of tragical speaches." From an account-book of Philip Henslowe, a theatrical proprietor or lessee, it appears that *Hamlet* was played June 9, 1594, and that it was not

then new. In 1596 a certain Dr. Lodge published a pamphlet, in which the doctor, in discussing "Hate-Virtue" or "Sorrow for another man's good Success," says that it is "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the visard of ye ghost, which cried so miserally at ye Theator, like an oister wife, 'Hamlet reuenge.'" A note written by Dr. Gabriel Harvey in an edition of Chaucer which he owned, which note there is reason to believe was written in 1598, is as follows: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, but his *Lucrece* and his tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmarke* have it in them to please the wiser sort." In Dekker's *Satiro-mastix* of 1602 the following phrase occurs: "My name's Hamlet reuenge: thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not?"

These facts show that during the period between 1589 and 1603 there existed a play having the story of Hamlet as its foundation, and in which there appeared a ghost appealing for revenge. In the earlier histories of Hamlet, the father of the prince was openly put to death by his brother. It is only in the later drama, of which we have no account until the year in which we find a record that Shakespeare had become a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, that the murder becomes a secret crime, undiscoverable except by the aid of the unquiet spirit of the victim. The change was bold, and lies at the foundation of the drama. It was a change characteristic of the genius of Shakespeare, and there seems reason for believing that it was he, and he alone, who planned it.

In 1585, a few months before he was twenty-one years of age, twin children were born in Shakespeare's country home, to whom he gave the names of Hamnet and Judith. The boy was named, indirectly at least, after the hero of the old tale, for "Hamnet" is but a verbal variation of "Hamlet,"

and the father who chose this name for his first-born son can hardly have failed to study with interest the history of him who first had borne it. The play as we now have it is substantially the same as it appears in what is known as the "Second Quarto," which was printed in the year 1604 with the following title-page:—

*T H E*  
Tragicall Historie of  
H A M L E T,  
*Prince of Denmarke.*

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoit as much  
againē as it was, according to the true and perfect  
Coppie.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his  
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in  
Fleestrect. 1604.

Until 1823 this was the oldest edition known; but in that year Sir Henry Bunbury found in a closet at Barton, in a small quarto, bound up with a number of other plays, an edition of *Hamlet*, bearing the date 1603, which differs widely from that of 1604 not only in words and phrases, but even in the names of some of the characters and in the order of some of the scenes, and which is but little more than half as long as the later edition. It not only omits much that is found in our present drama, but contains some phrases, and one full scene, not found in any other edition. A third Quarto was printed in 1605, being a reprint of the second (the title-page being identical, save in date), the variations being typographical errors only. A fourth Quarto followed from another press in 1611, and there is a fifth, without date, but which is believed to have been issued in Shakespeare's lifetime.

I think there can be little doubt that these differences represent a real difference in the dramas; that is to say, our *Hamlet* of to-day differs in many respects from *Hamlet* as originally written by Shakespeare. That he re-wrote and revised the play at least once is almost certain; that he may have done so several times seems probable. There is a period in the development of nations when literary effort is turned toward the presentation of old tales in new forms, rather than toward the creation of new themes. The old stories are repeated and re-repeated in different forms, and the popular taste is more surely pleased by a beautifully worded variation of a well-known legend than by a new creation. The history of Sanskrit literature is a history of almost infinite variations of a few ancient myths; and even Homer did not disdain to arrange and re-word and combine the tales which had been sung by generations of bards before him. In Shakespeare's time, dramatic

# THE TRAGEDY

OF  
HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much  
again as it was, according to the true  
and perfect Coppy.



AT LONDON,

Printed for *John Smethwicke* and are to be sold at his shoppe  
in *Saint Dunstons* Church yeard in *Fleetstreet*.  
Vnder the Diall. 1613.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FOURTH (OR SMETHWICKE)  
QUARTO.

literature was in this stage of development. We know of many of his plays that they are but repetitions of a twice-told tale; earlier tales and dramas were re-written; most of the characters remained the same; much of the old plot was retained; but the additions and changes made by Shakespeare were enough to constitute the difference between death and life; and it is evident that he, like other dramatists of his age, thought it no harm to take plots of earlier authors, and even much of their language, and recast both into new forms. If he could improve upon the older play, then the world was so much the better for the improvement. There was not that fear of being accused of plagiarism that now exists. The improvement was the excuse, and the sufficient excuse, for the appropriation.

In the same way that the dramatists of that age felt themselves at liberty to improve upon the works of their predecessors whenever they could, they also believed in revising their own plays whenever they thought they could better them. And it appears to have been a common practice, when representing old plays, to produce them with such changes as the riper experience of the author might dictate. The volumes of the *Bankside Shakespeare* already published bear conclusive evidence, to those who will but examine the parallel Quarto and Folio texts, that it was the rule in Shakespeare's case, and not the exception, to revise and re-write his work with the utmost care. His perfect art was not an inspiration, but the result of tender, brooding care, long continued, of patient trials and re-trials, and of numerous takings apart and re-combinations, until each word should fit perfectly into its place and have its story ready for him who would but listen to it. Shakespeare thought into the creation of his



brain all that we can think out of it, and only something of the same patient, loving, long-continued carrying of it in our mind and heart that he exercised when evolving it can enable us to appreciate even the larger portion of that which he builded into it.

Assuming that the *Hamlet* of 1589 was the work of Shakespeare, the question remains whether it was substantially the same drama that we now have. We have already spoken of the differences between the edition of the play which was published in 1603 and the one published in 1604. These differences seem altogether too radical to be explained by the theory that the earlier publication was a piratical version, taken down in short-hand or partly written out from memory from a theatrical representation of the tragedy in its present form. There is strong reason for believing the edition of 1603 to have been printed without authority, from an imperfect copy, and to have been maimed and distorted in many ways; yet no errors of a hasty copyist, or of an imperfect memory, can account for many of the differences between the two editions. No mere carelessness could turn the names of Polonius and Reynaldo into Corambis and Montano; no dull ear of an unappreciative listener could melt the stilted lines of the mimic king in the play scene as we now have it into the liquid music of the early Quarto.

Upon the question as to whether the First Quarto was the skeleton report of the Second (and really earlier one) depend several very interesting glimpses of the stage history of this most majestic of all plays. For example, if the Second was really the First, the striking passage in the Second Quarto, —

A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye :  
In the most high and palmy fstate of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Iulius fell

Every 6 July

Entered for Sir George Dondor the Guild  
 of St. Paul & in water for water  
 of books called the Visions of St. Bernard  
 of the Visions of St. Bernard  
 of the Visions of St. Bernard  
 of the Visions of St. Bernard  
 of the Visions of St. Bernard  
 of the Visions of St. Bernard

1607. 5. R<sup>6</sup>  
29. November

Jo. Christoph. Entus for his reprint under the name of  
the merchant Hoff-book following  
Vergers D<sup>r</sup> belongs to Nitzsch D<sup>r</sup>

Paris.

- 6 a book called Hamlet 9 2yds
- 9 The Taming of a Shrew 9 2yds
- 10 Franco and Juliet 9 2yds
- 11 Lucio Labours Lost 9 2yds

The graves flood tenantless and the fleeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.  
 As stars with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,  
 Disasters in the funne: and the moift starre,  
 Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands  
 Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.  
 And even the like precurse of fierce euents  
 As harbinger preceeding still the fates  
 And prologue to the Omen comming on  
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated  
 Vnto our climatures and country men

which (together with Barnado's four-line speech immediately preceding it) is omitted entirely in the Folio (between Fo. 123 and 124), was only an accidental omission, whereas, if the Second Quarto was Shakespeare's own revision of the first, Shakespeare may have himself omitted the passage, after experimenting with it, and finding it either ineffective or over-effective for practical stage reading. In deciding, each of us for himself, the question, it is worthy of note that, although invariably restored in all modern editions, the acting editions as invariably reject it, a curious identity (under our second supposition) of the stage customs of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries! If, on the other hand, the First Quarto was a stolen and surreptitious version of the second, there is a curious indication, first pointed out by Richard Grant White, that the actor who took the part of Voltimand was bribed to furnish all or parts of it.

"Meantime . . . in my comparison of the two texts," says Mr. White, "I found evidence which justifies the fixing of the charge of piracy upon a single unknown man, — the actor of the very small part of Voltimand. My reason for this conclusion is this, very briefly: The two texts show such an exact correspondence of the two or three speeches of this unimportant personage, and of his cues, and

of all that is uttered while he is on the stage, as cannot be accounted for, under the circumstances, except on the assumption that they came from the man who had made himself letter perfect in the speeches, and had heard what immediately preceded and followed them again and again."

But, when Shakespeare first wrote that play within a play, he filled it with beauty and with Shakespearian characteristics. Witness the following lines :—

Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,  
 Since happy time ioynd both our hearts as one:  
 And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,  
 Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines  
 Of muficke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,  
 Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:  
 And therefore fweete, Nature must pay his due,  
 To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you. (Q. 1312.)

These lines are somewhat corrupted, but no meaner hand than Shakespeare's wrote the verses from which they were copied. Where did these lines come from, if Mr. White's theory is the correct one? Note the beauty of the third, fourth, and fifth lines; and notice, too, how our "absolute Johannes Factotum," to whom all human knowledge seems to be but a matter of instinct, in them asserts the circulation of the blood in the veins, and "pipes," a truth which Harvey probably did not even suspect until at least thirteen years later, and did not publicly declare and demonstrate until a quarter of a century after the publication of this Quarto.

When re-writing the tragedy, our poet felt the necessity of more distinctly separating this mimic play from the body of the drama, and, by intensifying the feeling that it was a play, of so intensifying the feeling that the surroundings were those of real life. So he carefully and unsparingly pruned out the beauty of the lines and for them substituted the following jog-trot (F. 2024) :—

Full thirtie times hath Phœbus' Cart gon round,  
 Neptune's falt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground :  
 And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,  
 About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,  
 Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands  
 Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

Faith, I muſt leaue thee Loue, and ſhortly too :  
 My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do :  
 And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behinde,  
 Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.

Is it possible that any "actor who put down from memory a sketch of the original play as it was acted, and who wrote very illegibly," or any "bad poet, most probably a bookseller's hack," who, "without any personal intercourse with the writer of these notes, availed himself of them to make up his early copy of *Hamlet* : and who, according to the theory that, between them, they, with scarcely any appreciation for the poetry or real beauties of the play, mangled our drama of to-day into the form of the first edition : could blindly mangle

My operant Powers their Functions leaue to do  
 into

And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines  
 Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the ſtraines  
 Of muſicke, which whilome pleaſde mine eare,  
 Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare ?"

If further proof is needed that the chief differences between the first and second Quartos are owing to the re-writing and careful elaboration of the drama by the hand of him who originally sketched it out in rough, many strong arguments favoring that view may be found in the "Introductory Note to *Hamlet*" in Knight's edition of Shakespeare. And a careful examination and comparison of the two forms of the drama, line by line, will furnish so many proofs of the truth of this view that their combined weight seems to me irresistible.

We have, then, evidences that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was re-written at least once. Was it re-written or substantially changed more than once? There is some reason to believe that it was recast several times, and that we have evidences of its existence in at least four different forms.

Observe that the earlier references to the play all quote the phrase "Hamlet, revenge." The inference is strong that these were the words with which the ghost first appealed to Hamlet, and that this appeal was repeated again and again, until, to the popular ear, it represented the burden of its mission. Could it have so done had it been a fact that, in the play as originally presented, the phrase did not occur at all (as in the case of our present version); even if the word "revenge" had occurred but twice in one of the appearances of the spirit to Hamlet and not at all in the other? May it not have been that, when the history was first written, the mission of the ghost was exclusively to invite to vengeance, and that, with the riper experience of Shakespeare's later years and his deeper insight into human nature, he learned to infuse more of a mixture of human feelings into the yearnings of the "perturbed spirit"?

There is therefore at least some little reason for thinking that neither the first nor the second Quarto gives the drama in its first state. A clue to still another state of *Hamlet* is found in a German play entitled *Der Bestrafte Brudermord, oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Daennemark*" (Fratricide Punished; or, Prince Hamlet of Denmark), which there is strong reason for believing to be a free adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in some one of its early forms. A translation of this German play is given in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*, and a collation of the drama as there given, with the first and second Quartos and the first Folio, shows many striking points of difference.

The date of this form of the drama is fixed, with almost absolute certainty, to a period within a few years after 1589, by the fact that when, after the death of Polonius, or Corambis, the king proposes to send Hamlet to England, the latter replies: "Ay, ay, King; just send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again;" when, I believe, Dr. Latham was the first to call attention, in this connection, to the fact that in an expedition to Portugal, in 1589, of twenty-one thousand soldiers and eleven hundred gentlemen, eleven thousand of the soldiers and seven hundred and fifty of the gentry perished. It is this, undoubtedly, to which Hamlet refers, and the probability is that the allusion was first made very soon after the unfortunate event, and while it was fresh in the minds of the people.

In the drama as it appears in the second Quarto, and as it was substantially reproduced in the first Folio, there are elements of crudeness and immaturity such as would naturally occur if the play were originally written when Shakespeare was quite young, and later had been re-written and amplified, but still with the retention of much that would hardly have taken its present shape if it were wholly composed when he was nearly forty years of age. The wisdom and confidence that come with ripening years are, to the youth, but garrulity and braggadocio; and so we find Shakespeare making a butt of Polonius. In his later plays we find a veneration for the aged that is wholly wanting in *Hamlet*. So, too, in *Macbeth*, we find the ghost an airy being, invisible to all but him whom he came to visit; in *Hamlet* he is of a grosser nature, and appears to the soldiers, to Horatio and Marcellus, as well as to his son. The difference between the real insanity of Ophelia and the mock madness of Hamlet is not clearly and sharply defined as is the contrast be-



tween Edgar and Lear, and it is partly owing to this fact that so much difference of opinion has existed as to the true character of the hero.

It will not be thought strange that the drama should be revised and re-written many times, if it is remembered that it was Shakespeare's avocation to keep the stage supplied with plays. London in those days was not larger than the present size of many an unimportant city, and even the most successful play could not long be kept upon the boards. It appears from Henslowe's memorandum book, that within about two years, from the summer of 1594 to that of 1596, no less than forty new plays were produced, being an average of one each eighteen days. No inventive power could stand this constant drain or continue to produce absolutely new plays with this rapidity. Then, as now, a play that had met with success in the past would be taken up again and reproduced. In those days, however, it is evident that the play was more completely re-written and greater changes made than are now customary.

It is therefore impossible, in the case of the majority of Shakespeare's dramas, to refer them to any particular period. Some of the least powerful may not have had this careful revision, merely because they did not prove especially successful at first, and seemed on reëxamination to be hardly worth re-writing. Most of the successful plays, however, contain passages written on several different occasions, and the probability is strong that many of the plays that have come down to us date their origin much farther back than is shown by any existing record.

The ancient story of the Danish Prince, from which Shakespeare drew his first conception of our drama, broadly sketches a few events, — too few by far to furnish incidents for a five-act play to hold the boards for three hours or more, and much con-

structive skill is requisite to continue the play through its three hours' course with a sustained interest throughout. The introduction of the ghost; of Ophelia, maddened by the death of her father; of Laertes, clamorous for revenge; of the court fool and the peasant, afterwards replaced by Osric and the grave-diggers, gives the piece its necessary length; but now a new difficulty is met.

In reading the old story no hesitation or vacillation in the prince is apparent; events move quickly in the story, and although much delay really occurred, it does not strike the reader. The excuse that, as the king was constantly surrounded by an armed guard, Hamlet was compelled to wait for a fitting opportunity, seems plausible, until the play is put upon the stage; then it is evident that a young hero, panting with desire to revenge his father's untimely death, would "sweep to" his "revenge," —

And for his means, would husband them so well,  
They should go far with little.

Laertes, in the form of the play given in *Fratricide Punished*, comes mildly into the presence of the king and says: "Gracious lord and king, I demand of your majesty my father, or just vengeance for his lamentable murder. If this be not done, I shall forget that you are king, and revenge myself on him who has done the deed."

Later, however, in order to more fully contrast his character with that of Hamlet, he, with far less cause to seek revenge, in an instant brushes away the excuse as to the number of attendants constantly surrounding the king, and raising a body of followers overpowers the guards and forces his way to the presence of the usurper: —

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation: — to this point I stand, —

That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes ; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father.

The exigencies of the play, however, deny such a course to Hamlet. The death of the king is the end of the drama : hence it must be delayed until the play has run its proper length. Although the original tragedy was probably not more than half the length of that which we now have, even in this short form it soon was evident that the excuses that were given for the delay were not sufficient. Hamlet might have made an opportunity : if no better had occurred, he might at least have taken that which fortune sent him when he found the murderer at prayer. He must not seize it, however, for the play had not run its proper course ; and yet he could not fail to grasp it without forfeiting the character of an earnest, loving, heroic son, consumed with desire to revenge the foul wrongs of his most foully betrayed and murdered father. None other than Shakespeare would dare to make the attempt to present a hero of this stamp, or, daring, would have met with aught but ignominious failure. The German play does not seem to have been from the original *Hamlet* of Shakespeare : scarcely any of the perplexing contradictions of Hamlet's mind are met in *Fratricide Punished*, and many of them are lacking in the first Quarto of 1603. The real growth of the play, as it was re-cast from time to time, was mainly in the development of this character, and, to some extent, at least, it is probably true that Shakespeare wrote rather as he must than as he would. Given the vital incidents of the drama, as Shakespeare made them, and the character of the prince gradually evolved itself into that which we know it to be, and he who called him into being could hardly stay

the process or change the result, even if he were disposed to do so.<sup>1</sup>

Setting aside all discussion upon this subject, there are a few minor points to which it seems well to call attention.

The name is given by Saxo-Grammaticus as "Amleth," and sometimes appears in the form "Ambleth." It therefore seems to be connected with the old Danish and modern Icelandic "Aml" or "Ambl," defined as "Persistent labor without especial dexterity or apparent result." The verb "Ambla" means "To bungle in the performance of any task." It seems probable, however, that the radical meaning included the idea of ultimate success, but by slow steps and through the use of means that seem poorly adapted to their purpose. If so, it would appear to be connected with the Latin *ambulare* (the English "amble"), meaning "To proceed at a slow pace." The termination "eth" makes the appellation definite, and the word "Aml-eth" is, therefore, nearly equivalent to the English phrase, "The bungler," and so is found to be an excellent characterization of the prince who finally revenged his father's death by the use of slow and indirect means which for a long time seemed to bring him no nearer to the accomplishment of his design.

In connection with this discussion of the derivation of the name of "Hamlet," it seems appropriate to call attention to Shakespeare's thorough acquaintance with the Latin language. Ben Jonson's statement that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek" has been frequently quoted as a proof that he knew but little of those languages, in forgetful-

<sup>1</sup> The present writer has elsewhere set forth his views as to the character of Hamlet as it presented itself to its creator's mind, and will not here repeat them. See *The Mystery of Hamlet*, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1881.

ness of the fact that it indicates that he had some knowledge of Greek and a more thorough familiarity with the Latin. It is quite probable that he had not that intimate acquaintance with the classical authors that Jonson possessed, and that he, therefore, appeared to the latter to be comparatively ignorant of the classical languages. Moreover, it would be quite in keeping with his character that, after learning so much Latin as answered his own purposes, he should refrain from making a boast or display of his acquirements. This much is certain to any one who will read any one of Shakespeare's plays; that the author who coined so many words from Latin roots, and who used such words so discriminatingly and yet so daringly, must have had a thorough acquaintance with the language from which they were derived. Until we possess better references than are now available as to the dates when many of our common English words first came into use, and as to the authors by whom they were first employed, we shall not know how numerous are the familiar words and phrases that we owe to Shakespeare's coinage. Many words occur in his plays, however, which are either rarely employed elsewhere, or else which are used by Shakespeare with a meaning different from that which they ordinarily convey, and which could not have been attributed to them by any one who was not thoroughly informed as to the precise powers of their Latin originals.

It is said of the interpolated drama that it is "An excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning." Now Cicero (*De Off.*, lib. 1) states that, by the Stoics, *modestia* is used as the equivalent of the Greek *εὐραξία* and means a setting forth in proper order and shape; skill in the art of expression. This is precisely the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word.

In the term "rivals,"

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch,

there is an evident remembrance that its derivation is from *rivus*, a brook, and a reversion to the time when two sentinels of opposing armies, separated from each other by a little stream, watched, each upon his own bank, while in the quiet and loneliness of the night each became in a certain sense a companion for the other.

Among the omens which appeared "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell," there are mentioned

Disasters in the sun.

with apparent reference to the derivation of the word "disaster" from *dis*, used with a sinister sense, and *astrum*, a star or heavenly body, a term sometimes applied to the sun. It is stated that at the voice of the cock

The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine.

"Extravagant" is from *extra*, beyond, outside of, and *vagare*, to wander, to roam, to range about. We are accustomed to apply the word to a going beyond the proper limits in the expenditure of money or in the description of facts. Shakespeare uses it here in its broad, general meaning of roaming beyond the customary limits, and then defines it by the word "erring," derived from *errare*, to wander about.

This present object makes probation.

Now "probation" ordinarily means a time or period of trial. Shakespeare here uses it, however, as meaning proof; from the Latin *probare*, to prove.

The phrase "The perfume and suppliance of a minute" has frequently been misunderstood, and has given rise to many learned conjectures. "Suppliance" here is not used as meaning supplication,

but as a doublet of the word "supply," derived from the Latin *supplere*, and having the common termination *ance*.

The whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged *process* of my death  
Rankly abused.

Behind the arras I'll convey myself  
To hear the *process*.

The Latin *procedere* means not only to go before, to advance, but is also used in the sense of to be reckoned: to be brought into account. Hence *process* here means a reckoning, a setting forth, an account, thus coming near to the meaning of the French *procès* and the English law term *process*.

The ghost complains that he was cut off "disappointed." The word here means "unprepared," as "appointed" is sometimes used for equipped, prepared, ready.

Polonius states that

To expostulate  
What majesty should be

would be a waste of time. Here "expostulate" is used, not in its usual sense of to dispute, to demand earnestly, as a derivative from *expostulare*, but is treated as if it were from *exponere* (participle *expositus*), to set forth, to relate.

Polonius's word "perpend" is a direct transfer to English of the Latin *perpendere*, to weigh carefully, to consider.

In form and moving how express and admirable!

"Express" is from *exprimere*, to press out; hence the participle *expressus* means standing out from the surroundings, clearly distinguished, and differing from all about.

Not tomb enough and continent  
To hide the slain.

You shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Here "continent" means "that which contains" and is derived from *continere*, to contain, to hold.

In our circumstance and course of thought,  
'T is heavy with him.

And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

Although "circumstance" is derived from *circumstantia*, compounded from *circum*, about, and *stare*, to stand, Shakespeare, finding no better word to express his thought and relying upon the power of *circum*, uses it as if it meant a going about, a circuit, a beating about the bush.

He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after,

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourned longer!

"Discourse" here means "discursiveness," being derived from *discurrere*, to run one way and another, to and fro, up and down.

We will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

"Censure" is used as the equivalent of judgment, from *censere*, to think, to judge, to give an opinion.

Goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too much.

Here "plurisy" is used for *plethora* as if it were from *plus, pluris*, instead of from the Greek *πλεϋρὰ*.

Such a deed  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul.

"Contraction," from the Latin *contractio*, is used with especial reference to the marriage contract as a drawing or bringing together.

A station like the herald Mercury.



“Station” here means a standing, an attitude, from *statio*, the act of standing.

One incapable of her own distress.

“Incapable” is used with the meaning unable to hold, unable to comprehend, from *capere*, to hold, to comprehend.

The occurments, more and less  
Which have solicited.

“Occurments” for occurrences, from *occurrere*, to meet, to happen, to occur. Solicited from *sollicitare*, to move, to stir, to disturb.

Other passages of the kind might be quoted from this tragedy; and, in the originality and boldness with which the words are coined or employed, all the rest of Shakespeare’s dramas bear similar testimony to his familiarity with the Latin language. Even the apparent mistakes are of a nature which it would require quite as much scholarship to commit as to avoid.

Another point in which Shakespeare has been curiously misunderstood by some who have fancied that they were exploring the depths of his fancy when they were but skimming its surface, is in the indications which he gives in his plays of the length of time that they cover. As to our drama of *Hamlet* there has been all possible divergency of opinion as to the interval supposed to elapse between the opening and the closing scenes, some having thought the entire action to have transpired within a period of not more than ten days; while others have imagined it to extend over at least ten years; yet Shakespeare has clearly and unmistakably indicated that the opening scene occurred early in the month of January, just after the Christmas holidays, and that the tragedy reaches its inevitable end some three months later.

There even have been those who, in eloquent phrase, have urged the view that Shakespeare's method of dealing with the dramatic element of time is to artfully convey two opposite ideas of its flight—swiftness and slowness—so that by one series of allusions we receive the impression that the action of the drama is driving on in hot haste, and that all the events are compressed within a period of but a few days; while by another series we are insensibly beguiled into the belief that they extend over months or years. "So," say they, "whenever time comes in as an element, we are subject to Shakespeare's glamour and gramarye—to his legerdemain. We are held in a confusion and delusion about the time." This theory is so pretty and striking—it harmonizes so nicely with our natural love of mysticism and transcendental lore, and with the vague views of those who fancy that they are diving into the depths of Shakespeare when they do but skim the surface—that it is a pity that the facts are all against it. Now, the truth is that our immortal poet has laid out the action of the different scenes with minute consideration both of the time occupied by each and of the interval elapsing between them, when any occurs, and he has so carefully indicated the lapse of time that he who runs may read, if he will but look as he runs. There is no conflict, no glamour; neither confusion nor delusion. Disregarding for the moment the Quarto and Folio line numbers, and assuming an acting arrangement practically as at present conceded on the stage, let us proceed to demonstrate this.

Act i., scene 1, of the tragedy of *Hamlet* opens at midnight and continues until dawn, and at its close, Marcellus, speaking of Hamlet, says:—

I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

In scene 2 Horatio says of the ghost :—

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight,

and Hamlet declares :—

I 'll watch to-night.

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve

I 'll visit you.

This watch and its events are given in scenes 4 and 5, while the third scene fills out the day, before the night comes on. Between the first and second acts, one—and the principal one—of the two intervals in the play occurs; a lapse of time, as will hereafter be shown, of a little more than two months. In act ii., scene 1, Polonius says :—

I will go seek the king.

and in scene 2 he enters the audience chamber and announces that he has found

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

In the same scene the players arrive, and Hamlet says of the play of "The Murder of Gonzago" :—

We 'll ha't to-morrow night.

This act, therefore, covers but one day, while the first scene of the next act occurs on the following day, as is proven by the words of Rosencranz in reference to the actors :—

They have already order

This night to play before him.

In scene 2 this mimic drama is given, and scenes 3 and 4 occur the same night, Hamlet's interview with his mother taking place, in accordance with the message brought to him, immediately after the breaking up of the play :—

She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Act 4 commences with a continuation of the events of the same night, as is shown by Gertrude's words :

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

while the king declares : —

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence.

Morning has not dawned at the close of scene 3, for among the last words of the king is the declaration :

I'll have him hence to-night.

Between scenes 3 and 5 the second interval of the play occurs ; a period, probably, of not less than two weeks, nor more than about a month.

In the last words of scene 5 the king says to Laertes : —

I pray you go with me,

and the conversation between them is concluded in scene 7. In the same scene the letter from Hamlet is read, in which he writes :—

To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes.

Ophelia's burial, in act v., scene 1, takes place on the following day, for the king says to Laertes :—

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech :

and there is no reason for thinking the action of the final scene to be delayed beyond the close of the same day, for in it Hamlet concludes his explanations to Horatio, and is welcomed "back to Denmark" by Osric, who must, therefore, then meet him for the first time since his return. Moreover, the words of the king in his last speech, in scene 1,—

We'll put the matter to the present push,

indicate clearly that it was not his intention to allow any delay to occur.

It therefore appears that act i. represents the events of two nights and the intervening day, and that some interval of time then elapses. Act ii., scene 1, to act iv., scene 3, inclusive, covers two days and the night following the second day ; and, after a second interval, the events of two days are

given in act iv., scene 5, and the remaining scenes of the play.

It now remains to determine the length of the two intervals.

Act i. opens when the late king was

But two months dead; nay, not so much, not two ;

while, in the third act, the time since his death is stated to be "twice two months." The interval is, therefore, two months, or a little more. During this time Hamlet, in pursuance of his studied plan, —

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,  
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,  
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension

into his feigned madness. During this time Ophelia, in accordance with her father's commands, —

Did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to her.

That she had not spoken with him for some length of time is shown by her statement that the presents given her by him she had

Longed long to re-deliver,

and it was only on the day preceding the opening of act ii. that Hamlet had carried his feigned insanity so far as to force his way into her closet and frighten her with his antics. It was at about this time also that the king decided upon his "hasty sending" for Rosencranz and Guildenstern, that they, by associating with him, might learn the cause of his affliction. The ambassadors, whose departure for Norway is mentioned in the first act, are welcomed home again in the second, thus giving us another evidence of the lapse of time. Still another indication of the length of the interval is contained in the fact that Lamond, a gentleman of Normandy, reached the Danish court after Laertes' departure and "two months" before his return (F. 3072).

In the second interval there has been time enough for the news of the death of Polonius to reach Laertes in Paris, and for him, "in secret," to return and spend some time in hiding, while he

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death :

until at last he raises the body of men by whose aid he breaks through the defences of the king and demands vengeance for the death of his father. The interval had also been sufficient for Fortinbras to march from Denmark to Poland, win a victory there, and then return as far as the Danish court on his way home. It was not sufficient, however, for Rosencranz and Guildenstern to reach England, there to meet their deaths, and for the news to be brought back from England to Denmark. Although Hamlet leaped upon the "pirate" ship when only two days out at sea, it is likely that a much greater time would elapse before his return. If it were only for appearances' sake, it would be necessary that he should remain on the ship for some little length of time to keep up the pretence that it was a "pirate" that had attacked him, and in order that the fact might not become known that it was in reality one of the vessels of Fortinbras that had rescued him, in accordance with a plot agreed upon between the two princes. On his return he recognized the fact that the interim before the arrival of the news from England would be but short, and that in this time, if ever, he must act. In truth he had not an hour to spare, for the English ambassadors reached the Danish court only a few minutes after the death of the king.

The best clue to the length of the interval between scenes 3 and 4 of the fourth act is, however, given by the flowers that were in bloom at each of the two periods.

In the last scene there are named pansies, columbines, daisies, crowflowers, nettles, and long-purples; flowers which in England (and it is the English rather than the Danish flora that is referred to by Shakespeare) are all in bloom during the month of April. The time of Polonius's death is fixed with beautiful precision by the words of Ophelia:—

I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.

It is in March that the English violets bloom and pass away.

The early violets of the United States, the "Johnny Jump-ups" of the children, have a curious synchronism in their flowering, which distinguishes them from other plants, and which seems to have passed unnoticed. Go at the right time, and you may find the grass beneath the trees and in moist or shady spots fairly blue with unnumbered myriads of these blossoms. Go two days later, and you may look in vain for a single specimen. They wither, literally, in a day. This little phrase of Shakespeare's shows the same peculiarity to be true of the English violets; and yet Shakespeare is the only writer who has observed it. Many another poet would have made it the basis of a dozen similes, and would have spun out verse after verse with varying references to it, yet Shakespeare, in his wealth, makes but this unnoticed and incidental allusion to the fact, and refers to it no more forever.

The flowers that are mentioned, therefore, show that the tragedy ends in April, and that it was some time during the month of March that Polonius was slain. The action commenced some two months, or a little more, before that time, or during the first half of the month of January, a time when

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

About two months before this, or early in Novem-

ber, the treacherous Claudius stole upon his sleeping brother

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of his ear did pour  
The leperous distilment.

And it was in December, or

Within a month —  
A little month!

after her first husband's death that Gertrude married his murderer.

Why was it that for thirty days the perturbed spirit of the former king allowed

The royal bed of Denmark (to) be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest,

and made no sign?

The answer is given by Marcellus:—

Ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say no spirit dare stir abroad.

It was, therefore, not until after the Christmas holidays were passed, that the ghost of Hamlet's father could bring his message from the grave.

Here it may be well to notice a variation between the First Quarto and the following edition of *Hamlet*, the only one in which the time is changed. In the first form of the play that has come down to us, Gertrude's marriage did not occur until about two months after her first husband's death, and the drama opens immediately after her wedding. The winter's cold is but slightly referred to, and the season of the year seems not to have been as firmly fixed in Shakespeare's mind as it was by further thought and study.

There are two passages which seem to indicate warmer weather than is consistent either with the



“bitter cold,” which is twice referred to, or with a January night. These are:—

The morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill

and

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

These I can only account for by the theory that they formed part of the drama in an earlier state, before the time of the play had been fully developed, and that their beauty saved them in the later forms that we now have, notwithstanding their inconsistency with the “bitter cold” of a winter's night.

It cannot escape attention that the first days of November would be very late for the elder Hamlet to be able to continue his afternoon custom of sleeping within his orchard. Still, it is not impossible that pleasant autumn weather might continue until that season of the year.

It may be worthy of notice that the action in the original *Hystorie of Hamblet*, on which the drama is founded, covers a period of “many years,” and that, in the German play, *Fratricide Punished*, which by some is thought to be an adaptation of an early form of the drama which has not otherwise reached us, there is not a single indication of any definite lapse of time or of the season of the year.

In the tragedy, as we now possess it, there are, as shown above, two or three passages in which there is some apparent conflict with the remainder of the play as to the season of the year in which the action took place; but for any evidence of uncertainty as to the lapse of time, for any legerdemain or glamour, the student will look in vain. On the contrary, there are but few creations of the intellect in which the passage of time is as clearly and unmistakably indicated.

As for the various points that have been thought to show some confusion in the mind of our poet, there are none which upon careful examination will not be found to have melted into air—thin air—leaving not a rack behind.

When Hamlet learned the truth of his suspicions, and resolved to obey his father's entreaties for revenge, he needed the aid of a stronger mind, and felt the want of sympathy and counsel; but it is not remarkable that Horatio should have remained unnoticed about the court for some two months after his arrival, during the time that Hamlet was first occupied in brooding over his father's death and his mother's shame; for then his melancholy filled his mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts, and he had not felt it necessary to take any immediate action. Polonius was surprised at Ophelia's account of the outbreak of Hamlet, for it had but just occurred, and no such indication of violent madness had preceded it; Hamlet's former state having been that of a gradual passage from sadness to fasting, sleeplessness, weakness, and lightness; and his feigned insanity had but just reached a state which frightened the king into sending for the former companions of the prince to keep him company.

Ophelia had longed, for a considerable period, to redeliver Hamlet's remembrances; for, in accordance with her father's instructions, she had denied him all access to her for some two months, and on the occasion (the day before she returned his gifts) when Hamlet, in fantastic attire, came suddenly before her, no word was spoken, and her surprise and agitation would naturally have prevented all thought of his remembrances.

When Hamlet tells Rosencranz and Guildenstern that he has "of late foregone all custom of exercises," it is merely as an excuse for his loss of mirth,

in order that they may not learn its true cause ; but the fact was, as Hamlet confessed to Horatio, that since the time when Laertes went into France (that is to say, since the time when the ghost first appeared to him) he had been in continual practice with the foils.

Laertes had been at home, "in secret," for some little time before he forced his way into the presence of the king, gathering the populace to his side and maturing his plans for rebellion. There is no reason to believe that he had failed to take time to go to his own home after returning from France. On the contrary, perhaps, Ophelia's words,

My brother shall know of it.

indicate that even in her madness there remained in her mind a knowledge of her brother's presence near her. Laertes was surprised at her insanity, for her mind had but just given way, and he, with the king and queen, saw her first violent outbreak.

It seems strange that the king should propose a fencing match but a few hours after the burial of Ophelia, and that her brother should be willing to engage in it ; but the king's fear of Hamlet, and Laertes' desire for revenge, seemed so great as to override all other considerations.

The discrepancy between Hamlet's apparent "youth," and the thirty years which are fixed as his age by the words of the grave-digger and of the player king, is the last point to which reference need be made ; and, without stopping to discuss the subject here, it may be briefly said that much of the apparent discrepancy disappears upon careful examination, and that sufficient explanation may be found for the little that may seem to remain.

It is not to be expected that any single essay upon this majestic play could cover — or even cata-

logue — the myriad points made in its exegesis for almost two hundred years. As to any single one of them, critics may reasonably differ. For example, a line is thought to have dropped out between the lines

A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye,

and

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
in the splendid passage in the Second Quarto between F. 123 and F. 124.<sup>1</sup> But, since the speech where these occur is put into the mouth of Horatio, who, while speaking, is eagerly and excitedly watching for the reappearance of the Ghost — when his words would naturally come disjointedly, and be interspersed with starts and pauses — possibly the hiatus was as intentional a part of the author's plan as the items of detail here and there which have striven to so clearly indicate the lapse of time covered by the play itself.

The more closely any one of Shakespeare's dramas is studied, the more irresistible becomes the conclusion that he wrote with all possible care; that he rewrote and revised his plays time and again; that every word was thoughtfully weighed before it was allowed to take its place, and that, whenever faults appear to us to exist in his work, they are much more likely to lie in our own carelessness and lack of appreciation than in any imperfection in the poet.

EDWARD P. VINING.

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, p. vii.

[Dr. F. A. Leo, of Berlin, President of the Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, announces to his fellow-students that he has, through Dr. Heyd, head librarian of the Royal Public Library at Stuttgart, discovered a "Ducal Remembrance-Book" of 397 pages, which is supposed to have belonged to the Duke Frederick I. of Würtemberg, in which the Duke, or the writer of the book, mentions the names — some thousands in number — of persons with whom the Duke made acquaintance in the course of his travels. Among these names are those of the two spies whom King Claudius set

upon his nephew, Prince Hamlet, interwritten thus: "1577. *In utraque fortuna ipsius fortune esto memor, Förgen Rosencrantz. 1577. Ferendum et sperandum, P. Guldenstern.*" Dr. Leo says that this "Remembrance-Book" (*Stammbuch*) contains entries of the mottoes of Frederick II. of Denmark, who died in 1588, and of his Queen, Sophia, and that there is further evidence citable, in connecting the owner or writer of this *Stammbuch*, or commonplace book, with the Scandinavian peninsula, — "by the word '*Haffniae*' (Copenhagen) at the right hand side of the name '*Sthen Bülde till Wandaas*'" which occurs immediately above the Latin entries we have just quoted. Dr. Leo, with an exceedingly proper caution, makes no comments upon these facts except to pass them along for investigation. He adds, however, that Rosencrantz is a common enough name in Denmark to-day, and that Dr. Balti writes him that the family of Guldenstern became extinct in that country in 1729, but is traceable backwards as far as A. D. 1300, adding that he has seen, or read, the funeral sermon preached over the remains of Rosencrantz and Guldenstern who were gentlemen and parasites at the Danish court prior to 1600, and who might have been seen by a company of English actors visiting Denmark, and so described by Shakespeare. Of course if there is no forgery or trick in this, and if the entries in the Stuttgart *Stammbuch* are genuine, they would be valuable corroborative evidence of what most of this age have come to believe, viz. : that William Shakespeare was no recluse writing verses in a garret or a cloister, but was constantly moving among men and affairs, and drawing very liberally upon both for the material, nomenclature, and situations of his plays. — GENERAL EDITOR.]





## THE SAGA OF AMLETH<sup>1</sup>

IN the reign of King Rörick, Gervendel was governor and commander in Jutland. At his death the king appointed his two sons, Hardvendel and Fenge, in their father's place, to defend and govern Jutland in common. Hardvendel took to the sea and made a great name for himself as a Viking. When he had spent three years in this manner, it happened that King Koller of Norway went in search of him to try his luck, whether he would be able to overcome so mighty and renowned a lord. Having searched for him a long time, they happened both to run up with their ships under an island in the high seas. They landed, each on his side, to wander about and enjoy the beauties of the place, when they met unawares in the wood. Hardvendel addressed the king and said: "As you have challenged me, and we shall have to fight it out before we separate from this island, it would seem to me most advisable, if so it pleases you, that we take up the combat alone between ourselves, to show what we are able to do, each without the help of any one else."

King Koller was struck with the young man's clever and manly words, and replied: "As you leave it to me to choose between a standing battle or a single combat, I shall prefer what you propose. If we two fight it out together without any further

<sup>1</sup> Translation by the Compte de Falbe, from a manuscript, with marginalia in the chirography of the twelfth century, now in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, and supposed to be contemporary with the one used by Federsen.

noise, the others will better judge of our valor, and we shall finish this quarrel the sooner. But as we are uncertain how this fight will end, we will agree on two points before we begin. The first, that the one who gains the victory will provide for the proper and honorable interment of the other in the presence of both our armies; though we may differ in mind and purpose, we are united in the interest of human nature. It would be inhuman to let our anger so get the better of us that it should last after the death of the other. Our anger and jealousy shall fall to the ground when one of us falls, and great honor will be attributed to him who honors his dead enemy. Another point we must not forget: It often happens that a knight is so hardly wounded that, though he remains alive, he would prefer a thousand times to die. In death all grief and pain is forgotten, but, if alive, he suffers daily from the injury done to his body and his limbs; we will therefore agree to pay ten pounds of gold as compensation to the one who is crippled in such a manner."

After having pledged themselves to these conditions, they at once began the combat without waiting, though they met for the first time; neither could the enjoyment they had had from the beauties of the scenery turn their hasty minds and manly courage. Hardvendel forgot, in his eagerness, to hold his shield before him. He seized his sword in both hands and struck repeatedly so hard on Koller's shield that it fell from him in splinters. With the same stroke he cut off one of his legs. As this wound proved fatal, he was interred, as agreed upon, with great ceremony. After this, Hardvendel pursued and killed Sela, Koller's sister, also a very able Viking and warrior.

Having spent three years on the seas, Hardvendel returned home and made himself so agreeable to

King Rörick, by presenting him with the best part of his booty, that he obtained the hand of Geruthe, the king's daughter. By her he had a son called Amleth. His brother Fenge became envious of his good fortune, and watched for an opportunity to take his life. Not content with having killed his own brother, Fenge took to himself his wife, Geruthe. Fenge was not only a tyrant, but cunning and false, and endeavored to hide his wickedness behind the mantle of piety and virtue. He pleaded that he had killed his brother to protect the pious and noble lady Geruthe against her hard and impious husband, at whose hands she had suffered much ill treatment without any fault of hers. These lies succeeded, and would so even nowadays with many princes and lords, who honor at their courts calumniators and flatterers.

When Amleth, Hardvendel's son, became aware of this, he feared for his own life; and, to save it, he pretended to be out of his mind. He rolled himself in the mud, and smeared his face and his body therewith. Sometimes he sat in the ashes at the fireplace and brushed the coals to and fro. Sometimes he bent pieces of wood, made them hot in the fire, and shaped them into hooks. When asked what he meant them for, he answered, "I make spears to avenge my father's death." Some thought his answer silly; but such pieces of work, which he preserved carefully, helped him later on, as will be seen, to fulfil his purpose. Others, who thought more of his doings, suspected that he was not so mad as he appeared, but that he concealed his wisdom behind silly and treacherous pretence. In consequence, they formed a scheme to test him in secrecy with a beautiful woman, in order to discover whether he would allow himself to fall in love with her. For it is in accordance with human nature to be unable to



dissimulate when in love and to resist love's cravings when alone with the beloved object. A large forest was chosen for the purpose. Amongst those who accompanied him on his way thither was one who had been brought up with him. He thought of their old associations, and gave Amleth a secret hint to be on his guard, as he knew it would cost him his life if he gave the slightest indication of a sane mind, especially if he touched the woman who was to meet him in the forest. Amleth thought as much himself, and, as they brought him a horse, he mounted it the wrong way, turning his back to the horse's neck and his face to its tail, to which he fixed the harness, as if he did not know any better. As they proceeded through the wood they met a wolf. Amleth asked what it was. They said, "It is a filly." Amleth replied, "Fenge has too few such fillies in his stables." In jesting thus he insinuated that wolves and wild beasts might take his stepfather's life and revenge his father's death. He always contrived to put his words in such a manner that he could not be caught in what he said, though he never told a direct falsehood. When passing along the sea-shore, his followers pointed to the white sand, and asked him what he thought of such beautiful fine flour. He answered, "It has been ground by wind-mills from the white froth of the wavy sea." Having proceeded far into the forest they left him, that he might feel without restraint toward the young lady whom they had arranged to meet him unawares. But his former playfellow gave him a warning. He caught a wasp, stuck it upon a straw, and let it fly toward Amleth. When he saw this he knew at once that a snare had been set for him. He went further on into a thicket with the young lady, where no one could see them. She had been brought up from childhood with Amleth, and he besought her, on ac-

count of their friendship, to return his love but not to betray him, and she did so.

On his return home he was questioned in jest whether he had won the heart of the young lady. He answered, "Yes," and on their questioning him, added, "we sat on a couch made of the roof of a house, a horseshoe and the comb of a cock." They all laughed at this answer, but he had taken parts of all these with him, when he went into the forest, in order that he might always be able to speak the truth. They also questioned the young woman; but she denied his assertions, and they all believed her, as no one had seen what had taken place. His friend also told how he had warned him by the signal he had sent. Amleth answered that, in fact, he had seen something flying before him with a straw in its tail. They all laughed at this, but his comrade was pleased at this cautious answer. As they had failed in snaring Amleth this time, one of Fenge's friends advised him to try in another way to discover Amleth's dissimulation. Fenge was to pretend to leave home on important business, and meanwhile lock Amleth up alone with his mother. The counsellor offered to hide himself in the place to listen to their secret conversation, convinced that, if Amleth was the least sane, he would not conceal his plans from his mother. But Amleth was on his guard. He began, as usual, to run about the house, threw out his arms as if they had been wings, and crowed like a cock. Finding a heap of straw in which the spy was hidden, he jumped about upon it until he felt something beneath his feet. He then got a sword and thrust it through the concealed man. He afterward dragged him out, killed him, and cut his body into small pieces. He boiled the parts in water, and threw them into the pig-sty to be devoured by the pigs. After having done this, he

turned to his mother, who shed tears over his madness, and said to her: "You wicked woman, who take into your arms the one who murdered your dear husband, and who love the man who made your son fatherless. Only brute animals live in such a manner together. You have shown that such is your nature, having forgotten so soon your first husband. It is not without reason that I pretend to be mad, because the man who did not spare his own brother will not have pity on others of his blood and kin. It is indeed not madness to defend one's own life by feigning madness. My father's death weighs on my heart day and night. Might I only find the opportunity to avenge him! But such designs cannot be executed at once. It requires great cunning to overcome so hard and cruel a tyrant. Do not bemoan my madness, but your own shame and dishonor." With these hard words he turned his mother's heart from sin to virtue, from her unnatural love toward her former faith in his own father.

When Fenge returned home and asked about his spy, Amleth said that he had seen him fall into the pig-sty where he had been devoured by the hogs. Though this answer was true, it was received with derision. Fenge would now have murdered Amleth, but he feared his grandfather, King Rörick, and his mother's anger. He therefore sent him with letters to the king of England, not caring if he threw disgrace on his good friend in order to escape suspicion himself. When Amleth was ready to start, he told his mother when a year and a day had elapsed to say she had tidings of his death. She was then to have the hall hung with black cloth, sewn together as if for his funeral. Amleth promised that that same day he would return to her. He then took his departure with two of his stepfather's men, who had letters engraved on staves, as was the custom in

those days, in which the king of England was requested to take Amleth's life. One night, on the passage, while his companions were asleep, Amleth found the letters about them, and, having read the message, he effaced the words and altered their meaning so as to tell the king not only to kill his two companions, but also to wed Amleth to his daughter. On their arrival the men delivered the letters, not knowing that they were betraying themselves. The king, concealing his intentions, received them all in a friendly manner. But Amleth would not eat or drink what was offered him. They all wondered that the young foreigner should despise the royal, costly dishes as if they were food for servants. The king secretly ordered one of his men to hide by night in Amleth's chamber and listen to his talk with his companions. These asked him why he had not partaken of the food and drink as if they had contained poison. Amleth answered them, saying: "The bread tasted of blood, the beer of iron, and the meat of dead men's corpses." But not only did he criticise the dinner, but the host himself. He said that the king had the eyes of a thrall, and that the queen behaved in three things like a maid-servant. When these words were related to the king next day, he said: "Either this man is very clever, or he is more insane than any one else." He sent for his steward, and asked whether a battle had ever been fought on the fields where the corn for the bread was grown. The steward answered that the corn was grown on account of its fertility in a field in which dead men's bones were still to be found: a battle had been fought there in former days. When the king heard this he perceived the truth in Amleth's words, and asked, "Whence came the pork?" The steward confessed that the pigs had escaped and eaten of the corpse of a dead robber.

The beer was then examined, and in digging by the well whence the water had been taken, a great number of rusty swords were found at the bottom. Perceiving that Amleth was right about all this, the king sent for his mother before him, secretly, and asked who was his father. His mother at first answered that she knew of no other man but his father, the king; but on being threatened with torture, she confessed that a servant and thrall was his father. Later on the king asked Amleth himself why he found fault with his queen who behaved so kindly and friendly toward him. But Amleth answered that in three things her manners were those of a common and vulgar servant. For example, she covered her head with a mantle when walking; she turned her robes up to her belt; and, lastly, she swallowed what she picked out of her teeth after the meals.

The king told him that her mother had been a captive and in thralldom, in order to explain that she had such manners from habit rather than from blood and birth.

The king praised Amleth's cleverness, and gave him his daughter in marriage. The day after the wedding, he had his two comrades hanged, according to the wish expressed in Fenge's letters. But Amleth feigned to be offended, and the king, to conciliate him, gave him a large sum of gold. This he melted into two hollow staves, which afterward he brought back with him to Denmark.

After having spent about a year in England, Amleth asked leave to go home, and carried nothing with him but the aforesaid two staves. On arriving in Jutland, he took off his smart clothes and covered himself with rags. He reached his father's house, where he found everybody in great glee. He entered the hall where they held his funeral. They

wondered at his return, and reproached one another for mourning the one who stood alive amongst them. When they asked him what had become of his comrades, he drew forth the two sticks and said: "See! here they are both." Amleth then busied himself with pouring out drink for the guests, so as to make them the more merry and drunk. But to be able to walk about with more ease, he tucked up his garment with his belt. The guests could not endure to see him now and then draw his sword, and try the edge on his nails. They, therefore, hammered a nail right through the scabbard and the blade. He went on pouring out drink till they all became very drunk, lying down to sleep where they sat. When he had so far succeeded, he let all the cloth, with which the walls were hung, fall down, covering them entirely therewith, and fastening it together with the hooks he had made in former days, so that not one of the drunken guests could move or make his escape. He then set fire to the house above them, till it was all in flames. Then he hastened to the dormitory, to which Fenge had been carried by his servants, took his sword from beside the couch, and hung his own in its place. He then woke him, saying: "Fenge, thy good men are burning into ashes, and here is Amleth with his hooks to avenge his father's death."

Fenge jumped to his legs, and while he tried to draw the sword at his bedside, Amleth killed him.

Having killed his stepfather, Amleth hid himself till he had learned what the common people would say about his deed, when they found the hall burned down to the ground, and only a few bones spread in the ashes, without any sign how it had happened. Some mourned over Fenge's death, whose body was found pierced by a sword. Others rejoiced in their hearts that the perpetrator had safely escaped.

The public excitement having subsided, Amleth made his appearance, and called together to a meeting all those whom he knew to be truly devoted to his father, and spoke thus to them :

“I trust, my good Danish lords, that you will not feel at all offended at the punishment inflicted upon Fenge and his Court when you remember the murder committed on King Hardvendel, you who were sincerely attached to my lord and father. Do not look upon this body as being that of an honest king, but as the remains of a cruel murderer. Remember your own great grief when you saw your true lord and king lying shamefully murdered without reason by his own brother. Your eyes moistened with woe and pity over the mutilated body of Hardvendel, so mutilated that hardly one limb hung on to the other. And who could doubt that this tyrant committed the murder but in order to deprive our country of its liberties? His traitor hand made at one stroke my father a corpse and you his thralls. Would any one of you be disposed to praise Fenge’s cruelty more than Hardvendel’s goodness? Remember how virtuous was Hardvendel, his impartiality in dealing between man and man, how graciously he received one and all. Now that this tyrant has met with his fate, you will acknowledge that the country has suffered no injury, but has greatly benefited. Who will mind that ‘falseness has cut its own master’s throat’? I acknowledge having given this man his death. I acknowledge having revenged my father and my country. I have done alone what you, one and all, ought to have done, and not with one hand, but with both your hands. Let it be reckoned in my favor that I have performed this manly deed without any man’s advice or assistance. Not that I doubt that, if I had called upon you, you would readily have given me your assistance for the love you

bore to my father, and which I am assured did not die with him. I thought it right that these traitors should be punished, but that you should not be concerned in it, and I deemed it unnecessary to call on you to help me in what I was able to perform alone. The others were burnt into ashes, but Fenge's corpse I spared for your hands, that you might burn it, and satisfy your just wrath upon it. Here, here, take courage; gather fuel, light the fire to burn that infamous corpse, the instrument of all evil; scatter his poisonous ashes to the winds, and let these limbs find no grave. No place in our fatherland shall be said to preserve his remains, neither water nor earth. Such must be the funeral of a tyrant and a murderer who did not spare his own kin and blood.

“And what shall I say of the misery and grief which I have suffered these many years? You know it all better than I can tell you. My step-father aimed at my life. I lived in sighs and tears, in fear for my existence. You felt angry that I seemed in my insanity unable to avenge my father. But in this I perceived that you kept your faith, and that you had not forgotten my father's death. Have pity on my poor bereaved mother, once your queen. Rejoice that the double shame and dishonor have been removed from her, which she suffered when she was forced to marry her husband's brother and murderer.

“I hid my talents under the cloak of insanity. But whether I be worthy now to acquire the realm is for you to decide. I am the next by birth, by right, and by desert. To me you owe your liberation from evil and the good that has befallen you.”

With such words the young lord moved every man's heart with pity. Their emotion having subsided, they unanimously elected him their king, having great confidence in him, and admiring his hav-



ing been able so long to deceive everybody, as well as his having so bravely fulfilled his task.

After having arranged everything in Denmark, according to his own designs, he fitted out three costly vessels and sailed to England to confer with his consort's father. He took along with him many fine young warriors, richly equipped, in order to appear now in splendor, where he formerly arrived in an unseemly manner. He had his shield engraved and painted with all the manly deeds performed by him since his childhood, as a proof of his valor and strength. It represented his father's death and his uncle's unlawful marriage; how Amleth made his hooks; how he rode along the sea-shore into the forest and concealed his love; how the spy was killed, sodden, and thrown to the pigs; further, how he performed his journey to England and returned home. There hung his comrades on the gallows, while he sat at his wedding-feast with the king's daughter. Here you saw how he poured out drink for Fenge's guests, and afterward fell upon them, killed and burned them. The shields of his men and servants were all gilt, that his suite might appear the more stately.

The king of England received them well, and as they sat down at the banquet given in their honor, he inquired how fared Fenge. He only then learned from Amleth that he, about whose health he inquired with interest, was dead. And when he heard that Amleth had been his bane, he felt great inward grief, because he and Fenge had sworn a mutual engagement to avenge each other's death. He was much moved by conflicting thoughts; on the one side, his love for his daughter and son-in-law; on the other hand, his faith to his friend, and the strong oath by which he was bound to him. At last the sworn faith got the upper hand, and he decided

to avenge the death of his friend. But in order not to act against the laws of hospitality, or to have an open feud with his own son-in-law, he invited Amleth, his own queen having recently died, to take upon himself the mission to proceed to Scotland, and to persist till the queen of that country consented to become his wife. He made this request to Amleth in order that the latter might lose his life through foreign hands; because he knew well that this Scotch queen loved maiden life, and not only refused all suitors, but that all those who ventured to propose to her found their punishment and death.

Amleth prepared at once for the journey, and proceeded to Scotland accompanied by his own men as well as by a number of English. Having passed the border country and finding a pleasant green meadow country alongside a brook, he thought he would enjoy some rest; he placed his sentinels and lay down to sleep. The queen, being informed of the arrival of these foreign guests, sent out ten of her men to gather information. One of these men succeeded in getting through the line of Amleth's guards, and withdrew with great skill and care his shield from under his head, with the letters of which he was the bearer, and carried them off so secretly that he was seen by no one. The queen, on seeing the shield, knew at once who was its owner, and having read the letters and learned that the king of England desired to marry her, she altered the words of the letters so as to imply that the king had demanded her hand not for himself but for Amleth, preferring a young husband to an old one. She also inserted in the letters many of Amleth's deeds corresponding with the shield, and used thus the same stratagem as Amleth had used toward his comrades.

When Amleth woke, he became aware of what had happened, but laid himself down again as if he

were asleep, waiting to see what would occur. Soon after, the queen's spy returned, and deposited what he had formerly taken away. But Amleth seized the messenger and put him in chains. He then woke his followers and proceeded to the queen, to whom he delivered the king's sealed letters. The queen, whose name was Hermentrude, read the letters, and praised Amleth for his manly deeds; how he had avenged his father's death, delivered his mother from her shame, and recovered the sway from the man who aimed at his life. He having risen to royal glory, she thought him worthy of sharing with her the crown and sceptre she had a right to dispose of, an offer many before had canvassed for, but paying for such presumption with their lives. She begged him to turn now his mind toward her, and to look more for birth and position than for beauty. Having said this, she embraced Amleth, who, moved by her loving words, took her in his arms and pledged his word to her. They then sent word to their friends and the lords of Scotland, and, the wedding having taken place, they proceeded to England with their men, who followed secretly with a hidden design.

On arriving in England, Amleth was met by his wife, the king's daughter, who had learnt what had happened, and who came hastening toward him saying, that, though she had good reason to complain, her love was greater than her anger. She begged him not to turn his heart away from her, for the sake of their son, and warned him against the schemes of her father, who was offended because Amleth had won the lady whom he had wished to marry.

While they were thus conversing, the king himself arrived and met Amleth with sweet words and a false heart, inviting him to be his guest. Amleth

saw the fraud, but in order not to show fear or apprehension, he took with him only two hundred horsemen, and put on his armor under his clothes. On arriving at the king's residence, under the porch the king thrust his sword at Amleth, and would have run it through him had not his armor protected him. Amleth was slightly wounded, and returned at once to his men. He sent the Scotch spy to the king to explain to him how all had happened, so as to show his own innocence in the matter. But the king followed at his heels and slew many of his men. Amleth was in consequence in great danger the following day, and was obliged to raise up his men's dead bodies with sticks and stones and tie them on to their horses, that his army might look stronger than it was in reality. The dead men ranged in battle order were nearly as many as the live ones. This was a wonderful warfare, but Amleth succeeded notwithstanding. The English were seized with terror, and were overcome by the dead, whom, when alive, they had themselves defeated. The king fled, and was slain by the Danes, who followed hard upon him. After this victory, Amleth won much booty in England, and then left with his two consorts for Denmark.

In the mean time King Rörick had died, and was succeeded by Viglet, his son. He tormented Amleth's mother, saying that her son had by false pretences assumed the government of Jutland, which to bestow belonged only to Denmark's king, residing at the castle of Leyre, the capital. Amleth kept his counsel, and, sending presents taken out of English booty, he showed King Viglet all due honor and service, till he found an opportunity to revenge himself. He then sent him an open challenge, and defeated him. In this same war he also defeated Fialler, the commander in Sconen, who fled to a place called

“Undensacre,” but which place nowadays is quite unknown.

Viglet collected his forces anew from Seeland and Sconen, and challenged Amleth to fight. Amleth foresaw his own ultimate defeat, but preferred to die with honor rather than to live with shame. He was only anxious about Hermentrude's fate, and desirous to secure for her a good husband before he separated from her. But Hermentrude said she would follow her lord and master in the war, and she was not a true woman who feared to die with her husband. This promise Hermentrude did not keep. Amleth having been slain in Jutland by Viglet, she willingly betrothed herself to him.

Such was Amleth's end. Had he been as fortunate as he was clever and brave, he would have come up to Hercules's renown, and gained a name among the greatest warriors. The field in Jutland where he was buried is still called after him: “Amleth's Heath.”



THE  
H Y S T O R I E  
O F H A M B L E T .



L O N D O N :

Imprinted by *Richard Bradocke*, for *Thomas Pawier*,  
and are to be sold at his shop in Corne-hill, neere to  
the Royal Exchange.

1608.

## THE ARGUMENT

**T** is not at this present, neither yet a small time since, that enuy rainging in the worlde; hath in such fort blinded men, that without respect of consanguinitie, friendship, or fauour whatfoeuer, they forget themselues so much; as that they spared not to defile their hands with the blood of those men, who by all law and right they ought chiefly to defend and cherish. For what other impression was it, that entered into Romulus heart, when under pretence of I know not what lawe, he defiled his hands with the blood of his owne brother, but the abhominable vice of desire to raigne? which if in all the accurrences, prosperities, and circumstances thereof, it were well wayed and considered, I know not any man that had not rather liue at his ease, and priuately without charge, then being feared and honored of all men; to beare all the charge and burden vpon his shoulders; to serue and please the fantasies of the common people; to liue continually in feare, & to see himself exposed to a thousand occasions of danger; and most commonly assailed and spoiled, when hee thinkes verily to hold Fortune as slaue to his fantasies & will: & yet buyes such and so great misery, for the vaine & fraile pleasures of this world, with the losse of his owne soule: making so large a measure of his conscience, that it is not once moued at any murther, treason, deceit, nor wickedness whatfoeuer he committed, so the way may be opened and made plaine vnto him, whereby hee may attaine to that miserable filicitie, to command and gouerne a multitude of men (as I said of

Romulus) who by a most abhominable action, prepared himselfe a way to heauen (but not by vertue.)

The ambitious and feditious Orator of Rome, supposed the degrees and steps to heaven, & the wayes to vertue, to consist in the treasons, rauishments, & massacres committed by him, that first layd the foundations of that citty. And not to leaue the hystories of Rome; what, I pray you incited Ancius Martinus, to massacre Tarquin the Elder, but the desire of raigning, as a king: who before had bin the onely man to moue and solícite the saide Tarquinius, to bereaue the righte heires and inheriters thereof? What caused Tarquinius the Proud, traiterously to imbrue his hands in the blood of Seruius Tullius, his father in law, but onely that fumiſh and unbridled desire, to be commander ouer the cittie of Rome? which practice neuer ceased nor discontinued, in the said principal cittie of the empire, as long as it was gouerned by the greateſt & wisest personages, chosen and elected by the people: for therein haue bene seen infinite numbers of feditions, troubles, pledges, ransommings, confiscations and massacres, onely proceeding from this ground and principle: which entereth into mens hearts, & maketh them couet and desirous to be heads and rulers of a whole commonwealth. And after the people were deprived of that libertie of Election, and that the Empire became subiect to the pleasure & fantasie of one man, commanding al the rest, I pray you peruse their bookes; and read diligently their Hystories; and do but looke into the meanes vsed by the most part of their kings and Emperours, to attaine to such power and authoritie: and you shall see how poyſons, massacres, and secret murthers, were the meanes to push them forwards, that durst not openly attempt it, or else could not compasse to make open warres. And for that the Hystory (which I pretend to shew vnto you)



is chiefly grounded vpon treason, committed by one brother against the other ; I will not erre far out of the matter : thereby desiring to shew you, that it is and hath been a thing long since practised and put in vse by men, to spill the blood of their neereſt kinmen and friends, to attaine to the honour of being great and in authoritie, and that there hath bin some, that being impatient of staying till their iust time of succession, haue hastened the death of their owne parents ; as Absolon would haue done to the holy king Dauid his father : and as wee read of Domitian, that poysoned his brother Titus, the most curtiuous and liberall Prince that euer swayed the empire of Rome. And God knowes we haue many the like examples in this our time, where the sonne conspired against the father : for that Sultan Zelin, Emperour of Turkes, was so honest a man, that fearing Baiazeth his father, would die of his naturall death, and that thereby he should haue stayd too long for the Empire, bereaued him of his life : and Sultan Soliman his successour, although he attempted not any thing against his father, yet being moued with a certaine feare to bee deposed from his Emperie, & bearing a hatred to Mustapha his son (incited therunto by Rustain Bassa whom the Iewes enemies to the yong prince, had by gifts procured therunto) caused him to be strangled with a bowe stringe, without hearing him (that neuer had offended his father) once speake to iustifie his innocencie. But let vs leave the Turkes like barbarians as they are, whose throne is ordinarily established by the effusion of the blood of those that are neereſt of kindred and consanguinitie to the Empire, & consider what Tragedies haue bin plaid to the like effect, in the memorie of our Ancestors, and with what charitie and love the neereſt kindreds and friendes among them haue bin intertained ; one of the other, if you had not the

Hyftories extant before you, if the memorie were not in a manner fresh, & known almoft to euery man, I would make a long difcourfe thereof: but things being fo cleare and euident, the truth fo much difcouered, & the people almoft as it were gluttred with fuch treafons, I will omit them & follow my matter, to fhew you; that if the iniquitie of a brother, caufed his brother to loofe his life, yet that vengeance was not long delayed: to the end that traitors may know, although the punifhment of their trefpafes committed, be stayed for awhile, yet that they may affure themfelues, that without all doubt, they fhall neuer efcape the puifant and reuenging hand of God: who being flow to anger, yet in the ende doth not faile to fhew fome finnes and euident tokens of his fearefull iudgement, vpon fuch as forgetting their duties, fhed innocent blood, and betray their Rulers, whom they ought chiefly to honour, ferue, and reuerence.

## THE PREFACE

ALTHOUGH in the beginning of this Hyſtorie, I had determined not to haue troubled with any other matter, than a Hyſtorie of our owne time, hauing ſufficient tragicall matter to ſatiſſie the minds of men: but becauſe I cannot wel diſcourſe thereof, without touching many perſonages, whom I would not willingly diſpleaſe; and partly becauſe the Argument that I haue in hand, ſeemed vnto me a thing worthy to bee offered to our French nobilitie for the great & gallant accurrences therein ſet downe: I haue ſomewhat ſtrayed from my courſe, as touching the Tragedies of this our age: and, ſtarting out of France and ouer Neitherlanders countries, I haue ventured to viſit the Hyſtories of Denmarke, that it may ſerue for an example of vertue and contentment to our Nation (whom I ſpecially ſeeke to pleaſe), and for whoſe ſatiſſaction, I haue not left any flower whatſoeuer vntaſted, from whence I haue not drawne the moſt perfect and delicate hony, thereby to bind them to my diligence herein: not caring for the ingratitude of the time preſent, that leaueth (and as it were reiecteth) without recompence, ſuch as ſerue the Common-wealth, and by their trauell and diligence honour their countrey, and illuſtrate the Realme of France; ſo that often times the fault proceedeth rather from them, then from the great perſonages that haue other affaires which withdraw them from things that ſeeme of ſmall conſequence. Withall, eſteeming my ſelfe more than ſatiſſied in this contentment and freedom which I now enioy, being loued of the Nobili-

tie, for whom I trauell without grudging ; fauoured of men of learning & knowledge, for admiring & reuerencing them according to their worthineffe, and honoured of the common people, of whom although I craue not their iudgement, as not esteeming them of abilitie, to eternize the name of a worthy man, yet I account my selfe sufficiently happy to haue attained to this felicitie, that fewe or no men refuse, or disdaine to reade my workes, many admiring and wondering thereat : as there are some, that prouoked by enuie, blame and condemne it. To whom I confesse my selfe much bound and beholding, for by that their meanes, I am the more vigilant, and so by my trauell much more beloued and honored then euer I was : which to mee is the greatest pleasure that I can inioy, and the most abundant treasures in my coffers, wherewith I am more satisfied and contented, then (if without comparison) I enjoyed the greatest treasures in all Asia. Now returning to our matter, let vs beginne to declare the Hystorie.



# THE HYSTORIE OF HAMBLET

PRINCE OF DENMARKE



## CHAPTER I.

*How Horuendile and Fengon were made Gouenours of the Prouince of Ditmarfe, and how Horuendile marriede Geruth, the daughter to Roderick, chief K. of Denmark: by whom he had Hamblet: and how after his marriage his brother Fengon slewe him trayterously, and married his brothers wife, and what followed.*

**Y**OU must vnderstand, that long time before the Kingdome of Denmark receiued the faith of Iesus Christ, and imbraced the doctrine of the Christians, that the common people in those dayes were barbarous & vncivill, and their Princes cruell, without faith or loyaltie: seeking nothing but murther, and deposing (or at the least) offending each other; either in honours, goods, or lives: not caring to ranfome such as they tooke prisoners, but rather sacrificing them to the cruell vengeance, naturally imprinted in their hearts; in such fort, that if ther were sometimes a good prince, or king among them, who beeing adorned with the most perfect gifts of nature, would adict himselfe to vertue, and vse courtesie, although the people held him in admiration (as vertue is admirable to the most wicked, yet the enuie of his neighbors was so great, that they never ceafed untill that vertuous

The Danes in times past barbarous and vnciuill.

The crueltie of the Danes.

man, were dispatched out of the world. King Rodericke, as then raiging in Denmarke, after hee had appeased the troubles in the countrey, and driuen the Sweathlanders and Slaueans from thence, he diuided the kingdom into diuers Prouinces, placing Governours therein: who after (as the like happened in France) bare the names of Dukes, Marqueses, & Earls, giuing the government of Jutie (at this present called Ditmarffe) lying vpon the countrey of Cimbrians, in the straight or narrow part of land, that sheweth like a point or cape of ground vpon the sea, which neithward bordereth vpon the countrey of Norway. Two valiant & warlike Lords, Horuendile and Fengon, sonnes to Geruendile, who likewise had bene gouernour of that Prouince. Now the greatest honor that men of noble birth could at that time win and obtaine, was in exercisfing the art of Piracie vpon the seas; affayling their neighbours, & the countries bordering vpon them: and how much the more they vsed to rob, pill, and spoyle other Prouinces, and Ilands farre adjacent, so much the more their honours and reputation increafed and augmented: wherein Horuendile obtained the highest place in his time, being the most renowned pirate that in those dayes scoured the seas, & hauens of the North parts: whose great fame, so mooued the heart of Collere, king of Norway, that he was much grieved to heare that Horvendile surmounting him in feates of armes, thereby obscuring the glory by him already obtained vpon the seas: (honor more than couetoufnesse of richer, (in those dayes) being the reason that prouoked those barbarian princes, to ouerthrow and vanquish one the other; not caring to be slaine by the handes of a victorious person. This valiant and hardy king, hauing challenged

Rodericke  
king of Den-  
marke.

Jutie at this  
time, called  
then Dit-  
marffe.

Horuendile  
a king and a  
Pirate.

Collere king  
of Norway.

Horuendile to fight with him body to body, the combate was by him accepted, with conditions, that hee which should be vanquished, should loofe all the riches he had in his ship, and that the vanquisher should cause the body of the vanquished (that should bee slaine in the combate) to be honourably buried, death being the prife and reward of him that should loofe the battaile: and to conclude, Collere, king of Norway (although a valiant, hardy, and couragious prince) was in the end vanquished and slaine by Horuendile: who presently caused a Tombe to be erected, and therein (with all honorable obseques fit for a prince) buried the body of king Collere, according to their auncient manner, and superstitions in those dayes, and the conditions of the combate, bereauing the Kings shippes of all their riches, and hauing slaine the kings sifter, a very braue and valiant warriour, and ouerrunne all the coast of Norway, and the Northren Ilands, returned home againe layden with much treasure, sending the most part thereof to his foueraigne, king Rodericke, thereby to procure his good liking, and so to be accounted one of the greatest fauourites about his maiestie.

The King allured by those presents, and esteeming himselfe happy to haue so valiant a subiect, fought by a great fauour and coutesie, to make him become bounden vnto him perpetually, giuing him Geruth his daughter to his wife, of whom he knew Horuendile to bee already much inamored: and the more to honor him, determined himselfe in person to conduct her into Jutie, where the marriage was celebrated according to the ancient manner: and to be briefe, of this marriage proceeded Hamblet, of whom I intend to speake, and for his cause haue chosen to renew this present Hystorie.

Horuendile  
flew Collere.

Hamlet  
sonne to  
Horuendile.

Fengon brother to this Prince Horuendile, who [not]<sup>1</sup> onely fretting and despighting in his heart at the great honor and reputation wonne by his brother in warlike affaires, but solicited and prouoked (by a foolish jeloufie) to see him honored with royall aliance, and fearing thereby to bee depofed from his part of the gouernment: or rather defiring to be onely Gouvernor: thereby to obfcure the memorie of the victories and conquests of his brother Horuendile; determined (whatfoeuer happened) to kill him. Which hee effected in fuch fort, that no man once fo much as fufpected him, euery man esteeming that from fuch and fo firme a knot of alliance and confanguinitie, there could proceed no other iffue than the full effects of vertue and courtesie: but (as I fayd before) the defire of bearing foueraigne, rule and authoritie, refpecteth neither blood nor amitie, nor caring for vertue as being wholly without refpect of lawes, or maieftie diuine: for it is not poffible that hee which inuadeth the countrey & taketh away the riches of an other man without caufe or reafon, fhould know, or feare God. Was not this a craftie and fubtile Counfellor? but he might haue thought that the mother, knowing her husbands cafe, would not caft her fonne into the danger of death. But Fengon, hauing fecretly affembled certain men, & perceiuing himfelf ftrong enough to execute his interprife, Horuendile, his brother being at a banquet with his friends, fodainely fet vpon him, where he flewe him as traiteroufly, as cunningly he purged himfelfe of fo deteftable a murder to his fubiefts: for that before he had any violent or bloody handes, or once committed parricide vpon his brother, hee had inceftuoufly abufed his wife, whole honour hee ought as well to haue fought and

Fengon, his  
conspiracie  
againft his  
brother.

Fengon  
killeth his  
brother.

<sup>1</sup> [*Not*, not in the text.]



procured, as traiterouſly he purſued and effected his deſtruction; and it is moſt certaine, that the man that abandoneth himſelfe to any notorious and wicked action, whereby he becommeth a great ſinner, hee careth not to commit much more haynous and abhominable offences, & couered his boldneſſe and wicked practiſe with ſo great ſubtiltie and policie, and vnder a vaile of meere ſimplicities, that beeing fauoured for the honeſt loue that hee bare to his ſiſter in lawe, for whoſe ſake hee affirmed, he had in that ſort murdered his brother, that his ſinne found excuſe among the common people, & of the Nobilitie was eſteemed for iuſtice: for that Geruth being as courteous a princeſſe, as any then liuing in the North parts, and one that had neuer once ſo much as offended any of her ſubiects, either commons or Courtyers; this adulterer and infamous murderer, ſlaundered his dead brother, that hee would have ſlaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him vpon the point ready to doe it, in defence of the Lady had ſlaine him, bearing off the blows which as then hee ſtrooke at the innocent Princeſſe, without any other cauſe of malice whatſoeuer: wherein hee wanted no falſe witneſſes to approoue his act, which deposed in like ſort, as the wicked calumniator himſelfe proteſted, being the ſame perſons that had born him company, & were participants of his treaſon, ſo that inſtead of purſuing him as a paricide & an inceſtuouſ perſon, al the Courtyers admired and flattered him in his good fortune: making more account of falſe witneſſes and deteſtable wicked reporters, and more honouring the calumniators, then they eſteemed of thoſe that ſeeking to call the matter in queſtion, and admiring the vertues of the murdered Prince, would haue puniſhed the maſſacrers and bereauers of his life. Which was the cauſe that Fengon,

Slanderers  
more ho-  
noured in  
court then  
vertuous  
perſons.

boldned and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himfelfe in marriage with her, whom hee vsed as his Concubine during good Horuendiles life, in that fort spotting his name with a double vice, and charging his conscience with abhominable guilt, and two fold impietie, as incestuous adulterie, and parricide murder; and that the vnfortunate and wicked woman, that had receaued the honour to bee the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest Princes in the North, imbased her selfe in such vile sort, as to falsifie her faith vnto him, and which is worfe, to marrie him, that had bin the tyranous murtherer of her lawfull husband: which made diuers men thinke, that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to liue in her adultery without controle. But where shall a man finde a more wicked & bold woman, then a great personage, once hauing loosed the bands of honor and honestie: This Princeffe who at the first, for her rare vertues and courtesies was honored of al men, and beloued of her husband, as soone as she once gaue eare to the tyrant Fengon, forgot both the ranke she helde among the greatest dames, and the dutie of an honest wife on her behalfe. But I will not stand to gaze and meruaile at women: for that there are many which seeke to blase and set them foorth: in which their writings, they spare not to blame them all for the faults of some one, or fewe women. But I say, that either Nature ought to haue bereaued man of that opinion to accompany with women, or els to endow them with such spirits, as that they may easily support the crosses they endure, without complaining so often and so strangely, seeing it is their owne beastlinesse that ouerthrowes them. For if it be so, that a woman is so imperfect a creature, as they make her to be: and that

The incestuous marriage of Fengon with his brothers wife.

If a man be deceived by a woman, it is his owne beastlinesse.

they know this beaft, to bee fo hard to bee tamed as they affirme: why then are they fo foolifh to preferue them, and fo dull and brutifh as to trust their deceitfull and wanton imbraceings. But let us leaue her in this extremitie of laciuioufneffe, and proceed to fhewe you, in what fort the yong Prince Hamlet behaued himfelfe, to efcape the tyranny of his vnclē.

---

## CHAPTER II.

*How Hamblet counterfeited the mad man, to efcape the tyrannie of his vnclē, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his vnclē's procurement) who thereby thought to vndermine the Prince, and by that meanes to finde out whether he counterfeited madneffe or not: and how Hamblet would by no meanes bee brought to confent vnto her; and what followed.*

GERVTH hauing (as I fayd before) fo much forgotten herfelf, the Prince Hamblet perceiuing him felfe to bee in danger of his life, as beeing abandoned of his owne mother, and forfaken of all men; and affuring himfelfe that Fengon would not detract the time, to fend him the fame way his father Horuendile was gone: to beguile the tyrant in his fubtilties (that eftemed him to bee of fuch a minde, that if he once attained to mans eftate, he wold not long delay y<sup>e</sup> time to reuenge the death of his father) counterfeiting the mad man with fuch craft & fubtill practifes, that he made fhewe as if hee had vtterly loft his wittes: and vnder that vayle hee couered his pretence, and defended his life from the treafons and practifes of the tyrant his vnclē. And all though hee had beene at the fchoole of the Romane Prince, who becaufe hee counterfeited himfelfe to bee a foole, was called Brutus: yet hee imitated his fash-

ions, and his wifedom. For euery day beeing in the Queenes Palace (who as then was more carefull to please her whoremafter, then ready to reuenge the cruell death of her husband, or to restore her sonne to his inheritance) hee rent and tore his clothes, wallowing and lying in the durt and mire, his face all filthy and blacke, running through the streets like a man diftraught, not speaking one worde, but such as seemed to proceede from madnesse, and meere frenzie, all his actions and iestures beeing no other, then the right countenances of a man wholly deprived of all reason and vnderstanding: in such fort, that as then hee seemed fitte for nothing, but to make sport to the Pages and ruffling Courtiers, that attended in the court of his vncke and father in law. But the yong Prince noted them well enough, minding one day to bee reuenged in such manner, that the memorie thereof should remaine perpetually to the world.

Beholde, I pray you, a great point of a wife, and braue spirite in a yong Prince, by so great a shewe of imperfection in his person for aduancement, and his owne imbasing and despising, to worke the meanes and to prepare the way for himselfe to bee one of the happiest Kings in his age. In like fort, neuer any man was reputed by any of his actions more wife and prudent then Brutus, dissembling a great alteration in his minde, for that the occasion of such his deuise of foolishnesse, proceeded onely of a good and mature counsell and deliberation; not onely to preferue his goods, and shunne the rage of the proude Tyrant, but also to open a large way to procure the banishment and vtter ruine of wicked Tarquinius, and to infranchise the people (which were before oppressed) from the yoake of a great and miserable seruitude. And so not onely Brutus, but this

Brutus esteemed wife, for counterfeiting the foole. Read Titius Lilius and Halicarnassus.

man and worthy prince, to whom wee may also adde King David, that counterfeited the madde man among the petie kings of Palestina, to preferue his life from the subtill practises of those kings. I shew this example, vnto such as being offended with any great personage, haue not sufficient meanes to preuaile in their intents, or reuenge the iniurie by them receiued: but when I speake of reuenging any iniury receiued, vpon a great personage, or superior: it must be vnderstood by such an one as is not our foueraigne, againste whome wee maie by no meanes resiste, nor once practise anie Treason nor conspiracie against his life: and hee that will followe this course, must speake and doe all things whatsoever that are pleasing and acceptable to him whom hee meaneth to deceiue, practise his actions, and esteeme him aboue all men, cleane contrarye to his owne intent and meaning; for that is rightly to playe and counterfeite the foole, when a man is constrained to dissemble, and kisse his hand, whome in hearte hee could wishe an hundred foote depth vnder the earth, so hee mighte neuer see him more: if it were not a thing wholly to bee disliked in a christian, who by no meanes ought to haue a bitter gall, or desires infected with reuenge. Hamblet in this sorte counterfeiting the madde man, many times did diuers actions of great and deepe consideration, and often made such and so fitte answeres, that a wise man would haue iudged from what spirite so fine an inuention might proceede; for that standing by the fire and sharping sticks like poyiards and prickes, one in smiling manner asked him wherefore he made those little staues so sharpe at the points, I prepare (saith he) piercing dartes, and sharpe arrowes, to reuenge my fathers death, fooles as I said before, esteemed those his words

David counterfeited the mad man, before king Aches.

Rom. 8. 21.

A subtill answer of Prince Hamblet.

as nothing; but men of quicke spirits, and such as hadde a deeper reache began to suspect somewhat, esteeming that vnder that kinde of folly there lay hidden a great and rare subtilty, such as one day might bee preiudiciall to their prince, saying that vnder colour of such rudenes he shadowed a crafty pollicy, and by his deuised simplicitye, he concealed a sharp and pregnant spirit, for which cause they counselled the king to try & know if it were possible, how to discouer y<sup>e</sup> intent & meaning of y<sup>e</sup> yong prince, & they could find no better, nor more fit inuention to intrap him, then to set some faire, and beautifull woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could vse, should purposely seek to allure his mind to haue his pleasure of her: for the nature of all young men (specially such as are brought vp wantonlie) is so transported with the desires of the flesh, and entreth so greedily into the pleasures therof, that it is almost impossible to couer the fowl affection neither yet to diffemble or hyde the same by art or industry, much lesse to shunne it. What cunning or subtilty so euer they vse to cloak their pretence, seeing occasion offered, and that in secret, specially in the most inticing sinne that rayneth in man, they cannot chuse (being constrained by voluptuousnesse), but fall to naturall effect and working. To this end certaine courtiers were appointed to leade Hamblet into a solitary place within the woods, whether they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together, and to imbrace one another, but y<sup>e</sup> subtill practise vsed in these our daies, not to try if men of great account bee extract out of their wits, but rather to deprive them of strength, vertue, and wisdom, by meanes of such deuilish practitioners, and

Nature corrupted in man.

Subtilties vsed to discouer Hamblets madnes.

Corrupters of yong gentlemen in princes courts and great houses.

intefernall spirits, their domestical seruants, and ministers of corruption : and surely the poore prince at this assault had bin in great danger, if a gentleman (that in Horuendiles time had bin nourished with him) had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing vp he had receiued with Hamblet, then desirous to please the Tirant, who by all meanes fought to intangle the sonne in the same nets wherein the father had ended his dayes. This gentleman bare the courtiers (appointed as aforefaide of this treason) company, more desiring to giue the prince instructions what he should do, then to intrap him making full account that the least shoue of perfect fence and wisedome that Hamblet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life : and therefore by certain signes he gaue Hamblet intelligence, in what danger hee was like to fall if by any meanes hee seemed to obeye, or once like the wanton toyes, & vicious prouocations of the gentle woman, sent thither by his Uncle : which much abashed the prince, as then wholly beeing in affection to the Lady, but by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loued and faouered him, and would haue been exceeding sorrowfull for his misfortune, and much more to leaue his companie without inioying the pleasure of his body, whome she loued more than her selfe. The Prince in this sort hauing both deceiued the courtiers, and the Ladyes expectation, that affirmed and swoore that hee neuer once offered to haue his pleasure of the woman, although in subtilty hee affirmed the contrary : euery man there vpon assured themselues that without all doubt hee was diftraught of his senses, that his braynes were as then wholly void of force, and incapable of reasonable apprehension, so that as then Fengons practise took no effect : but for al that he left not off : still

seeking by al meanes to finde out Hamblets subtilty :  
as in the next chapter you shall perceiue.

---

CHAPTER III.

*How Fengon, vncke to Hamblet, a second time to intrap him  
in his pollitick madnes : caused one of his counsellors to be  
secretly hidden in the Queenes chamber : behind the arras,  
to heare what speeches past betweene Hamblet and the  
Queen and how Hamblet killed him, and escaped that  
danger and what followed.*

AMONG the friends of Fengon, there was one that  
aboute al the rest, doubted of Hamblets practises, in  
counterfeiting the madman, who for that cause said,  
that it was impossible that so craftie a gallant as  
Hamblet that counterfeited the foole, should be dis-  
covered with so common & vnskilfull prac-  
tises, which might easily bee perceiued, and  
that to finde out his politique pretence it  
were necessary to inuent some subtill and crafty  
meanes, more attractiue, whereby the gallant might  
not haue the leysure to vse his accustomed diffimula-  
tion, which to effect he said he knewe a fit waie and  
a most conuenient meane to effect the kings desire,  
and thereby to intrap Hamblet in his subtilties, and  
cause him of his owne accord to fall into the net  
prepared for him, and thereby euidently shewe his  
secret meaning: his deuise was thus, that King  
Fengon should make as though he were to goe some  
long voyage, concerning affayres of great impor-  
tance and that in the meane time Hamblet should  
be shut vp alone in a chamber with his mother,  
wherein some other should secretly be hidden behind  
the hangings, vnknowne either to him or his mother,  
there to stand and heere their speeches, and the  
complots by them to bee taken, concerning the ac-

Another sub-  
tilty vsed to  
deceiue  
Hamblet.



complishments of the difsembling fooles pretence, affuring the king that if there were any point of wifedome and perfect fence in the gallants spirit that without all doubt he would easily discover it to his mother as being deuoid of all feare that she would vtter or make knowne his secret intent, being the woman that had borne him in her bodie, and nourished him so carefully, and withall offered himselfe to be the man, that should stand to harken, and beare witnesse of Hamblets speeches with his mother, that hee might not be esteemed a counsellor in such a case, wherein he refused to be the executioner, for the behoofe and seruice of his prince. This inuention pleased the king exceeding well, esteeming it as the onelie and foueraigne remedie to heale the prince of his lunacie, and to that ende making a long voyage issued out of his pallace, and road to hunt in the Forrest, meane time the counsellor entred secretly into the Queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, not long before Hamblets subtilly. the Queene and Hamblet came thither, who being craftie and pollitique, as soone as hee was within the chamber doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake seuerely and wifely to his mother touching his secret practises he should be vnderstood, and by that meanes intercepted, vsed his ordinary manner of diffimulation, and began to come like a cocke beating with his armes, (in such manner as cockes vse to strike with their wings), vpon the hangings of the chamber, whereby feeling something stirring vnder them, he cried a rat a rat, and presently drawing his sworde thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellour (halfe dead) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and being A cruel reuenge taken by Hamblet vpon him that would haue betraide him. flaine, cut his bodie in peeces, which he caused to be boyled and then cast it into an open vaulte or priuie,

that so it mighte serue for foode to the hogges, by which meanes hauing discouered the ambushe, and giuen the inuentor thereof his iust rewarde, hee came againe to his mother, who in the meane time wepte and tormented her selfe, to see all her hopes frustrate, for that what fault foeuer she had committed, yet was shee fore griued to see her onely child made a meere mockery, euery man reproaching her with his folly, one point whereof she had as then seene before her eyes, which was no small pricke to her conscience, esteeming that the Gods sent her that punishment for ioyning incestuously in marriage with the tyrannous murderer of her husband, who

like wife ceased not to inuent all the means he could, to bring his nephew to his ende, accusing his owne naturall indiscretion, as beeing the ordinary guide of those that so much desire the pleasures of the bodie, who shutting vp the waie to all reason respect not what maie ensue of their lightnes, and greate inconstancy, and how a pleasure of small moment is sufficient to giue them cause of repentance, during their liues, and make them curse the daye and time that euer any such apprehensions, entred into their mindes, or that they closed their eies to reiect the honestie requisite in Ladies of her qualitie, and to despise the holy institution of those dames that had gone before her both in nobilitie and vertue, calling to mind the great

prayes and commendations giuen by the Danes to Rinde daughter to King Rothere, the chafest Lady in her time, and withall so shamefast that she would neuer consent to marriage with any prince or knight whatfoeuer, surpassing in vertue all the ladyes of her time, as shee herselfe surmounted them in beawtie, good behaviour, and comelines, and while in this sort she fate tormenting herselfe, Hamlet entred into the cham-

Queene  
Geruthes re-  
pentance.

Rinde a  
princes of an  
admirable  
chastitie.

ber, who hauing once againe searched euery corner of the same, diftrusting his mother as well as the rest, and perceiuing himselfe to bee alone, began in sober and discreet manner to speake vnto her saying,

What treason is this, O most infamous woman! of all that euer prostrated themselues to the will of an abhominable whore-monger who vnder the veil of a dissembling creature couereth the most wicked and detestable crime that man could euer imagine, or was committed. How may I be assured to trust you, that like a vile wanton adulteresse, altogether impudent & giuen ouer to her pleasure, runnes spreading forth her armes ioyfully to imbrace the trayterous villanous tyrant, that murdered my father, and most incestuously receiuest the villain into the lawfull bed of your loyall spouse, impudently entertaining him in steede of the deare father of your miserable and discomforted sonne, if the gods graunt him not the grace speedilie to escape from a captiuitie so vnworthie the degree he holdeth, and the race & noble familie of his ancestors. Is this the part of a queene, and daughter to a king? to liue like a brute beast (and like a mare that yeeldeth her bodie to the horse that hath beaten hir companion awaye,) to followe the pleasure of an abhominable king that hath murdered a farre more honest and better man then himself in massacring Horuendile, the honor, and glory of the Danes, who are now esteemed of no force nor valour at all, since the shining splendure of knighthood was brought to an end by the most wickedest, and cruellest villaine liuing vpon earth: I for my part will neuer account him for my kinsman, nor once knowe him for mine vncle, nor you my deer mother for not hauing respect to the blud that ought to haue vnited us so straightly together, & who neither with your honor nor without suspition of consent to the death of your husband could euer

haue agreed to haue marryed with his cruell enemy: O Queene Geruthe, it is the part of a bitch, to couple with many, and desire acquaintance of diuers mastiffes: it is licentioufnes only that hath made you deface out of your minde the memory of the valor & vertues of the good King your husband and my father: it was an vnbrideled desire that guided the daughter of Roderick to imbrace the Tirant Fengon, & not to remember Horuendile (vnworthy of so strange intertainment), neither that he killed his brother traiterously, and that shee being his fathers wife betrayed him, although he so well faouered and loued her, that for her sake he vtterly bereaved Norway of her riches and valiant fouldiers, to augment the treasures of Roderick, and make Geruthe wife to the hardyest prince in Europe. It is not the parte of a woman, much lesse of a princeesse, in whome all modesty, curtesie, compassion and loue ought to abound, thus to leaue her deare child to fortune in the bloody & murtherous hands of a villain and traytor, brute beasts do not so; for Lyons, Tygers, ounces, and leopards fight for the safety and defence of their whelpes; and birds that haue beakes, claws, and wings, resist such as would rauish them of their yong ones, but you to the contrary expose and deliuer mee to death, whereas ye should defend me. Is not this as much as if you should betray me, when you knowing the peruersenes of the tyrant and his intents, full of deadly counsell as touching the race & image of his brother, haue not once fought nor desired to finde the meanes to saue your child (& only son) by sending him into Swethland, Norway, or England, rather then to leaue him as a pray to youre infamous adulterer? bee not offended I pray you Madame, if transported with dolour and grieffe I speake so boldly vnto you, and that I respect you lesse then dutie requireth, for you

hauing forgotten mee, and wholly reiected the memorye of the deceafed K. my father, muft not bee abafhed if I alfo fupaffe the bounds and limits of due confideration, Beholde into what diftreffs I am now fallen, and to what mifchiefe my fortune and your ouer great lightneffe, and want of wifdome haue induced mee, that I am conftained to playe the madde man to faue my life in fteed of vſing and praftiſing armes, following aduentures, and ſeeking all meanes to make my ſelfe knowne to bee the true and vndoubted heire to the valiant and vertuous King Horuendile, it was not without caufe and iuſte occaſion, y<sup>t</sup> my geſtures, countenances, and words ſeeme all to proceed from a madman, and that I deſire to haue all men eſteeme mee wholly deprived of fence and reaſonable vnderſtanding, bycauſe I am well affured, that he hath made no conſcience to kill his owne brother, (accuſtomed to murthers, & allured with deſire of gouernement without controll in his treaſons) will not ſpare to faue himſelfe with the like crueltie, in the blood, & fleſh of the loyns of his brother, by him maſſacred: & therefore, it is better for me to fayne madneffe then to vſe my right fences as nature hath beſtowed them vpon me, The bright ſhining clearnes thereof I am forced to hide vnder this ſhadow of diſſimulation, as the ſun doth hir beams vnder ſome great cloud, when the wether in ſommer time ouercaſteth: the face of a mad man, ſerueth to couer my gallant countenance, & the geſtures of a fool are fit for me, to y<sup>e</sup> end that guiding myſelf wiſely therin I may preferue my life for y<sup>e</sup> Danes, & the memory of my late deceafed father, for y<sup>t</sup> the deſire of reuenging his death is ſo ingrauen in my heart y<sup>t</sup> if I dye not ſhortly, I hope to take ſuch and ſo great vengeance, that theſe Countreyes ſhall foreuer ſpeake thereof. Neuertheleſſe I muſt ſtay the time, meanes, and occaſion, left by making

ouer great haft, I be now the caufe of mine owne  
fodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that meanes,  
end, before I beginne to effect my hearts desire: hee

We must vse  
subtiltie to a  
disloyall  
perfon.

that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall,  
cruell, and discourteous man, must vse craft,  
and politike inuentions, such as a fine witte  
can best imagine, not to discover his interprise: for  
feeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason  
alloweth me by diffimulation, subtiltie, and secret

We must  
weepe for  
our owne  
faults and  
not for other  
mens.

practises to proceed therein. To conclude,  
weepe not (Madame) to see my folly, but  
rather sigh and lament your owne offence,  
tormenting your conscience in regard of  
the infamie that hath so defiled the ancient renowne  
and glorie that (in times past) honoured Queene Ge-  
ruth: for wee are not to sorrowe and grieue at other  
mens vices, but for our owne misdeedes, and great  
follies. Desiring you, for the surplus of my pro-  
ceedings, aboue all things (as you loue your owne  
life and welfare) that neither the king, nor any  
other may by any meanes know mine intent, and let  
me alone with the rest, for I hope in the ende to  
bring my purpose to effect.

Although the Queene perceiued herselfe neerly  
touched, and that Hamlet moued her to the quicke,  
where she felt her selfe intressed: neuertheless she  
forgot all disdain & wrath, which thereby she might  
as then haue had, hearing her selfe so sharply, chid-  
en & reprooued, for the ioy she then conceaued, to  
behold the gallant spirit of her sonne, and to thinke  
what she might hope, & the easier expect of his so  
great policie and wisdom. But on the other side  
she durst not lift vp her eyes to behold him, remem-  
bring her offence, & on the other side she would  
gladly haue imbraced her son, in regard of the wife  
admonitions by him giuen vnto her, which as then  
quenched the flames of vnbridled desire y<sup>t</sup> before

had moued her to affect K. Fengon: to ingraff in her heart y<sup>e</sup> vertuous actions of her lawfull spouse, whom inwardly she much lamented, when she beheld the liuely image and portraiture of his vertue & great wisedome in her childe, representing his fathers haughtie and valiant heart: and so ouercome and vanquished with this honest passion, and weeping most bitterly, hauing long time fixed her eyes vpon Hamlet, as beeing rauished into some great and deepe contemplation, & as it were wholly amazed; at the last imbracing him in her armes (with the like loue that a vertuous mother may or can vse, to kisse and entertaine her owne childe) she spake vnto him in this manner.

I know well (my Sonne) that I haue done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruell tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyall spouse: but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the Palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect or hope for of the Courtiers, all wrought to his will: as also the power hee made ready, if I should haue refused to like of him, thou wouldest rather excuse, then accuse me of lasciuiousnes or inconstancy, much lesse offer me that wrong, to suspect that euer thy mother Geruthe once consented to the death & murther of her husband: swearing vnto thee (by the maiestie of the Gods) that if it had layne in my power to haue resisted the tyrant, although it had bene with the losse of my blood, yea and my life, I would surely haue saued the life of my Lord and husband, with as good a will & desire, as since that time, I haue often bene a meanes to hinder and impeach the shortning of thy life, which being taken away, I will no longer liue here vpon earth: for seeing that thy fences are whole and found, I am in hope to see an easie meanes inuented for the reuenging of thy

fathers death. Neuerthelesse, mine owne sweet sonne, if thou hast pittie of thy selfe, or care of the memorie of thy father (although thou wilt do nothing for her that deferueth not the name of a mother in this respect), I pray thee carie thine affayres wisely, bee not hastie, nor ouer furious in thy interprises, neither yet aduance thy selfe more then reason shall moue thee to effect thy purpose. Thou feest there is not almost any man wherein thou mayest put thy trust, nor any woman to whom I dare vtter the least part of my secrets, that would not presently report it to thine aduersarie, who, although in outward shew he dissembleth to love thee, the better to enjoy his pleasures of me, yet hee distrusteth and feareth mee for thy sake, and is not so simple to be easily perswaded, that thou art a foole or mad, so that if thou chance to doe any thing that seemeth to proceed of wisdom or policie (how secretly soeuer it be done) he will presently be informed thereof, and I am greatly afraide that the deuils haue shewed him, what hath past at this present between vs: (Fortune so muche pursueth and contrarieth our ease and welfare) or that this murther that now thou hast committed, be not the cause of both our destructions, which I by no meanes will seeme to know, but will keepe secret both thy wisdom & hardy interprise. Beseeching the Gods (my good sonne) that they, guiding thy heart, directing thy counsels and prospering thy interprise, I may see thee possesse and inioy that which is thy right, and weare the crowne of Denmarke, by the Tyrant taken from thee: that I may reioice in thy prosperitie, and therewith content my self, seeing with what courage and boldness thou shalt take vengeance vpon the murtherer of thy father, as also vpon all those that haue assisted and fauoured him in his murtherous and bloody enterprise. Madame (sayd Hamlet) I will put my trust in



you, and from hencefoorth meane not to meddle further with your affayres, befeeching you (as you loue your own flesh and blood) that you will from hence foorth no more esteeme of the adulterer mineemie, whom I wil furely kill, or caufe to be put to death, in despite of all the deuils in hel: and haue he neuer fo many flattering courtezans to defend him yet will I bring him to his death, & they themselves also shall beare him company therein: as they haue bin his peruerse counsellors in the action of killing my father, and his companions in his treason, maffacre, and cruell enterprife. And reason requireth, that euen as trayterously they then caused their prince to bee put to death, that with the like (nay well much more) iustice they should pay the interest of their fellonious actions.

You know (Madame) how Hother your grandfather, and father to the good king Roderick, hauing vanquished Guimon, caused him to be burnt, for that the cruell villain had done the like to his lord Geuare, whom he betrayed in the night time. And who knoweth not that traytors and periured persons deserue no faith nor loyaltie to be obserued towards them, and that conditions made with murderers, ought to be esteemed as cobwebs, and accounted as if they were things neuer promised nor agreed vpon: but if I lay handes vpon Fengon, it will neither be felonie nor treason, hee being neither my King nor my Lord: but I shall iustly punish him as my subiect, that hath disloyaly behaued himselfe against his Lord & foueraigne prince: and seeing that glory is the rewarde of the vertuous, and the honour and praife of those that doe seruice to their naturall Prince, why should not blame and dishonour accompany Traytors, & ignominious death al those that

Hother,  
father to  
Rodericke.

Guimon  
burnt his  
lord Geuare.

We must  
obserue nei-  
ther faith-  
fulnesse or  
fidelitie to  
traytors or  
Parricides.

dare be so bold as to lay violent hands vpon sacred Kings, that are friends & companions of the gods, as representing their maiestie & persons. To conclude, glorie is the crowne of vertue, & the price of constancie, and seeing that it neuer accompanieth with infelicitie, but shunneth cowardize and spirits of base & trayterous conditions, it must necessarily followe, that either a glorious death will be mine ende, or with my sword in hand, (laden with triumph and victorie) I shall bereaue them of their liues, that made mine vnfortunate, & darkened the beames of that vertue which I possessed from the blood and famous memory of my Predecessors. For why should men desire to liue when shame & infamie are the executioners that torment their consciences, and villany is the cause that withholdeth the heart from valiant interprises, and diuerteth the minde from honest desire of glorie and commendation, which indureth for euer? I know it is foolishly done, to gather fruit before it is ripe, & to seeke to enioy a benefit, not knowing whither it belong to vs of right: but I hope to effect it so well, and haue so great confidence in my fortune (that hitherto hath guided the action of my life) that I shall not dye, without reuenging my selfe vpon mine enemie, and that himselfe shall be the instrument of his owne decay, and to execute that which of my selfe I durst not haue enterprised.

After this, Fengon (as if hee had beene out some long iourney) came to the Court againe, and asked for him that had receiued the charge to play the intelligencer, to entrap Hamlet, in his diffembled wifdome, was abashed to heare neither newes nor tydings of him, and for that cause asked Hamlet what was become of him: naming the man. The Prince that neuer vsed lying, and who in all the answers that euer he made (during his counterfeit

madnesse) neuer strayed from the trueth (as a generous minde is a mortal enemie to vntruth) answered and fayd, that the counfellow he fought for, was gone downe through the priuie, where being choaked by the filthynesse of the place, the Hogs meeting him had filled their bellies.

---

CHAPTER IIII.

*How Fencion the third time deuised to send Hamblet to the king of England, with secret letters to haue him put to death: and how Hamblet, when his companions slept, read the Letters, and instead of them, counterfeited others, willing the king of England to put the two Messengers to death, and to marry his daughter to Hamblet, which was effected, and how Hamblet escaped out of England.*

A MAN would haue iudged any thing rather then that Hamblet had committed that murther, neuerthelesse Fencion could not content himselfe, but still his minde gaue him, that the foole would play him some tricke of Liegerdemaine, and willing would haue killed him, but he feared king Rodericke, his father in law, and further durst not offend the Queene, mother to the foole, whom she loued & much cherished: shewing great grieffe and heauinesse to see him so transported out of his wits. And in that conceit, seeking to bee rid of him, determined to finde the meanes to doe it by the ayde of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution, choosing rather that his friend should defile his renowne, with so great a wickednesse, then himselfe to fall into perpetuall infamie, by an exploit of so great crueltie, to whom hee purposed to send him, and by letters desire to him to put him to death.

Hamblet vnderstanding that he should be sent into England, presently doubted the occasion of his voyage, and for that cause speaking to the Queene, desired her not to make any shew of sorrow or griefe for his departure, but rather counterfeit a gladnesse, as being rid of his presence, whom, although she loued, yet she dayly grieved to see him in so pitifull estate, deprived of all sense and reason: desiring her further, that she should hang the hall with tapestrie, and make it fast with nayles upon the walles, and keepe the brands for him which he had sharpened at the points, then, when as he said he made arrowes to reuenge the death of his father: lastly, he counselled her, that the yeere after his departure being accomplished, she should celebrate his funerals: assuring her, that at the same instant, she should see him returne with great contentment and pleasure vnto her for that his voyage. Now to beare him company, were assigned two of Fengers faithfull ministers, bearing Letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlets death, in such sort as he had aduertised the King of England. But the subtil Danish prince (being at sea) whilst his companions slept, hauing read the letters, and knowne his vnles great treason, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter; rased out the letters that concerned his death, and in stead thereof graued others, with Commission to the king of England to hang his two companions, and not content to turne the death they had deuised against him vpon their owne neckes, wrote further, that king Fenger willed him, to gaue his daughter to Hamlet in mariage: and so arriuing in England, the Messengers presented themselues to the King, giuing him Fengers Letters; who hauing read the contents, sayd nothing as then, but stayed conuenient time to effect

Hamblets  
craft to saue  
his life.

Fengons desire; meane time vsing the Danes familiarly, doing them that honour to sit at his table (for that kings as then were not so curiously nor solemnely serued as in these our dayes), for in these dayes meane kings and lords of small reueneue are as difficult and hard to bee seene, as in times past the monarches of Persia vsed to be: or as it is reported of the great king of Aethyopia who (wil not permit any man to see his face, which ordinarily he couereth with a vaile.) And as the Messengers sate at the table with the king, subtile Hamlet was so far from being merry with them, that would not taste one bit of meate, bread, nor cup of beere whatsoever, as then set vpon the table, not without great wondering of the company, abashed to see a yong man and a stranger, not to esteeme of the delicate meates & pleasant drinckes serued at the banquet, reiecting them as things filthy, euill of tast, & worse prepared. The king who for that time dissembled what he thought, caused his ghests to be conueyed into their chamber, willing one of his secret seruantes to hide himselfe therein, & so certifie him what speeches past among the Danes at their going to bed.

Now they were no sooner entred into the chamber, and those that were appointed to attend vpon them gone out, but Hamlets companions asked him, why he refused to eate and drinke of that which hee found vpon the table, not honouring the banquet of so great a king, that entertained them in friendly sort, with such honour and courtesie as it deserued: saying further, that hee did not well, but dishonoured him that sent him, as if he sent men into England that feared to bee poysoned, by so great a king. The Prince that had done nothing without reason and prudent consideration, answered them and sayd: What think you, that I wil eat bread dipt in humane

blood, and defile my throate with the ruft of yron, and vse that meat that stinketh and fauoureth of mans flesh, already putrified and corrupted, and that senteth like the fauour of a dead carryon long since cast into a valt: and how would you haue mee to respect the King, that hath the countenance of a flauie, and the Queene who in stead of great majestie, hath done three things more like a woman of base parentage, & fitter for a waiting Gentlewoman then befeeming a Lady of her qualitie and estate: & hauing sayd so, vsed many iniurious & sharpe speeches as well against the king & queene, as others that had assisted at that banquet for the intertainment of the Danish Ambassadors: and therein Hamblet said trueth, as hereafter you shall heare, for that in those dayes, the North parts of the worlde liuing as then under Sathans lawes, were full of inchanters, so that there was not any yong gentleman whatfoeuer, that knew not somethig therein sufficient to serue his turne, if need required: as yet in those dayes in Gothland & Biarmy, there are many y<sup>t</sup> knew not what the christian religion permitteth, as by reading the histories of Norway & Gothland you may easilie perceiue: and so Hamlet, while his father liued had been instructed in that deuilish art, whereby the wicked spirite abuseth mankind, and aduertifeth him (as he can) of things past.

It toucheth not the matter herein to discouer the parts of deuination in man, and whether this prince by reason of his ouer great melancholy, had receiued those impressions, deuining that, which neuer any but himselfe had before declared, like the Philosophers, who discourfing of diuers deep points of philosophie, attribute the force of those diuinations to such as are Saturnists by complection who, oftentimes speake of things which their fury ceasing, they then alreadye can hardly vnderstand who are the

pronouncers, and for that cause Plato faith, many deuiners and many poets, after the force and vigour of their fier beginneth to lessen, do hardly vnderstand what they haue written, although intreating of such things, while the spirite of deuination continueth vpon them, they doe in such sort discourse thereof that the authors and inuenters of the arts themselves by them alledged commend their discourses & subtill disputations. Likewise I mean not to relate y<sup>t</sup> which diuers men beleuee y<sup>t</sup> a reasonable soule, becommeth y<sup>e</sup> habitation of a meaner sort of diuels, by whom men learn the secrets of things natural, & much lesse do I account of y<sup>e</sup> supposed gouernors of y<sup>e</sup> world fained by magicians by whose means they brag to effect meruailous things; It would seeme miraculous y<sup>t</sup> Hamlet should diuine in y<sup>t</sup> sort, which after prooued so true (if as I said before) the diuel had not knowledg of things past, but to grant it he knoweth things to come I hope you shall neuer finde me in so grose an error, you will compare and make equall deriuation, & coniecture with those that are made by the spirit of God, and pronounced by the holy prophets, that tasted of that maruelous science, to whome onely, was declared the secrets & wondrous workes of the almighty. Yet there are some imposturious companions that impute so much deuinitie to the Diuell the father of lyes, y<sup>t</sup> they attribute vnto him the truth of the knowledge of thinges that shall happen vnto men, alledging the conference of Saul with the witch although one example out of the holy scriptures, specially set down for the condemnation of wicked man is not of force to giue a sufficient law to all the world, for they themselves confesse, that they can deuine, not according to the vniuersal cause of things, but by signes borrowed from such like causes, which are all waies alike, and by those coniectures they can giue

iudgement of thinges to come, but all this beeing grounded vpon a weake support, (which is a simple coniecture) & hauing so slender a foundation, as some foolish or late experience the fictions being voluntarie, It should be a great folly in a man of good iudgment specially one that imbraceth the preachn of the gospell, & seeketh after no other but the trueth thereof, to repose vpon any of these likelihoods or writings full of deceit.

As touching magical operations, I will grant them somewhat therein, finding diuers histories y<sup>t</sup> write thereof, & that the Bible maketh mention and forbiddeth the vse thereof, yea the lawes of the gentiles and ordinances of Emperors, haue bin made against it, in such fort, that Mahomet the great Hereticke & friend of the Diuell by whose subtiltyes hee abused most part of the East countries hath ordained great punishments for such as vse and practise those unlawfull & damnable arts which for this time leauing of, let vs returne to Hamblet, brought vp in these abuses, according to the manner of his country, whose companions hearing his answere reproached him of folly, saying that hee could by no meanes shew a greater point of indiscretion, Then In despising that which is lawfull, and reiecting that which all men receaued, as a necessary thing and that hee had not grossely so forgotten himselfe, as in y<sup>t</sup> fort to accuse such and so excellent a man as the king of England, and to slander the Queene, being then as famous and wife a princes, as any at that day raiging in the Ilands thereabouts, to cause him to be punished, according to his deserts, but he continuing in his dissimulation, mocked him, saying that hee had not done any thing that was not good & most true: on the other side the King being aduertised therof by him that stood to heare the discourse, iudged presently that Hamlet speaking so ambiguously was either a perfect foole,



or elfe one of the wifest princes in his time, answering so fodainly, and so much to the purpose, vpon the demaund by his companions, made touching his behaiour, and the better to finde the trueth caused the babler to be sent for, of whome inquiring in what place the corne grew whereof he made bread for his table, and whether in that ground there were not some signes or newes of a battaile fought whereby humane blood had therein been shed, the babler answered that not far from thence there lay a field ful of dead mens bones: in times past flaine in a battaile, as by the greate heapes of wounded scullea, mighte well appeare and for that the grounds in that parte was become fertiler then other grounds by reason, of the fatte and humours of the dead bodies, y<sup>t</sup> euery yeer the farmers vsed there to haue in y<sup>e</sup> best wheat they could finde to serue his majesties house. The King perceiuing it to be true, according to the yong princes wordes, asked where the hogs had bin fed that were killed to be serued at his table, and answere was made him, that those hogs getting out of the faide felde wherein they were kepte had founde the bodie of a thiefe that had beene hanged for his demerits, and had eaten thereof: whereat the King of England beeing abashed, would needs know with what water the beer he vsed to drinke of, had beene brued, which hauing knowne, he caused the riuer to be digged somewhat deeper, and therein found great store of swords and rustie armours, that gaue an ill savour to the drinke. It were good that I should heere dilate somewhat of Merliūs prophesies which are said to be spoken of him before he was fuly one yeere old, but if you consider wel what hath al redde been spoken it is no hard matter to diuine of things past, although the minister of Sathan therein played his part giuing fodaine and prompt answeres, to this yong prince, for

that herein are nothing but natural things, such as were wel known to be true, and therefore not needfull to dreame of thinges to come. This knowne, the King greatly moued with a certaine curiositie, to knowe why the Danish prince saide that he had the countenance of a slaue suspecting thereby that he reproached the basenes of his blood and that he wold affirme that neuer any prince had bin his fire, wherin to fatiffie himselfe, he went to his mother, and leading her into a secreet chamber, which he shut as soone as they were entted desired her of her honour to shewe him of whome he was ingendred in this world. The good Lady, wel assured that neuer any man had bin acquainted w<sup>t</sup> her loue, touching any other man then her husband, fware that the King her husband onely was the man that enioyed the pleasures of her body, but the king hir sonne, alreadie with the truth of the Danish princes answers, threatned his mother to make her tell by force, if otherwise she would not confesse it, who for feare of death acknowledged that she had prostrated her body to a slaue, & made him father to the king of England whereat the king was abashed and wholly ashamed, I giue them leaue to Iudge who esteeming themfelues honefter than their neighbours, & supposing that there can be nothing amisse in their houses, make more enquire then is requisite to know y<sup>e</sup> which they would rather not haue known, neuerthelesse diffembling what he thought, & biting vpon the bridle, rather than he would depriue himselfe, by publishing the lasciuiousnes of his mother, thought better to leaue a great sin vnpunished, then thereby to make himselfe contemptible to his subjects, who peradventure would haue reiected him as not desiring to haue a bastard to raigne ouer so great a kingdome.

But as he was sorry to hear his mother's confes-

sion, on the other side he tooke great pleasure in the subtilty, and quick spirit of the yong prince, and for that cause went vnto him to aske him why he had reprooved three things in his Queene conuenient for a slaue, and fauouring more of basenes then of royaltie, & far unfit for the maiesty of a great prince, The king not content to haue receiued a great displeasure by knowing him selfe to be a bastard, & to haue heard w<sup>t</sup> what injuries he charged her whom hee loued best in all the world, would not content himself vntill he also vnderstood y<sup>t</sup> which displeased him, as much as his owne proper disgrace, which was that his Queen was the daughter of a chambermaid and with all noted certaine foolish countenances, she made, which not onely shewed of what parentage she came, but also y<sup>t</sup> hir humors fauored of the basenes and low degree of hir parents, whose mother he assured the king was as then yet holden in seruitude. The king, admiring the young prince, and behoulding in him some matter of greater respect then in the common sort of men, gaue him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfet letters by him deuifed, & the next day caused the two seruants of Fensong to be executed, to satisfie, as he thought the king's desire; but Hamlet, although y<sup>e</sup> sport pleased him wel, & that the King of England could not haue done him a greater fauour, made as though he had been much offended, threatening the king to be reuenged, but the King to appease him gaue him a great sum of gold, which Hamlet caused to be molten, and put it into two staues, made hollow for the same purpose, to serue his tourne there with as neede should require, for of all other the kings treasures he took nothing w<sup>t</sup> him into Denmark but onely those two staues, and as soone as the yeere began to bee at an end hauing somewhat before obtained licence of the King his father in law

to depart, went for Denmarke, Then with all the speed hee could to returne againe into England to marry his daughter and fo fet sayle for Denmarke.

---

CHAPTER V.

*How Hamblet hauing escaped out of England, arriued in Denmarke the same day that the Danes were celebrating his funerals, supposing him to be dead in England, and how he reuenged his fathers death vpon his Vncle and the rest of the Courtiers; and what followed:*

HAMBLET in that sort sayling into Denmark, being arriued in the contry entred into the pallace of his Uncle the same day that they were celebrating his funeralls, and going into the Hall, procured no small astonishment and wonder to them all, no man thinking other but that hee had beene deade; among the which many of them reioyced not a little, for the pleasure which they knew Fengon would conceaue for so pleafant a losse, and some were sadde, as remembring the honourable king Horuendile, whose victories they could by no meanes forget, much lesse deface out of their memories that which appertained vnto him, who as then greatly reioyced to see a false report spread of Hamlets death, and that the tyrant had not as yet obtained his will of the heire of Jutie, but rather hoped God would restore him to his sences againe for the good and welfare of that prouince. Their amazement at the last beeing toured into laughter, all that as then were affisitant at the funerall banquet, of him whome they esteemed dead, mocked each at other, for hauing beene so simply deceiued, and wondring at the Prince, that in his so long a voyage he had not recouered any of his sences,

asked what was become of them that had borne him company into greate Brittain, to whom he made answere (shewing them the two hollow staues, wherein he had put his molten golde, that the king of England had giuen him to appease his fury, concerning the murther of his two companions) and said, here they are both. Whereat many that already knew his humours, presently coniectured that hee had plaide some tricke of legerdemane, and to deliuer himselfe out of danger, had throwne them into the pitte prepared for him, so that fearing to follow after them and light vpon some euil aduventure, they went presently out of the court, and it was well for them that they didde so, considering the Tragedy acted by him the same daie, beeing accounted his funerall, but in trueth their last daies, that as then reioyced for their ouerthrow; for when euery man busied himselfe to make good cheare, and Hamlets ariually prouoked them more to drinke and caroufe, the prince himselfe at that time played the Butler and a gentleman attending on the tables, not suffering the pots nor goblets to bee empty, whereby hee gaue the noble men such store of liquor, that all of them being ful laden with wine, and, gorged with meate, were constrained to lay themselues downe in the same place where they had supt, so much their senses were dulled, and ouercome with the fire of ouer great drinking, (a vice common and familiar among the Almaines, and other nations inhabiting the north parts of y<sup>e</sup> wor[l]d) which when Hamlet perceiuing, & finding so good opportunitie to effect his purpose & bee reuenged of his enemies, & by y<sup>e</sup> means to abandon the actions gestures & apparel of a mad man, occasion so fitly finding his turn, & as it were effecting it selfe failed not to take hold therof, & seeing those drunken bodies, filled with wine, ly-

Drunkenes  
a vice over  
common in  
the north  
partes of the  
world.

ing like hogs, vpon the ground, some sleeping, others vomiting the ouer great abundance of wine which without measure they had swallowed vp, made the hangings about the hall to fall downe & couer them all ouer, which he nailed to the ground, being boarded, & at the endes thereof he stuck the brands whereof I spake before by him sharpned, which serued for prickes, binding and tying the hangings, in such fort, that what force soeuer they vsed to loose themselues, it was vnpossible to get from vnder them, and presently he set fire in the foure corners of the hal, in such fort that all that were as then therin not one escaped away but were forced to purge their sins by fire, & dry up the great abundance of liquor by them received into their bodies, all of them dying in the vneuitable and mercilesse flames of the whot & burning fire which the prince perceiuing, became wise, & knowing y<sup>t</sup> his vncl

A strange  
revenge  
taken by  
Hamlet.

before the end of the banquet had withdrawn himselfe into his chamber, which stood apart from the place where the fire burnt, went thither, & entring into y<sup>e</sup> chamber, layd hand vpon the sword of his fathers murtherer, leauing his own in the place, which while he was at the banquet some of the courtiers had nailed fast into the scaberd, & going to Fengon said, I wonder disloyal king how thou canst sleep heer at thine ease: & al thy pallace is burnt the fire thereof hauing burnt y<sup>e</sup> greatest part of thy courtiers &

A mocke  
but yet sharp  
and stinging,  
giuen by  
Hamlet to  
his vncl.

ministers of thy cruelty, & detestable tyrannies, & which is more I cannot imagin how thou shouldst wel assure thy self, & thy estate, as now to take thy ease, seeing Hamlet so neer thee armed with y<sup>e</sup> shafts by him prepared long since & and at this present is redy to reuenge the traitorous iniury by thee done to his Lord & Father.

Fengon as then knowing y<sup>e</sup> truth of his nephews subtile practife, & hering him speake w<sup>t</sup> stayed mind, and which is more, perceiued a sword naked in his hand, which he already lifted vp to depriue him of his life, leaped quickly out of the bed, taking holde of Hamlets sword, that was nayled into the scaberd, which as hee sought to pull out, Hamlet gaue him such a blowe vpon the chine of the necke, that hee cut his head cleane from his shoulders, and as he fell to the ground sayd: This iust and violent death is a first reward for such as thou art, now go thy wayes, & when thou comest in hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother (whom thou trayterously slewest) that it was his sonne that sent thee thither with the message, to the ende that beeing comforted thereby, his soule may rest among the blessed spirits, and quit mee of the obligation which bound me to pursue his vengeance vpon mine owne blood, that seeing it was by thee, that I lost the chiefe thing that tyed me to this aliance & confanguinitie. A man (to say the trueth) hardie, couragious, and worthy of eternall commendation, who arming himself with a crafty, dissembling and strange shew of being distract out of his wits, vnder that pretence deceiued the wife, pollitike, and craftie: thereby not onelie preferuing his life from the treasons & wicked practises of the Tyrant, but (which is more) by an new & vnexpected kinde of punishment reuenged his fathers death: many yeeres after the act committed: in no such fort that directing his courses with such patience, & effecting his purposes, with so great boldnes & constancie, he left a iudgement to be decyded among men of wisdom, which was more commendable in him, his constancy or magnanimitie, or his wisdom in ordring his affaires, according to the premeditable determination he had conceaued.

Commendation of Hamlet for killing the Tyrant.

If vengeance euer seemed to haue any shew of iustice, it is then, when pietie and affection constraineth vs to remember our fathers uniustly mured, as the things wherby we are dispensed withal, & which seeke the means not to leaue treason and murther vnpunished: seeing Dauid a holy & iust king, & of nature simple, courteous and debonaire, yet when he dyed he charged his sonne Salomon (that succeeded him in his throane) not to suffer certaine men that had done him iniurie to escape vnpunished: Not that this holy King (as then readie to dye, and to giue account before God of all his actions) was carefull or desirous of reuenge, but to leaue this example vnto us, that where the Prince or Country is interessed, the desire of reuenge cannot by any meanes (how small foeuer) beare the title of condemnation, but is rather commendable and worthy of praise: for otherwise the good kings of Iuda, nor others had not pursued them to death, that had offended their predecessors, if God himselfe had not inspired and ingrauen that desire within their hearts. Hereof the Athenian lawes beare witnessse, whose custome was to erect Images in remembrance of those men that, reuenging the iniuries of the Common wealth, boldly massacred tyrants and such as troubled the peace and welfare of the Citizens.

Hamblet hauing in this manner reuenged himselfe, durst not presently declare his action to the people, but to the contrary determined to worke by policie, so to giue them intelligence, what he had done, and the reason that drewe him thereunto; so that beeing accompanied with such of his fathers friends, that then were rising, he stayed to see what the people would doe, when they shoulde heare of that sodaine and fearefull action. The next morn-

How iust  
vengeance  
ought to be  
considered.

Dauids in-  
tent in com-  
manding  
Salomon to  
reuenge him  
of some of  
his enemies.



ing the Townes bordering there aboutes, desiring to know from whence the flames of fire proceeded the night before they had seene, came thither, and perceiuing the kings Pallace burnt to ashes, & many bodyes (most part consumed) lying among the ruines of the house, all of them were much abashed, nothing being left of the Palace but the foundation: but they were much more amafed to beholde the body of the king all bloody, & his head cut off lying hard by him, whereat some began to threaten reuenge, yet not knowing against whom: others beholding so lamentable a spectacle armed themselues, the rest reioycing, yet not daring to make any shewe thereof, some detesting the crueltie, others lamenting the death of their Prince, but the greatest part calling Horuendiles murther to remembrance, acknowledging a iust iudgement from aboue, that had throwne downe the pride of the Tyrant: and in this sort, the diuerfities of opinions among that multitude of the people, being many, yet euery man ignorant what would be the issue of that Tragedie, none stirred from thence, neither yet attempted to moue any tumult, euery man fearing his owne skinne, and distrusting his neighbour, esteeming each other to bee consenting to the maffacre.

---

CHAPTER VI.

*How Hamlet hauing slaine his uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes, to shew them what he done: and how they made him king of Denmarke, and what followed.*

HAMLET then seeing y<sup>e</sup> people to be so quiet, & most part of them not vsing any words, all searching onely and simply the cause of this ruine and destruc-

tion, not minding to loofe any time, but ayding himself with the commoditie thereof, entred among the multitude of people, and standing in the middle spake vnto them, as followeth.

If there be any among you (good people of Denmark) that as yet haue fresh within your memories, the wrong done to the valiant king Horuendile, let him not be mooued, nor thinke it strange to behold the confused, hydeous and fearefull spectacle of this present calamitie: if there be any man that affecteth fidelitie, and alloweth of the loue and dutie that man is bounde to shewe his parents, and find it a iust cause to call to remembrance the iniuries and wrongs that have been done to our progenitors, let him not bee ashamed beholding this massacre, much lesse offended to see so fearefull a ruine both of men and of the brauest house in all this countrey: for the hand that hath done this iustice, could not effect it by any other meanes, neither yet was it lawfull for him to doe it otherwise, then by ruinating both sensible and vn sensible things, thereby to preferue the memorie of so iust a vengeance.

I see well (my good friends) & am very glad to know so good attention and deuotion in you, that you are sorrie (before your eyes) to see Fenson so murdered, and without a head, which heeretofore you acknowledged for your Commander: but I pray you remember, this body is not the body of a king, but of an execrable tyrant, and a parricide most detestable. Oh Danes, the spectacle was much more hydeous, when Horuendile your king was murdered by his brother, What should I say a brother? nay rather, by the most abhominable executioner that euer beheld the same. It was you that saw Horuendiles members massacred, and that with teares and lamentations accompanied him to the graue: his body diffigured, hurt in a thousand

places, & misused in ten times as many fashions; and who doubteth (seeing experience hath taught you) that the Tyrant (in maffacring your lawfull king) fought onely to infringe the auncient Liberties of the common people? and it was one hand onely, that murdering Horuendile, cruelly dispoyled him of life, and by the same meanes uniuftly bereaued you of your auncient liberties, & delighted more in oppreffion then to embrace the plesant countenance of prosperous libertie, without aduenturing for the fame? And what mad man is he, that delighteth more in the tyrrany of Fengon, then in the clemencie and renewed courtesie of Horuendile? If it bee so, that by clemencie and affabilitie, the hardest and stoutest hearts are molified and made tractable, and that euill and hard vsage causeth subiects to be outrageous and vnruely: why behold you not the debonair cariage of the first, to compare it w<sup>t</sup> the cruelties & insolencies of the second, in euery respect as cruell & barbarous, as his brother was gentle, meeke and courteous. Remember, O you Danes remember, what loue and amitie Horuendile shewed vnto you, with what equitie and iustice he swayd the great affaires of this kingdome, and with what humanitie and courtisie he defended & cherished you, and then I am assured that the simplest man among you will both remember and acknowledge, that he had a most peaceable, iust, & righteous king taken from him, to place in his throane a tyrant and murderer of his brother: one that hath peruerted all right, abolished the auncient Lawes of our fathers, contaminated the memories of our ancestors, & by his wickednesse polluted the integritie of this kingdome, vpon the necke thereof hauing placed the troublesome yoaik of heauie seruitude, abolishing that libertie wherein Horuendile vsed to maintaine you, and suffred you to liue at your ease, and should you

now bee forrie to see the ende of your mischiefes, & that this miserable wretch, pressed downe with the burthen of his offences, at this present payeth the vsury of the parricide committed vpon the body of his brother, & would not himfelfe be the reuenger of the outrage done to me, whom he fought to deprivue of mine inheritance, taking from Denmark a lawfull successor, to plant a wicked stranger, & bring into captiuitie those that my father had infranchised, and deliuered out of misery and bondage? And what man is he that hauing any sparke of wisdom, would esteem a good deed to be an iniury, & account pleasures equal with wrongs & euident outrages? It were then great folly & temerity in Princes & valiant commanders in the wars, to expose themselues to peril & hazards of their liues, for the welfare of the common people, if y<sup>t</sup> for a recompence they should reape hatred and indignation of the multitude, to what end should Hother haue punished Balder, if in steed of recompence, the Danes and Swethlanders had banished him to receiue and accept the successors of him that desired nought but his ruine and ouerthrowe? What is hee that hath so small feeling of reason & equitie, that would be grieued to see treason rewarded with the like, and that an euill act is punished with iust demerit, in the partie himfelfe that was the occasion: who was euer sorrowfull to behold the murtherer of innocents brought to his end: of what man weepeth to see a iust massacre done vpon a Tyrant, vsurper, villaine and bloody perfonage?

I perceiue you are attentiuē, & abashed for not knowing the author of your deliuerance, and sorry that you cannot tell to whom you should bee thankfull for such & so great a benefit as the destruction of a tyrant, and the ouerthrow of the place, that was the storehouse of his villanies, and

the true receptacle of all the theeues and traytors in this kingdome: but beholde (here in your prefence) him that brought so good an enterprife to effect. It is I (my good friends) it is I that confesse I haue taken vengeance, for the violence done vnto my lord & father, and for the subiection and seruitude that I perceiued in this Countrey, whereof I am the iust and lawfull successor. It is I alone, that haue done this piece of worke, whereunto you ought to haue lent me your handes, and therein haue ayded and assisted me, I haue only accomplished that, which all of you might iustly haue effected, by good reason, without falling into any point of treason or felonie: it is true that I hope so much of your good willes, towards the deceased king Horuendile, & that the remembrances of his vertues is yet so fresh within your memories, that if I had required your aide herein, you would not haue denied it, specially to your naturall prince. But it liked mee best to doe it my selfe alone, thinking it a good thing to punish the wicked, without hazarding the liues of my friends and loyall subiects, not desiring to burthen other mens shoulders, with this weight, for that I made account to effect it well inough without exposing any man into danger, & by publishing the same should cleane haue ouerthrowne the deuce, which at this present I haue so happily brought to passe. I haue burnt the bodyes of the courtiers to ashes, being companions in the mischiefs and treasons of the tyrant, but I haue left Fengon whole, that you might punish his dead carkasse (seeing that when hee liued you durst not lay hands vpon him) to accomplish the full punishment and vengeance due vnto him, and so satisfie your choller vpon the bones of him, that filled his greedy hands and cofers with your riches, and shed the blood of your brethren and friends. Bee ioyfull then (my good

friends) make ready the nose-gay for this vsurping King, burne his abhominable body, boyle his lasciuious members, and cast the ashes of him that hath beene hurtfull to all the world, into the ayre; driue from you the sparkes of pitie, to the end that neither siluer, nor chriftall cup, nor sacred tombe may be the restfull habitation of the reliques & bones of so detestable a man: let not one trace of a parricide be seene, nor your countrey defiled with the presence of the least member of this tyrant without pity, that your neighbors may not smell the contagion, nor our land the polluted infection of a body condemned for his wickednes: I haue done my part, to present him to you in this sort, now it belongs to you to make an ende of the worke, & put to the last hand of dutie, whereunto your seuerall functions call you, for in this sort you must honor abhominable princes: and such ought to be the funerall of a tyrant, parricide, and vsurper both of the bed & patrimony, that no way belonged vnto him, who hauing bereaued his countrey of liberty, it is fit that the land refuse to giue him a place for the eternal rest of his bones.

O my good friends seeing you know the wrong that hath bin done vnto mee, what my griefs are & in what misery I haue liued since the death of the king, my Lord & father, and seeing that you haue both known and tasted these things then, when as I could not conceiue the outrage that I felt: what neede I recite it vnto you? what benefit would it be to discouer it before them, that knowing it, would burst (as it were with despight) to heare of my hard chance, and curse Fortune for so much imbasing a royall prince, as to depriue him of his maiesty, although not any of you durst so much as shew one sight of sorrow or sadnes? You know how my father in law conspired my death, & fought by diuers

meanes to take away my life, how I was forsaken of the Q. my mother, mocked of my friends, and despised of mine own subiects, hetherto I haue liued laden with grieffe, and wholly confounded in teares, my life still accompanied with fear and suspection, expecting the houre when the sharp sword would make an ende of my life and miserable anguishes, how many times counterfeiting y<sup>e</sup> mad man, haue I heard you pittie my distresse, & secretly lament to see mee disinherited, and yet no man sought to reuenge the death of my father, nor to punish the treason of my incestuous vnclē, full of murders & massacres? This charitie ministred comfort, and your affectionate complaints made me evidently see your good wills, that you had in memorie the calamity of your prince, & within your harts ingrauen the desire of vengeance for the death of him that deserued a long life: & what heart can bee so hard & vtractable, or spirit so feure, cruel and rigorous, that would not relent at the remembrance of my extremities, and take pittie of an Orphan child, so abandoned of the world? What eyes were so voyd of moysture, but would distill a field [flood] of teares, to see a poore Prince assaulted by his owne subiects, betrayed by his mother, pursued by his vnclē, & so much oppressed, that his friends durst not shew the effects of their charitie and good affection? O (my good friends) shew pity to him whom you haue nourished, and let your harts take some compassion vpon the memory of my misfortunes: I speak to you that are innocent of al treason, & neuer defiled your hands spirits nor desires with the blud of the greate & vertuous king Horuendile. Take pity vpon the queen some time your soueraign lady, & my right honorable mother, forced by the tyrant, and reioyce to see the end & extinguishing of the object of her dishonor, which constrained her to be lesse pitiful

to her own blood so far as to embrace the murderer of her own dear spouse, charging her selfe with a double burthen of infamy & incest, together w<sup>t</sup> iniuring and difannulling of her house, & the ruine of her race. This hath bin y<sup>e</sup> the occasion y<sup>t</sup> made me counterfet folly, & couer my intents vnder a vaile of meer madnes, which hath wisdom and policy thereby to inclose the fruit of this vengeance which y<sup>t</sup> it hath attained to the full point of efficacy & perfect accomplishment you your selues shall bee iudges, for touching this & other things concerning my profit, & the managing of great affaires, I refer my selfe to your counsels, & therunto am fully determined to yeeld, as being those y<sup>t</sup> trample vnder your feet the murderers of my father, & despise the ashes of him that hath polluted and violated the spouse of his brother, by him massacred, y<sup>t</sup> hath committed felony against his Lord, traiterously assailed the maiesty of his king & odiously thrall'd his contry vnder seruitude and bondage, & you his loyall subiects from whom he bereauing your liberty, feared not to ad incest to parricide, detestable to all the world, to you also it belongeth by dewty & reason commonly to defend & protect Hamlet the minister, and executor of iust vengeance who being iealous of your honour & reputation, hath hazarded himselfe, hoping you will serue him for fathers, defenders, & tutors, & regarding him in pity, restore him to his goods and inheritances, It is I y<sup>t</sup> haue taken away the infamy of my contry, and extinguished the fire y<sup>t</sup> embraced your fortunes, I haue washed the spots y<sup>t</sup> defiled the reputation of the queen, ouerthrowing both the tirant & the tyranny and beguiling the subtilities of the craftiest deceiuer in the world, and by that meanes brought his wickednes and impostures to an end; I was grieved at the iniurie committed both to my father, & my



natiue country, and haue flaine him that vsed more rigorus commandements ouer you, then was either iust or conuenient to be used vnto men that haue commaunded the valiantest nations in the world. Seeing then he was such a one to you, it is reason, that you acknowledge the benefit & thinke wel of for the good I had done your posterity, & admiring my spirit & wisdome, chuse me your king, if you think me worthy of the place, you see I am the author of your preferuation, heire of my fathers kingdome, not straying in any point from his vertuous action, no murtherer, violent parricide, nor man y<sup>t</sup> euer offended any of you but only the vitious, I am lawfull succesor in the kingdome, and iust reuenger of a crime aboue al others most grieuous & punish-able: it is to me, that you owe the benefit of your liberty receaued, and of the subuersion of that tyranny y<sup>t</sup> so much afflicted you: that hath troden vnder feete the yoke of the tirant, and ouerwhelmed his throne, and taken y<sup>e</sup> scepter out of the hands, of him that abused a holy and iust authoritie, but it is you y<sup>t</sup> are to recompence those y<sup>t</sup> haue well deserued, you know what is the reward of so greate desert, & being in your hands to distribute the same, it is of you, that I demand the price of my vertue and the recompence of my victory.

This oration of the yong prince so moued the harts of the Danes, and wan the affections of the nobility, that some wept for pity other for ioy, to see the wisdome and gallant spirit of Hamlet, and hauing made an end of their sorrow, al with one consent proclaimed him king of *Julie and Chersonnese*, at this present the proper country of *Denmarke*, and hauing celebrated his coronation, and receiued the homages and fidelities of his subiects, he went into England to fetch his wife, and reioyced with his father in law, touching

Hamlet  
king of one  
part of Den-  
marke.

his good fortune, but it wanted little that the king of England had not accomplished that which Fencion with all his subtilities could neuer attaine.

---

CHAPTER VII.

*How Hamlet after his coronation went into England, and how the king of England secretly would haue put him to death, and how he slew the king of England: and returned againe into Denmarke with two wiues, and what followed.*

HAMLET being in England shewed the King what meanes hee had wrought to recouer his kingdom, but when the king of England vnderstood of Fencions death, he was both abashed and confused in his minde, at that instant feeling himselfe affailed with two great passions, for that in times past, he and Fencion hauing bin companions together in armes, had giuen each other their faith & promifes, by oath, that if either of them chanced to bee flaine by any man whatfoeuer, hee that furuiued (taking the quarrel vpon him as his owne) should neuer cease till he were reuenged or at the leaste do his endeauour. This promise incited the barbarous king to maffacre Hamlet, but the alliance, presenting it selfe before, his eies, and beholding the one deade although his friend, and the other aliue, and husband to his daughter, made him deface his desire of reuenge. But in the end the conscience of his oath and promise obtained the vpper hand, and secretly made him conclude the death of his sonne in law, which enterprife after that was cause of his own death and ouerrunning of the whole country of England by the cruelty and despight conceiued by the King of Denmarke. I haue purposely omitted the

discourfe of that battaile, as not much pertinent to our matter, as alfo, not to trouble you with too tedious a discourfe, being content to fhew you the end of this wife & valiant king Hamlet, who reuenging himfelfe vpon fo many enemies, & difcouering all the treafons practifed againft his life, in the end ferued for a fport to fortune, & an example to all great perfonages, that truft ouermuch to the felicities of this world, y<sup>t</sup> are of fmall moment, & leffe continuance.

The king of England perceiuing that hee could not eafilie effect his defire vpon the king his fon in lawe, as alfo not being willing to break the laws, & rights of Hofpitality, determined to make a ftranger the reuenger of his iniury, & fo accomplifh his oath made to Fengon without defiling his handes w<sup>t</sup> the blood of the husband of his daughter, & polluting his houfe by the traiterous maffacring of his friend. In reading of this hiftory it feemeth Hamlet fhould refemble an other Hercules, fent into diuers places of the world, by Euriftheus (folicited by Iuno) where he knew any dangerous aduenture, thereby to ouerthrow & deftroy him, or elfe Bellerophon fent to Ariobatus to put him to death, or (leauing prophane hiftories,) an other Vrias by King Dauid appointed to bee placed in the fore front of the battaile, and the man that fhould bee firft flain by the Barbarians. For the King of Englands wife being dead not long before, (although he cared not for marrying an other woman) defired his fonne in lawe to make a voyage for him into Scotland, flattering him in fuch fort, that he made him beleeu that his fingular wifdome caufed him to preferre him to that ambaffage, affuring himfelfe that it were impoffible that Hamlet the fubtilleft & wifeft prince in the worlde fhould take anything in the world in hand without effecting the fame.

Now the queen of Scots beeing a maid and of a haughty courage, despised marriage with al men, as not esteeming any worthy to be her companion, in such manner that by reason of this arrogant opinion there neuer came any man to desire her loue but she caused him to loose his life: but the Danish Kings fortune was so good that Hermetrude (for so was the queens name,) hearing that Hamlet was come thither to intreat a marriage between her and the king of England, forgot all her pride, & dispoiling herselfe of her sterne nature, being as then determined to make him (being the greatest prince as then liuing) her husband, & deprive the English princeesse of her spouse whome shee thought fit for no men but herself, & so this Amazon without loue disdaining Cupid, by her free wil submitted her haughtie mind to her concupiscence. The Dane arriuing in her court, desired she to see the old king of Englands letters & mocking at his fond appetites, whose blood as then was half congealed, cast her eies vpon the yong and plefant Adonis of the North, esteeming her selfe happy to haue such a pray fall into her hands wherof she made her ful account to haue the possession, & to conclude she y<sup>t</sup> neuer had been ouercome by the grace, courtesie, valor or riches of anie prince nor Lord whatfoeuer, was as then vanquished w<sup>t</sup> the onelie report of the subtilties of the Dane who knowing that he was already fianced to the daughter of the king of England, spake vnto him & said, I neuer looked for so great a blisse, neither from the Gods, nor yet from fortune, as to behold in my countries, the most compleate prince in the north, & he that hath made himselfe famous & renowned through all the nations of the world, as well neighbours as strangers, for the only respect of his vertue wisdom & good fortune, seruing him much in the pursuite & effect of diuers things by him

vndertaken, & thinke my selfe much beholding to the king of England (although his malice seeketh neither my aduancement nor the good of you my Lord) to do me so much honor as to fend me so excellent a man to intreate of a marriage (he being olde & a mortal enemy to me and mine) with mee that am such a one as euery man seeth, is not desirous to couple with a man of so base quality as he, whom you haue said to be y<sup>e</sup> son of a flauie, but on the other side I maruel y<sup>t</sup> the son of Horuendile, and grand-child to king Roderick, he that by his foolish wifedom, & fained madnesse surmounted the forces & subtilties of Fengon, & obtained the kingdom of his aduersary, should so much imbase himself, (hauing otherwise bin very wife and wel aduised, in all his actions) touching his bed-fellow, & hee that for his excellency and valor surpasseth humane capacity, should stoope so lowe as to take to wife her that issuing from a seruile race, hath only the name of a king for her father, for that the basenes of her blood, will alwaies cause her to shewe what are the vertues & noble qualities of hir ancestors: and you my Lord said she, are you so ignorant as not to know that marriage should not bee measured by any foolish opinion, of an outward beautie, but rather by vertues and antiquitie of race, which maketh the wife to be honored for her prudence, and neuer degenerating from the integritie of his ancestors: exterior beawty also is nothing where perfection of y<sup>e</sup> mind doth not accomplish, & adorn that which is outwardly seen to be in the bodie, and is lost by an accident, & occurrence of small moment: as also such toyes haue deceiued many men, & drawing them like inticing baits, haue cast them headlong into the gulf of their ruine, dishonor, and vtter ouerthrow, it was I to whom this aduantage belonged being a queen, & such a one, as for nobility may

compare my selfe with the greatest princes in Europe, being nothing inferiour vnto any of them neither for antiquitie of blood, nobilitie of parents, nor abundance of riches, & am not only a Queene, but such a one, as that receiuing whom I will for my companion in bed, can make him beare the title of a king, & with my body giue him possession of a great kingdome, & goodly prouince, think then my Lord how much I account of your alliance, who being accustomed with the sword to pursue such as durst imbolden themselues to win my loue, it is to you only to whom I make a present both of my kisses, imbracings scepter, & crown: what man is he if he be not made of stone, would refuse so pretious a pawn as Hermetrude with y<sup>e</sup> kingdome of Scotland? accept sweete king, accepte this Queene, who w<sup>t</sup> so great loue & amitie, desireth your so great profit, & can giue you more contentment in one day then the princeffe of England wold yeeld you pleasure during hir life, & although shee surpasse me in beawty, her blood beeing base it is fitter for such a king as you are to chuse Hermetrude, les beautiful but noble & famous, rather then the English Lady with great beawtie, but issuing from an vnknown race, without any title of honor: now think if the Dane hearing such forcible reasons & vnderstanding y<sup>e</sup> by her which he half doubted as also moued w<sup>t</sup> choller for the treason of his father in law, y<sup>t</sup> purposely sent him thether to loose his life, & being welcomed, kist, and playd withal by this queen, yong, & reasonable faire, if he were not easie enough to be conuerted, & like to forget the affection of his first wife, w<sup>t</sup> this to enioy the realme of Scotland, & so open the waie to become king of all greate Britain, y<sup>t</sup> to conclude he married her & led her with him to the king of Englands, court which moued the king from that time forward much more to seek

the meanes, to bereaue him of his life, & had furely done it, if his daughter, Hamlets other wife, more careful of him y<sup>t</sup> had reiected her then of her fathers welfare, had not difcouered the enterprife to Hamlet faying, I know well my Lord, y<sup>t</sup> the allurements & perfwasions of a bold & altogether shameles woman, being more lasciuious then the chaste imbracements of a lawful and modeft wife, are of more force to intice and charm the fences of yong men: but for my part I cannot take this abufe, for fatiffaction to leaue mee in this sorte, without all caufe reafon or precedent faulte once knowne in mee your loyall fpoufe, & take more pleafure in the aliance of her who one day will be the caufe of your ruine, and ouerthrow, and although a iuft caufe of iealoufy and reafonable motion of anger, difpence with mee at this time, to make no more account of you then you do of me, that am not worthy to be fo fcornfully reiected, yet matrimoniall charitie fhall haue more force & vigour in my hart, then the difdaine which I haue iuftly conceiued to fee a concubine hold my place and a ftrange woman before my face inioy the pleafures of my husband. This iniury my Lord although great & offenfiue which to reuenge diuers Ladies of great renown haue in times paff fought & procured the death of their husbands, cannot fo much refrain my good wil, but that [I] may not chufe but aduertife you what treason is deuifed againft you, befecching you to ftand vpon your guard for that my fathers onely feeking is to bereaue you of your life, which if it happen, I fhall not long liue after you. Manie reafons indufe me to loue and cherifh you, and thofe of great confequence, but fpecially and aboue all the reft, I am and muft bee carefull of you, when I feele your child ftirring in my wombe; for which refpecte, without fo much forgetting yourfelf, you ought to make

more account of me then of your concubine: whome I will loue because you loue her, contenting my selfe that your sonne hateth her, in regard to the wrong she doth to his mother: for it is impossible that any passion or trouble of the mind whatsoeuer can quench those fierce passions of loue, that made me yours, neither that I should forget your fauours past, when loyallie you fought the loue of the daughter of the king of England, neither is it in the power of that thiefe that hath stoln your heart, nor my fathers choller, to hinder me, from seeking to preferue you from the cruelty of your dissembling friend (as heeretofore by counterfetting the madman, you preuented the practises, & treafons of your Uncle Fengon) the complot being determined to be executed vpon you & yours, without this aduertisement, the Dane had surely been slain, & the Scots y<sup>t</sup> came with him for the King of England inuiting his son in Law to a banquet w<sup>t</sup> the greatest curtesies y<sup>t</sup> a friend can vse to him whom he loued as himself, had the means to intrap him, and cause him dance a pittiful galliard, in that sort; to celebrate the marriage betweene him and his new lady. But Hamlet went thither with armor vnder his clothes, & his men in like sort, by which means, he and his escaped with little hurt, and so after that hapned the battaile before spoken of, wherein the king of England losing his life, his countrie was the third time sacked by the barbarians of the ilands, & countrie of Denmark.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*How Hamblet being in Denmarke, was assailed by Wiglerus his vnclē, and after betrayed by his last wife, called Hermetrude, and was slaine: after whose death she married his enemie, Wiglerus.*

HAMLET having obtained the victory against the king of England, and slain him, laden with great treasures and accompanied with his two wives, set forward to sail into Denmarke, but by the way hee had intelligence, that Wiglerus his vnclē, and sonne to Rodericke, hauing taken the royall treasure from his sister Geruth (mother to Hamblet) had also seized vpon the kingdom: saying, that neither Horuendile nor any of his helde it but by permission, and that it was in him (to whom the property belonged) to giue the charge thereof to whom he would. But Hamblet not desirous to have any quarrel with the sonne of him, from whom his Predecessors had receiued their greatnes and advancement, gaue such and so rich presents to Wiglerus, that he being contented withdrew himselfe out of the countrey & territories of Geruths sonne. But within certaine time after, Wiglerus, desirous to keepe all the countrey in subiection, intyced by the conquest of Scanie, and Sialandie, and also that Hermetrude (the wife of Hamlet, whom he loued more than himselfe) had secret intelligence with him and had promised him marriage, so he would take her out of the hands of him that held her, sent to defie Hamlet, and proclaimed open warre against him. Hamlet like a good and wise prince, louing especially the welfare of his subiects, fought by all meanes to auoide that warre, but againe refusing it, he perceiued a great spot and blemish in his honor, and accepting the same, hee knewe it would bee the ende of his dayes:

Hermetrude  
betrayeth  
Hamlet her  
husband.

by the desire of preferuing his life on the one side, & his honor on the other side pricking him forward ; but at the last remembring that neuer any danger whatfoeuer had once shaken his vertues and constancy, chose rather the necessitie of his ruine, then to loose the immortall fame that valiant and honourable men obtained in the warres ; and there is as much difference betweene a life without honour and an honourable death, as glory & renowne is more excellent then dishonour and euill report.

But the thing that spoyled this vertuous Prince, was the ouer great trust & confidence hee had in his wife Hermetrude, and the vehement loue hee bare vnto her, not once repenting the wrong in that case done to his lawfull spouse, and for the which (paradventure that misfortune had neuer hapned vnto him, and it would neuer haue bin thought, that she whom he loued aboute all things, would haue so villainously betrayed him), hee not once remembring his first wiues speeches, who prophesied vnto him, that the pleasures hee seemed to take in his other wife, would in the end be the cause of his overthrowe, as they had rauished him of the best part of his senses, & quenched in him the great prudence that made him admirable in all the countries in the ocean seas, and through all Germany, now the greatest grief, that this king (befotted on his wife) had, was the separation of her whom he adored, and, assuring himselfe of his overthrowe, was desirous, either that shee might beare him company at his death, or els to find her a husband that should loue her (he beeing dead) as well as euer hee did : but the disloyall queene, had already provided her selfe of a marriage, to put her husband out of trouble and care for that : who perceiuing him to be sad for her sake, when shee should haue absented her selfe from him, she to blind him the more, and to encourage

him to set forward to his owne destruction, promised to follow him whether foeuer he went, & to take the like fortune that befell to him, were it good or euil, and that so she would giue him cause to know, how much shee surpasse the English woman in her affection towards him, saying, that woman is accursed that feareth to follow and accompany her husband to the death: so that to heare her speake, men would haue sayd that shee had beene the wife of Mithridates, or Zenobia queene of Palmira, shee made so greate a show of loue and constancy: But by the effect it was after easily perceiued, how vaine the promise of this vnconstant and wauering Princeesse was: and howe vncomparable the life of this Scottish Queene was to the vigor of her chastitie, being a mayd before she was married. For that Hamlet had no sooner entred into the field, but she found meanes to see Wiglere, and the battel begun, wherein the miserable Danish Prince was <sup>Hamlet</sup> slaine: but Hermetrude presently yeilded <sup>slaine.</sup> her self, with all her dead husbands treasons, into the hand of the Tyrant: who more then content with that metamorphosis so much desired, gaue order that presently the marriage (bought with the blood and treasor of the sonne of Horuendile) should bee celebrated.

Thus you see, that there is no promise or determination of a woman, but that a very small discomoditie of Fortune mollifieth and altereth the same, and which time doeth not peruert; so that the misfortunes subject to a constant man shake and overthrowe the naturall slipperie loyaltie of the variable steppes of women, wholly without and any faithfull assurance of loue, or true vnfaigned constancy: for as a woman is readie to promise so is shee heauy and slowe to performe, and effect that which she hath promised, as she that is without end or limit in her

desires, flattring her selfe in the diuersitie of her wanton delights, and taking pleasure in diuersitie and change of newe things, which as soone shee doth forget and growe weary off: and to conclude, such shee is in all her actions, she is rash, couetous, and vnthankfull, whatfoeuer good or seruice bee done vnto her. But nowe I perceiue I erre in my discourse, vomiting such things vnworthy of this sects, but the vices of Hermetrude haue made mee say more then I meant to speake, as also the Author, from whence I take this Hystorie, hath almost made mee hold his course, I finde so great a sweetnesse and liuelinesse in this kinde of Argument: and the rather because it seemeth so much the truer, considering the miserable successe of poore king Hamlet.

Such was the ende of Hamlet, sonne to Horuendile, Prince of Jutie: to whom if his Fortune had been equall with his inward and naturall giftes, I know not which of the auncient Grecians and Romans had beene able to haue compared with him for vertue and excellencie: but hard fortune following him in all his actions, and yet hee vanquishing the malice of his time, with the vigour of constancy, hath left vs a notable example of haughtie courage, worthy of a great Prince, arming himselfe with hope in things that were wholly without any colour or shewe thereof, and in all his honorable actions made himselfe worthy of perpetuall memorie, if one onely spotte had not blemished and darkened a good part of his prayfes. For that the greatest victorie, that a man can obtain is to make himselfe victorious, and lord ouer his owne affections, and that restraineth the vnbridled desires of his concupiscence: for if a man be neuer so princely, valiant, and wise, if the desires and inticements of his flesh preuaile, and have the vpper hand, he will imbase his credite, and

gasing after strange beauties become a foole, and (as it were) incensed, dote on the presence of women. This fault was in the great Hercules, Sampson, and the wisest man that euer liued vpon the earth following this traine, therein impaired his wit, and the most noble, wise, valiant and discreet personages of our time, following the same course haue left vs many notable examples of their worthy and notable vertues.

But I beseech you that shall reade this Hystorie, not to resemble the Spider, that feedeth of the corruption that shee findeth in the flowers and fruites that are in the Gardens, whereas the Bee gathereth her hony, out of the best and fayrest flower shee can finde: for a man that is well brought vp should reade the liues of whoremongers, drunkards, incestuous, violent and bloody persons, not to follow their steps, and so to defile himselfe with such vncleanesse, but to shunne paliardize, abstain the superfluities and drunkenesse in banquets, and follow the modestie, courtesie, and continencie that commendeth Hamlet, in this discourse, who while other made good cheare, continued sober, and where all men sought as much as they could, to gather together riches and treasure, hee simply accounting riches nothing comparable to honor, sought to gather a multitude of vertues, that might make him equall to those that by them were esteemed as Gods, hauing not as then receiued the lighte of the Gospell, that men might see among the Barbarians, and them that were farre from the knowledge of one onely God, that nature was prouoked to follow that which is good and those forward to imbrace vertue for that there was neuer any nation how rude or barbarous foeuer that tooke not some pleasure to do that which seemed good, thereby to win praise, and commendations, which wee haue said to be the re-

ward of vertue, and good life, I delight to speak of these strange histories, and of people that were vnchristned, that the vertue of the rude people maie giue more splendor, to our nation who seeing them so compleat, wise, prudent, and well aduised in their actions, might striue not only to follow (imitation being a small matter) but to surmount them as our religion surpaffeth their superstition, and our age more purged subtile, and gallant, then the season wherin they liued and made their vertues knowne.

*FINIS.*





## THE TWO HAMLETS

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE<sup>1</sup>

THE tragedy of Hamlet is founded upon a story told by Saxo Grammaticus in his *Historia Danica*. Written about 1180-90, printed in 1514, retold in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* in 1570, it found its way to England, and was there made the groundwork of a play before the year 1589. These points I shall assume as settled (they are undisputed), without troubling my present readers with regard to the evidence upon which they rest. Of the English play performed in the sixteenth century no copy is known to exist. But, as in the walls and aisles of some of the beautiful old English churches there are found the scattered and broken remnants of ruder predecessors, which necessity—or choice, or chance—caused to be adopted into their structure, so in the first known *Hamlet*, which bears the name of William Shakespeare, there are fragmentary remains of that ancient and vanished drama, which furnished our great dramatic architect not only with the occasion, but with the plan and even with some of the substance, of his marvellous work. He, indeed, was hindered from such adoption by no sense of intellectual importance and dignity, nor by ambition for the elevation of his art, as to which he showed himself supremely indifferent. He did not disdain or hesitate

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted, by courteous permission of Stanford White, Esq., and of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., proprietors of the copyright, from the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1881. With Mr. Richard Grant White's latest corrections.

to use any material within his reach, if he could make it useful and fit it into the work that he had in hand. But, in the present instance, the remnants of the old play, upon whose outlines and foundation and with whose ruins he built, have been preserved to us by accident, through the greed — or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the enterprise — of a London bookseller of his day, and by the treachery of an actor in his company. The latter undertook to furnish the former, surreptitiously, with Shakespeare's version of the tragedy; but not being able to get a copy of the whole, he attempted to give some parts of it from memory, and in other passages which he could not recollect at all he used the old play, which had been made worthless by the success of Shakespeare's, if indeed he did not find this patching done to his hand in the stage copy.

This view of the first existing version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was first presented nineteen years ago, in the introductory essay to my edition of the tragedy before referred to; but although it has received respectful, and I suppose I ought to say highly favorable, consideration from my fellow editors and critics, it has, to my surprise, not been adopted without question. But I am sure that the hesitation in adopting it is the result merely of my previous inability to treat the subject more thoroughly than it could be treated in the introduction to the tragedy in an edition of all of Shakespeare's works, which, intended for the general public of intelligent readers, was necessarily confined within moderate limits. The conclusion seems to me, even after these nineteen years, and after reading, I believe, all that has since been written on the question, so clearly unavoidable as not to admit a doubt.

Two other views of this important subject have been taken. One supposes the copy of the first



*Hamlet* to have been obtained merely by means of a shorthand reporter, who was able to furnish his employer with only a mangled and imperfect version of the play, a view first briefly, and without reason assigned, set forth by Mr. Collier; the other, the difference of which from mine is much the more important, is that, in the 1603 *Hamlet*, we have the tragedy as Shakespeare first wrote it, and that in the second edition, published the next year, but within a few months, we have it recast, rewritten, and much enlarged by the author. This view has a great fascination for those who cannot be easy without pulling their Shakespeare to pieces, to see how he goes. For they think that by comparing the two *Hamlets*, first and second, they can trace the growth of his mind and the development of his thought; although they might as well undertake to trace the development of lightning from a thunder cloud. Wherefore this notion — it is the merest notion — has been, and perhaps may yet hereafter be, earnestly and ingeniously defended, either simply of itself, or in some modified form or other. The fact, however, as to which I am so sure is that, on the contrary, the first *Hamlet* represents, in a mutilated form and with interpolations, the only *Hamlet* that Shakespeare ever wrote, and that about the year 1600 his tragedy existed in its first and last, its full and perfect form.

The first edition of *Hamlet* was entered on the Stationers' Register in London in 1602, and was published in 1603 with this title: "The Tragicall Historie of HAMLET *Prince of Denmarke*, by William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: and also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." This title is evidence of the public favor which the tragedy quickly

attained, and it also bears upon the date of its composition and production. Written for Shakespeare's company in London, in the year 1603, and probably in 1602, it had had the honor of being selected for performance at the two great universities, and had made its way elsewhere. The time in which it had risen to this popularity and distinction was short. For we know by its absence from a list of Shakespeare's tragedies published by Francis Meres in 1598 that he had not then written his *Hamlet*; and allowing only a year or two for its success in London, in Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere, we are led to 1599 or 1600 as the time of its composition and production. Internal evidence, with the details of which it is not necessary to trouble the readers of this article, points to the latter year as that in which a certain scene of it was written. The question between 1599 and 1600 is on any account a trifling one; and in comparison with the others which remain to be settled in regard to it dwindles into absolute insignificance.

A glance at the *Hamlet* of 1603 discovers to the most unobservant reader, first, that it is only about half as long as the tragedy now known as Shakespeare's; next, that it could not have been written by Shakespeare in the form in which it is presented in that edition. Much of it, indeed, varies little from the tragedy as it appears in later editions; but no inconsiderable part of it is not only unlike that text in very many important particulars, but is such a jumble of confused, heterogeneous dulness and nonsense that it cannot be accepted as the work of any playwright of repute, not to say of Shakespeare. Moreover, in addition to these passages, and in addition to the others, already mentioned, which are unquestionably Shakespeare's, and which bear the impress of his powers in their most transcendent de-

velopment, there are some which, although coherent and clear, cannot be accepted as having been written by him at any period of his career. The course of our inquiry will lead us to the examination of examples of all these varieties of text in this singular and supremely interesting version of the most peculiar, impressive, and thoughtful, if not the greatest, of the works of the world's greatest poet and dramatist.

It is first remarkable that the texts of the two versions (for the text of the second edition, that of 1604, may be properly assumed, for our present purpose, as being the same with that of the Folio of 1623 and of subsequent editions) are in the earlier scenes identical, to all intents and purposes, with notable exceptions in two or three passages. But this conformity diminishes as the play advances. The long first act comfortably completed, confusion begins to reign,—confusion in arrangement, confusion in thought, confusion in language. Thenceforward there are hardly half a dozen consecutive speeches which can be accepted even as badly copied or badly printed versions of Shakespeare's work. This is admitted even by those who insist that the edition of 1603 represents, although imperfectly, the tragedy which Shakespeare first wrote, and which he afterwards developed into the version represented by the texts of the edition of 1604 and the Folio of 1623. It is assumed by these critics that the text of the edition of 1603 is a mutilated version of a first sketch of an afterwards enlarged, elaborated, and highly finished drama. For our present purpose it is not here necessary to show that the text of 1603 is so grossly mangled and corrupted in the main that it cannot be accepted as a fair, or even as a tolerable, representation of *any* drama. That is admitted on all hands. The question is what drama it *mis*represents,

—the Hamlet that we know, or an earlier, shorter, and less admirable one? It misrepresents the former. There was but one Hamlet written by William Shakespeare.

The title of the second edition, that of 1604, which contains the play as we know it, has a peculiarity which has done much to mislead those critics—many of them justly distinguished, and having at their head the venerable and enthusiastic editor, Charles Knight—who have adopted and ingeniously advocated the alluring theory of a revision, an enlargement, and an elaboration by Shakespeare of his first work. That title, in regard to the name of the play, is the same as the title of the edition of 1603; but to this there is made the very important addition that it is “newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie.” That the play is newly imprinted in this edition, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was in its predecessor, is plain enough. The question is as to the manner of the enlargement. The advocates of the development theory assume that this enlargement was the result of a rewriting by the author. But for this assumption, notwithstanding all the ingenious and painful arguments with which it has been supported, there is in my judgment no sufficient ground. And this the last phrase of the title in question seems to show very clearly. The enlargement was due to the printing of the play “according to the true and perfect copy.” There was very good reason that this announcement should be made. Heminge and CondeU, the sponsors, if not the editors, of the first collected edition of Shakespeare’s plays, the Folio of 1623, tell his readers that they had been theretofore “abused with divers stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds of injurious im-

postors;" and among these stolen and surreptitious copies none was so maimed and deformed as the Hamlet of 1603. Only those who have examined this edition carefully can imagine the horror and the indignation of Shakespeare and his friends and fellow theatrical proprietors at the publication of that book as his tragedy. It is the most monstrous caricature in the history of literature, and a caricature entirely devoid of humor; for it was put forth in the grim sobriety of bookselling piracy. The publisher meant to make money out of the reputation of William Shakespeare and his great tragedy. The matter was very serious. But it was also serious in another sense to the said William Shakespeare and his theatrical partners, and therefore (not very willingly, we may be sure, but of necessity, — they had no remedy) they consented that he should furnish this same publisher with the real play; and he, as his former edition was evidently to all readers false and imperfect, announced this one as being printed "according to the true and perfect copy." The enlargement was due to the fact that it was true and perfect.

If the edition of 1603 had represented an early form of the tragedy which Shakespeare had, after some years, rewritten and enlarged, we should have surely found in the enlarged and perfected work some traces of his improving hand. There would in that case have been new scenes, a suppression of parts of the earlier version, a higher development, or at least a subtler modification, of character, an enrichment of the dialogue; in fine, a recasting and an elaboration of the work first produced. But nothing of this kind appears. The Hamlet of 1603, cruelly maimed and ridiculously perverted as it is, not only presents the Hamlet of 1604 and 1623 complete as to design in all essential points, but contains evi-

dence which, considered in connection with that furnished by those later editions, shows that it was the result of a surreptitious and very imperfectly successful attempt to obtain the text of those very editions.

If Shakespeare revised, rewrote, and enlarged Hamlet, and thus made the version which is more or less imperfectly represented in the edition of 1603 into that which is (for the time) well printed in the editions of 1604 and 1623, in looking for the evidence of the work of his polishing and perfecting hand and of his maturer mind we should without hesitation turn to those lofty, strong-built passages of the tragedy which present what may be called the Hamletian world philosophy. Of these the grandest and the subtlest, the most important in every way, are Hamlet's soliloquies. Now it is remarkable that these soliloquies are found in the first version, 1603, in a form which shows at once that they then existed in the finished completeness in which we now know them, and that they were obtained by underhand means by some blundering dull-brained knave. All the soliloquies are given with two exceptions; and evidence is left both of the existence of these and of the reason for their omission. A somewhat detailed examination of Hamlet's first soliloquy as it appears in the edition of 1603, and a comparison of it with that of the editions of 1604 and 1623, illustrates and supports this position. I give them the benefit of a relief from all the grotesqueness of their antiquated spelling.

O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh  
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal  
Globe of heaven would turn all to a chaos!  
O God, within two months; no, not two; married  
Mine uncle: O let me not think of it,  
My father's brother: but no more like  
My father than I to Hercules.

Within two months, ere yet the salt of most  
Unrighteous tears had left their flushing  
In her galled eyes, she married: O God, a beast  
Devoid of reason would not have made  
Such speed: Frailty, thy name is woman.  
Why, she would hang on him, as if increase  
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.  
O wicked, wicked speed, to make such  
Dexterity to incestuous sheets;  
Ere yet the shoes were old  
The which she followed my dead father's corse,  
Like Niobe, all tears: married; well it is not  
Nor it cannot come to good.  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

This speech is in twenty-one lines; that of the editions of 1604 and 1623, which the reader will find in his Shakespeare, has thirty-one, and so is longer by one half; but the difference in the length of the two speeches is the least remarkable unlikeness between them; and their unlikeness is not so remarkable, I may say so surprising, as their resemblance, which, indeed, is of an amazing and ridiculous sort. Criticism must give reasons; but in this case may not the critic and his readers enjoy, for a mutual moment, the flash of intuitive conviction that—inapprehensive, or quickly all-apprehensive, of details—decides at once that this speech is not one that Shakespeare wrote at any time, and afterwards worked up into the soliloquy as we know it. The 1603 soliloquy is a travesty of the real one. It is like the resemblance of himself that a solemn prig sees in a spoon, dwarfed, distorted, and all the gravity of the original made monstrous. Remark the first three lines, ending “turn all to a chaos.” That Shakespeare wrote them, with their “grieved flesh,” is a question not to be discussed. It is not even a question. And yet there is in them, from “O” to “chaos,” a constant suggestion of the real soliloquy; and we feel that the wish that Hamlet is made to

express as to "the universal globe of heaven," that it "would turn all to a chaos," is the result of the feeble-minded counterfeiter's inability to receive a stronger impression than he thus reveals of the clear, sharp utterances of Hamlet's despair in the last half of the first nine lines of the complete soliloquy. After this the speech goes, in the words of him who makes this abortive attempt to report it, "all to a chaos." To apprehend the extent and the nature of the corruption and confusion which has taken place, we must compare the two forms of the

## 1604.

1. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !  
Or that the everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !
2. How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on 't ! O fie ! 't is an unweeded garden  
That grows to seed : things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
3. But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two !
4. So excellent a king, that was to this  
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
5. Must I remember ?
6. Why, she would hang on him  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on ;
7. and yet within a month —  
Let me not think on 't.
8. — Frailty, thy name is woman.  
A little month,
9. or ere those shoes were old  
With which she followed my poor father's body  
Like Niobe, all tears, why, she, even she —
10. O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourned longer —
11. married with mine uncle,
12. My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules :



soliloquy in detail. I have found it impossible to do so with such particularity and deliberation as would enable the general reader to see all their likeness and their unlikeness, and the causes of both, except by printing them side by side, and by numbering the various passages in the two in such a manner that the transpositions of the reporter (who here and elsewhere manifestly worked from memory, aided by notes hastily made at the theatre) may be traced with ease, and his confused memory of the whole speech be made apparent.

## 1603.

- 1 i. O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh  
 Would melt to nothing, or that the universal  
 Globe of heaven would turn all to a chaos !
- 2 ii. [*wanting.*]
- 3 iii. O God ! within two months, no, not two,
- 4 iv. [*wanting.*]
11. v. Married  
 Mine uncle !
- 5, 7 vi. O let me not think of it,
- 12 vii. My father's brother, but no more like  
 My father than I to Hercules.
- 13 viii. Within two months, ere yet the salt of most  
 Unrighteous tears had left the flushing  
 In her galled eyes, she married.
- 10 ix. O God, a beast  
 Devoid of reason would not have made  
 Such speed.
- 8 x. Frailty, thy name is woman.
- 6 xi. Why, she would hang on him, as if increase  
 Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.

13.                                   within a month ;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married.
14.                                   O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
15. It is not nor it cannot come to good :  
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

The first in order of these texts, that of 1604, gives the soliloquy as it is known to the general reader of Shakespeare. The breaks in the lines, as, for example (Q. 214, F. 325),

“ Must I remember ?

Why, she would hang on him,”

do not occur in the original, but are, for the convenience of a division into sections, or rather into fragments, to exhibit the manner in which the speech is broken up in the version of 1603. The fragments in the text of 1604 are numbered with Arabic numerals, those in the text of 1603 with small Roman numerals. Beside these, however, are placed the Arabic numerals of the corresponding passages in the version of 1604.

On comparing the two texts by the aid of this arrangement, we find that the text of 1603 corresponds to that of 1604 exactly in its first words, and generally in thought in its first phrase, and that the last lines of the two texts, although not at all striking in thought or in form, are identical. Between the extremities, however, there is the confusion of an intellectual earthquake ; and yet, as after an earthquake, we see that, although some parts of what has gone to ruin have been lost in the catastrophe, we have around us the scattered fragments of the whole. The chaotic verse and a half — chaotic both in rhythm and in sense, as well as in phrase, — about the universal globe of heaven turn-

- 14 xii. O, wicked, wicked speed, to make such  
Dexterity to incestuous sheets !  
9 xiii. Ere yet the shoes were old  
The which she followed my dead father's corse,  
Like Niobe, all tears : married.  
15 xiv. Well, 't is not  
Nor it cannot come to good.  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.
- 

ing to chaos represents the vague, confused impression which the thieving reporter received of the first and second sections of the soliloquy, which express apostrophically Hamlet's feeling that the world is out of joint. Then we find the exclamation "O God!" displaced, and connected with the expression of his resentment at the speed of his mother's new nuptials, in the third section. The fourth section or fragment is wanting in the text of 1603; and it is so, we may be sure, merely because it was not remembered. Indeed, it is surprising that a man undertaking to get the text in such a way did not forget more of a soliloquy so disconnected and so exclamatory. Continuing our comparison, we find that section eleven of 1604 becomes section three of 1603; that the fifth and seventh of the former are represented by the sixth of the latter; that Hamlet's comparison of his uncle with his father, and of himself with Hercules, is shifted from near the end of the soliloquy to the middle, the twelfth paragraph in the complete speech being his seventh in the incomplete; that the comparison of Hamlet's mother to Niobe drops down from being ninth in order to the thirteenth place; and that the passage about the beast that would have mourned longer not only changes place, but is despoiled of its characteristic phraseology, — "that wants discourse of reason" becoming "devoid of reason;" the reporter, we may be sure, not being able to apprehend the finer

thought of the former phrase, which is the more remarkable as the phrase is not Shakespeare's, but one which had been used before. Other confusion I leave to detection by the reader's own observation: it is manifest enough. But it is equally manifest that the whole of the perfect soliloquy is confused in the text of 1603, in which are to be found all the thoughts, with most of the language, and fragments and suggestions of all the language, of the speech in its perfection. To suppose that the text of 1603 represents what was *developed* into the text of 1604 is quite preposterous. Remark also that the passage about the "wicked speed" of Hamlet's mother, although it is out of place (it being blunderingly put before the comparison to Niobe), yet contains in perfection the very Shakespearean phrase, "dexterity to incestuous sheets," in which, in a way peculiar to himself, and in his most matured manner, he strains the sense of the word "dexterity" to the extreme of its capacity of endurance, — "to *post* with such dexterity;" and that the reporter, unable quite to apprehend this connection of thoughts apparently remote, preserved the striking part of the phrase, but changed *post* to *make*. And now observe again that, after all this confusion and mutilation, the last two lines, although, as I before remarked, they contain no impressive thought, or word, are identical in the two versions. The reason of this is that they are a cue; they are the sign for the entrance of Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, and those last words of Hamlet's speech were written out on the parts of the actors who played those three personages. They were therefore easily accessible, while the body of the speech, being only in Burbadge's hands (he played Hamlet) or in the prompter's book, was not easily accessible to a person who would make a surreptitious copy for piratical publication.

Two points are now to be remarked upon: First, that the confusion and mutilation of this soliloquy is characteristic of the confusion and mutilation throughout the play; in which displacement and proper arrangement, ruin and perfect preservation, compel attention side by side. Second, that throughout the play the cues which would be written out on the parts of minor actors are identical in both the texts. There could hardly be better circumstantial evidence of the identity of the originals of the two texts, or of the manner in which the text of 1603 was obtained. It is to be remarked also that rhyming couplets and tags at the ends of scenes are generally identical in both versions.

Let us now consider another very "philosophical" passage of the tragedy, and one strongly characteristic of the perfected and completed Hamlet, — the great soliloquy of the first scene of the third act. This appears in the first, 1603, edition of the play in another place, distorted, mutilated, and patched, and in the following amazing fashion (Q. 835, F. 704): —

To be or not to be. Aye, there 's the point,  
To die, to sleep; is that all? aye, all:  
No, to sleep, to dream: aye, marry, there it goes;  
For in that dream of death, when we awake,  
And borne before an everlasting Judge  
From whence no passenger ever return'd,  
The undiscovered country at whose sight  
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.  
But for this, the joyful hope of this,  
Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,  
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curs'd of the poor?  
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,  
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,  
And thousand more calamities besides,  
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,  
When that he may his full quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would thus endure  
But for a hope of something after death,  
Which puzzles the brain, and doth confound the sense,

Which makes us rather bear those evils we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Aye that. O this conscience makes cowards of us all.  
Lady in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered.

There are some things that are past caricature, because they themselves reach the limit of the ridiculous. The absurdity of incongruity can no further go. And so this misrepresentation of Hamlet's solemn self-communing unites resemblance and distortion with an effect which surpasses that of intentional burlesque. The worthy reader of Shakespeare needs no help to the perception of its preposterousness, and I shall leave him to the enjoyment of a dissection of the monstrosity himself. I will, however, direct attention to the misapprehension of *bourne*, in "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," which was understood as *borne*; and hence the astonishing passage about being borne before an everlasting judge, from whence no passenger ever returned. But it should be remarked that the confusion and the mutilation are of the same sort as those in the previously cited soliloquy, and that every thought and almost every phrase of the perfect speech have their representatives in the version of 1603, which it would yet be beyond even Shakespeare's mastery of thought and language to "develop" into the "To be or not to be" soliloquy as we know it. Observe that the last words of the speech, also, are identical in both versions. These words were Ophelia's cue to speak, and were written on the part of the young actor who played Polonius's daughter. Actors often ask and give each other their cues.

Confusion of this sort pervades the 1603 Hamlet to such a degree that it need not be further remarked upon with particularity. It is the characteristic trait of that version. One passage may well be

cited as showing that brevity may be not only the soul of wit, but of derangement and absurdity. It is again in Hamlet's part, at the end of his reminiscence of the old play. The lines,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks,

are thus represented in the first version : —

Bak'd and imparched in calagulate gore  
Rifted in earth and fire, old grandsire Priam seeks.

It will be seen that the whole of the former passage is represented in this ridiculous misrepresentation of it. Here again the cue, "old grandsire Priam seeks," is identical in both versions; this remarkable similarity between which need not be further particularly remarked upon.

Hamlet's great "To be or not to be" soliloquy is also misplaced in the 1603 version. In the 1604, or perfect, version it is the prince's self-communing just before he meets Ophelia, as she is thrown in his way by her father, in pursuance of the arrangement made between him and the king :—

*King.* How may we try it further ?

*Pol.* You know he sometimes walks for hours together  
Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.

This passage, which is in both versions, refers to a future uncertain time, one of the sometimes when Hamlet walks the lobby; and in the version of 1604 and 1623 the arrangement is carried into effect in the next act and at a time which may be a day or two afterwards, or longer, as it would naturally be. But in the edition of 1603 the poor girl is let loose

upon her lover immediately. That this is wrong, there is first the evidence of unfitness and the sense of rudeness of contrivance, which, however, will be admitted only by those who can feel it. Next there is the disagreement with the forward looking and uncertain time of Polonius's proposal. Finally, there is Ophelia's greeting to Hamlet on this occasion in the 1604 version: "How does your honor for *this many a day?*" — which corresponds to the indication in both versions at the arrangement for the interview. The reason of this misplacement is not far to seek. In both versions a book happens to furnish the incident of the scene which gives it what may be called its memorable local feature. Just after the future meeting between Hamlet and Ophelia is arranged, the prince enters, in both versions, reading a book; and in the version of 1604 Polonius gives Ophelia a book to color her behavior just before the "To be" soliloquy. Now there was a Hamlet in one scene and a Hamlet in the other, and a book in both, and therefore this Fluellen of pirates transferred Ophelia and her book to the scene in which Hamlet has a book, and with them his great soliloquy. Moreover, he was thus led to confuse and mix together the two scenes in question. For in his version, 1603, we find a brief and mutilated representation of the fine scene between Hamlet and Polonius in which the prince pretends to take the old courtier for a fishmonger; and in this, as in the perfect version, Polonius asks, "What do you read, my lord?" to receive the answer "Words, words," when, according to this very version, Hamlet is not reading at all, but is just at the end of his long furious "Go to a nunnery" interview with Ophelia. Nevertheless, the one scene of the 1603 version and the two of that of 1604 are full of unmistakable marks of identity and intermingling.



How this furtive person could remember and yet misplace what he remembered in this manner is forcibly illustrated by the fate of a remarkable passage in one of the Ghost's speeches in the first act:

O Hamlet, what a falling off was there !  
 From me, *whose love was of that dignity*  
*That it went hand in hand even with the vow*  
*I made to her in marriage.*

This passage, which has upon it the stamp of Shakespeare's finest coinage, is transferred in the 1603 version to the speech, toward the end of the play, in which (Act iii., Scene 4) Hamlet reproaches his mother by a comparison of her present husband with her former; where the reporter's confused recollection and his miserable attempt to patch up and eke out his memories with his own language make this passage gleam like cloth of gold on raiment of rags and patches. Let the reader turn to the passage in the play, that he may read what follows with the genuine thing in his memory: —

Why, this I mean. See here, behold this picture.  
 It is the portraiture of your deceased husband.  
 See here a face to outface man's himself,  
 An eye at which his foes did tremble at,  
 A front wherein all virtues are set down  
 For to adorn a king and gild his crown.  
*Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow*  
*He made to you in marriage; and he's dead.*  
 Murder'd, — damnably murder'd ! This was your husband.  
 Look you now, here is your husband;  
 With a face like Vulcan.  
 A look fit for a murder and a rape;  
 A dull, dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye  
 To affright children and amaze the world.

I need not quote more. The world, I am sure, is sufficiently amazed at this barefaced attempt to pass such stuff off as of Shakespeare's making, at any time of his life or in any state of imperfection.

Other evidence of a like sort that the first, 1603,

version is the fruit of a piratical enterprise, made when the second and complete, 1604, version existed, appears in allusions in the former to incidents mention of which is to be found only in the latter. Thus, in the first version, in the first scene, just as the Ghost disappears :—

Stay, speake, speak. . . . Stop it, Marcellus. . . .

'T is here.

'T is here.

[*Exit Ghost.*

'T is gone. O we do it wrong, being so majestical, to offer it the shew of violence.

But here no violence has been offered to the Ghost. There is no reason for this repentant exclamation. We find the reason of it, however, in the version of 1604, where, after "Stop it, Marcellus," these two brief speeches come before "'T is here."

*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

Plainly, the former version is a mere imperfect representation of the same text which furnished the latter.

The same sort of evidence appears not only in this part of the play, where the two versions are so alike as to be almost identical, but in the very last, in which the confusion and the mutilation are flagrant. The point here is very noteworthy, and of peculiar significance. In this scene (Q. 3725), the king says in the perfect play :—

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union shall he throw  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn.

Upon the word *union* the editors of the Clarendon Press edition of this tragedy remark :—

"So the Folios. The Quarto of 1604 has 'unice,' which the later editions corrupted into 'onyx' variously spelt. Florio (Italian Dict.) gives, 'Union,

. . . a great faire Orient pearl.'” This note is not quite so complete in its correctness as the editors of the Clarendon editions of the plays and of the Cambridge Shakespeare are wont to be. I remark here, however, no inaccuracy on their part, and even an incompleteness which is of the lightest and most trivial sort. My purpose is quite of another bearing. The fact is, however, that *unice* becomes *onyx* before the later editions. In the subsequent speech of Hamlet in this very scene, when he forces the king to drink the poison, —

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?  
Follow my mother, —

the Quarto of 1604 (perfect text) has neither *union* nor *unice*, but *onixe*. Now *unice* (manifestly, and also from evidence soon to be set forth) is merely a misreading of *union*. But it would be pronounced with the first syllable like *un*, *fun*, and with the *c* hard, — *un-ik*. Hence by a misprint of the ear (the compositor setting up the sound he had in mind, and not the letters before his eye), *unice* (*un-ik*) became, a few lines below, *onyx*; and the latter, a word that needed no definition, was preserved by the later editions, until the appearance of the Folio of 1623, with its authentic text printed from a stage copy, where we find, in place of *unice* and *onyx*, *union*. Now, however, is to be considered the very significant fact that in the mutilated version of 1603, *although the king's speech about drinking to Hamlet and throwing a pearl into the cup, is, with others here, entirely omitted; Hamlet's speech, when he administers the poison, refers to the king's promise, and “union” is spelled correctly, just as it is spelled in the authentic Folio.* The passage is as follows in the 1603 version, which begins by dragging down “Then venom to thy work” a speech or two, and mutilating it: —

Then venom to thy venom. Die, damn'd villain.  
Come! drink! Here lies *thy union*; here.

The pronoun in "*thy union*" shows Hamlet's reference to the king's promise; and the correct form of the word, exactly that of the Folio, unites with this reference to show that the text of the Folio and that of the mutilated Quarto had an identical origin. Better evidence of this fact than is furnished by this passage, it seems to me, could not be looked for.

There is more evidence of the same class as that just brought forward, but of converse character, to show that the version of 1603 and that of 1604 represent the same manuscript. Of this I shall mention but two of several instances. In the first line of Hamlet's first soliloquy there is not only mutilation, but a very remarkable misrepresentation of one word. The line stands there literally thus:—

O that this too much griev'd and *sallied* flesh.

Now *sallied* here, we may be sure, is not a misprint for *solid*. It could hardly be that; but it might be, and not improbably is, a misprint or a miscopy of *sullied*,—a word which is in keeping with the pirate's misapprehension and perversion of the line. But there is, moreover, the very noteworthy fact that in the "newly imprinted" edition of 1604, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy," the line, although it is very different from that of the 1603 edition in other respects, is identical as to this strange word:—

O that this too-too *sallied* flesh would melt!

When Shakespeare did all that wonderful enlarging, and developing, and finishing of his original sketch of 1603, it is very remarkable—is it not?—that he carefully preserved the expression and the spelling, "*sallied* flesh."

The other example which I shall mention is fur-

nished by a word in Polonius's advice to Laertes. In the Folio we have the well-known lines, —

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatch'd unfledged comrade. (Q. 369.)

The version of 1603 gives, —

But do not dull the palme with entertain  
Of every new unfledg'd *courage*.

Again, *courage* is no mere misprint; for in the text of 1604, manifestly printed anew, and differing much from its predecessor, we have, —

But do not dull thy palme with entertainment  
Of each new hacht, unfledged *courage*, beware.

Manifestly the copy for this passage was got for both these editions from the same text, in which *comrade* was so written that it looked like *courage*.

The evidence of stage directions, of rhyming couplets, of words misapprehended in sound, of others miscopied, and other like circumstances, all goes to support that furnished by the higher considerations to which we first gave our attention: that the texts of both the Hamlets, that of 1603 and that of 1604, represent, — the former in a mutilated, garbled, interpolated form, the latter more completely than that of any other version known to us, — the text of Shakespeare's great philosophical tragedy in its perfected form, — in the only form in which it ever was known as his.

In conclusion I will say that, in my comparison of the two texts, I found evidence which justifies the fixing of the charge of piracy upon a single unknown man, — the actor of the very small part of Voltimand. My reason for this conclusion is this, very briefly: The two texts show such an exact correspondence of the two or three speeches of this unimportant personage, and of his cues, and of all that is uttered while he is on the stage, as cannot be

accounted for, under the circumstances, except on the assumption that they came from the man who had made himself letter perfect in these speeches, and had heard what immediately preceded and followed them again and again.

This, then, is the story of the two Hamlets. Shakespeare in 1599-1600 wrote his great tragedy, founding it upon the plot of an old play known as *The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, which itself was founded on an old story told by Saxo Grammaticus. Shakespeare's play, produced in 1600, made such an impression upon gentle and simple, upon the highly educated classes as well as upon the public in general, that it was acted not only at London, but at Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere. There was an eager desire to read it; but, according to the custom of the day, the text was jealously guarded by its theatrical proprietors. Under these circumstances a piratical printer, named James Roberts, set himself to get for publication a copy of this wonderful play, which all the world was going to and talking of; and, naturally applying to the minor actors in Shakespeare's company, he succeeded in corrupting the man who played Voltimand, and induced him to undertake to get a copy. He, however, was able to get only fragments, great and small. Some parts of the play he gave from memory; some he got by surreptitious examination of the stage copy and of actors' parts; and all this being still not enough, James Roberts had some of the play taken down in shorthand during the performance, which was very lamely done. Some passages were taken from the old play, which had the same plot. This mass of heterogenous stuff, some of it just what the author wrote, but the greater part of it what no dramatist ever wrote, was pieced and patched together, and hurriedly published, to the

horror of William Shakespeare, and so much to the injury of the tragedy, as it was thought, that a "true and perfect copy," containing much that never at any time was heard on Shakespeare's stage, was immediately sent to the publisher, who soon issued it cured and perfect of its limbs and absolute in its members, as it had been conceived by its great creator.





## HALES AGAINST PETIT.

C. B. TRINITY TERM, 4 & 5 ELIZ. (3 ELIZ. ROT. 921).

[1 Plowden, 253.]

[A forfeiture by reason of a *felo de se* shall have relation to the act, committed during the lifetime of the living man, which was the cause of the death.<sup>1</sup>]

THE facts in this case were as follows :—

On the accession of Mary Tudor, Sir James Hales, a puisne Judge of the Common Pleas, was prosecuted for being concerned in the plot which placed the Lady Jane Grey for a few days upon the throne: but, as he had previously expressed a strong opinion that the succession of the right heir ought not to be disturbed, he was pardoned and released from prison. Nevertheless, so frightened was he by the proceedings taken against him that he went out of his mind, and, after attempting suicide by a penknife, he drowned himself by walking into a river. Upon an inquisition before the Coroner, a verdict of *felo de se* was returned. Under this finding, his body was to be buried in a cross-road, with a stake thrust through it, and all his goods were forfeited to the crown. At the time of his death he was possessed of a lease for years of an estate in the county of Kent, granted by the

<sup>1</sup> It will be noticed that the First Gravedigger, by *Crowners-Quest-Law* (Q. 1901-3183 F.), reverses the court in this case, on the ground that the *felo de se* in *Ophelia's* case was of gentle birth. It may well be surmised that, had the forfeiture there been of a substantial estate, instead of a Christian burial, the ruling in *Hales v. Petit* would have prevailed.



Archbishop of Canterbury jointly to him and his wife, the lady Margaret Hales, who survived him. Upon the supposition that the lease was forfeited, the estate was granted by the crown to one Cyriack Petit, who took possession thereof. Dame Margaret Hales thereupon brought an action of trespass and for possession of the estate, which she claimed by survivorship, against said Petit. Petit demurred, alleging, — that — although the said James and Margaret Hales had been, at one time, possessed of the Indenture of Lease in question, — that the aforesaid James, as aforesaid, did on the

fourth day of August in the first and second years of the reign of lord Philip and lady Mary, late King and Queen of England, in a certain common river or common watercourse of the same late king and queen, in the parish of St Mildred, the vergin in the county of the city of Canterbury, feloniously and voluntarily drown himself. And afterwards, by a certain inquisition taken at the aforesaid city of Canterbury, in the aforesaid county of the city of Canterbury, the aforesaid fourth day of August, in the above said first and second years, before George Tostes, then coroner of the said late king and queen in the aforesaid county of the city aforesaid. Upon the view of the body of the aforesaid James Hales, there laying dead upon the ground, by the oath of twelve, &c. it was presented that the aforesaid James, not having God before his eyes, but seduced by the art of the Devill, the same fourth day of August in the aforesaid first and second years, at the aforesaid city of Canterbury in the parish of the blessed Mary of Bradne, and in the ward of Redingate of the same city, and in the county of the same city, went out of the mansion-house of him the said James Hales, and passing through ways and streets in the same city unto the aforesaid river or common watercourse in the aforesaid parish of St. Mildred the virgin, and in the ward of Worgate in the same city and in the county of the city aforesaid, voluntarily entered into the said river and himself therein then feloniously and voluntarily drowned, against the peace of the said late king and queen, as by the same inquisition before the aforesaid coroner remaining of record more fully appears. By reason of which said felony of himself and by force of the aforesaid inquisition before the aforesaid coroner taken, the aforesaid James Hales forfeited to the aforesaid king and queen as well the aforesaid former

indenture to the aforesaid John and James as is aforesaid made, and all the interest and term therein contained as the aforesaid indenture to the aforesaid James and Margaret, as is abovesaid, made and all the interest and term of years therein contained. And afterwards the aforesaid late king and queen by their certain commission sealed with their seal of their exchequer, and issuing out of their court of exchequer aforesaid, bearing date at Westminster the twenty fifth day of October in the abovesaid first and second years assigned Martin Bowes, Knight, William Roper, Christopher Roper, Roger Appleton, Esquires, and John Bear, gentleman, four three or two of them, to enquire by the oath of good and lawful men of Kent, as well within liberties as without, by whom the truth of the matter might be better known, amongst other things, what and what kind of goods, chattels, as well real as personal, or demises whatever, of what nature sort or kind soever they be, the aforesaid James solely or jointly with any other person or persons had in the aforesaid county of Kent, as well within liberties as without at the time when the said James killed and murdered himself, and setting up that the said Martin Bowes, knight, William Roper, Christopher Roper and Roger Appleton, Esquires duly advised, examined and by the proper Sheriff, by the proper proceedings took the said Indenture of lease into the hands of the aforesaid King and Queen Philip and Mary.

This demurrer came on to be heard before Dyer, C. J., Weston and Sir Anthony Brown, JJ., Seargeants Southcote and Puttrell for the Plaintiff, and Sergeants Walsh, Cowly, Bendloe and Carus for the Demurrer were heard. The Question was whether the felony, which worked the forfeiture, took place during the lifetime of Sir James Hales. For, if it did not, then there was no forfeiture; and the plaintiff took the Estate by reason of her survivorship. S. SOUTHCOTE. That as long as Sir James Hales was alive, he had not killed himself: and the moment that he died the estate vested in the plaintiff. The felony of the husband shall not take away her title by survivorship, for in this matter of felony two things are to be considered: First the cause of the death: secondly, the death ensuing the cause: and

these two make the felony: and without both of them the felony is not consummate, and the cause of the death is the act done in the party's lifetime, which makes the death to follow, and the act which brought on the death here was the throwing himself voluntarily into the water, for this was the cause of his death.—And if a man kills himself by a wound which he gives himself with a knife, or if he hangs himself: as the wound or the hanging which is the act done in the party's lifetime, is the cause of his death, so is the throwing himself into the water here. Forasmuch as he cannot be attainted of his own death because he is dead before there is any time to attain him, the finding of his death by the coroner, is, by necessity of law, equivalent to an attainder in fact, coming after his death. He cannot be *felo de se*, till the death is fully consummate, and the death precedes the felony and the forfeiture.

That, to make the felony; both the cause of the death, and the death itself, must unite and be complete. A man could not be *felo de se* until the death of himself be fully had and consummate. The death must precede the felony—and, *a fortiori*—the forfeiture, which was its consequence. Here, admitting that the cause of his death—the throwing himself into the water—was done in his lifetime, and so completed: still the death was a thing subsequent, and not complete in his lifetime. When he was dead he was not alive. The death was not to have relation to the cause of it, as was shown by a position assumed as admitted: *viz.*, that if A gave B a mortal stab, of which B died, only some time after, A might give away his goods to C, after the stab and before the death, and the gift would be good: and, by a case cited from 2 Henry IV., where two constables had voluntarily let a man escape that had given a wound to another, who afterwards died of it,

yet it was not felony in the constables: for the death hath no relation to the cause of it, nor was he that gave the wound a felon before the party dieth. Although the forfeiture comes at the same instant that he dies, yet, in things of an instant there is a priority of time in consideration of law, and the one shall be said to preclude the other, although both shall be said to happen at one instant: for every instant contains the end of one time and the commencement of another. And, accordingly, here the death and the forfeiture shall come together, and at one and the same time, and yet there is a priority: that is, the end of his life makes the commencement of the forfeiture, though at the same time, the forfeiture is so near to the death that there is no mean time between them, yet notwithstanding that, in consideration of law, the one precedes the other, but by no means has the forfeiture relation to any time in his life.

SERGEANT WALSH: That the forfeiture had relation to the act done in the party's lifetime, which was the cause of his death. Upon this, the parts of the act are to be considered: and the act consists of three parts. The *First* is the Imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and in what way it can be done. The *Second* is the Resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The *Third* is the Perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, *viz.* the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death; and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act. And of all the parts, the doing of the act is the greatest in the judgment of our law, and it is, in effect, the whole.

The doing of the act is the only point which the law regards ; for, until the act is done, it cannot be an offense to the world, and, when the act is done it is punishable. Inasmuch as the person who did the act is dead, his person cannot be punished, and therefore there is no way else to punish him but by the forfeiture of those things which were his at the time of his death. SERGEANT BENDLOE cited a case where a heretic wounded himself mortally with a knife, and afterwards became of sound mind, and had the rites of Holy Church, and after died of the said wound, and his chattels were not forfeited : and SERGEANT CARUS cited a case (3 Edw. III. *Itinere North.*) where it appears that one who had taken sanctuary in a church was out in the night and the town pursued him, and the felon defended himself with clubs and stones, and would not render himself to the king's peace. And we struck off his head : And the goods of the person killed were forfeited, for he could not be arraigned, because he was killed by his own fault, for which reason, upon the truth of the matter found, his goods were forfeited. Here the inquiry before the coroner *super visum corporis* is equivalent to a judgment given against him in his lifetime, and the forfeiture has relation to the act which was the cause of his death namely the throwing himself into the water, and so, all the goods and chattels, as well real as personal which belonged to Sir James, at that time are forfeited. As if my horse (as CARUS says) strikes a man, and afterwards I sell my horse, and after that the man dies, the horse shall be forfeited. So, he said, if a villain voluntarily gives himself a wound and afterward the lord of the villain seizes his goods, and after that the villain dies, and the coroner finds the matter as it is, the king shall have the goods, out of the possession of the lord, because the forfeiture hath relation to the wound given.

BENDLOE put the case, that if the defendant in an appeal, wages battle, and the appellor kills him, the appellee shall forfeit his goods and chattels, and his lands shall escheat, for judgment cannot be given against him because he is killed, and therefore the law says that the killing is equivalent to judgment and execution.

Opinion by DYER, C. J. There are five things to be considered: *First* the quality of the offense. *Secondly*. To whom the offense was committed. *Thirdly*. What he shall forfeit. *Fourthly*. from what time shall the forfeiture commence. *Fifthly*. If the term here shall be taken from the wife. As to the first point: It is in a degree of murder and not of homicide or manslaughter, for homicide is the killing of a man feloniously without malice prepense, but murder is the killing of a man with malice prepense. And here the killing of himself was prepensed and resolved in his mind before the act was done. And also it agrees in another point with the ancient definition of murder, viz. that *murdrum est foculta hominum occidisa, nullo present, nullo sciente*: so that always he who determines to kill himself—determines by the instigation of the devil to do it secretly, lest else he should be prevented from doing it. Wherefore the quality of the offense is murder.

As to the second point, it is an offense against Nature, against God, and against the King. Against nature: for every living thing does, by instinct of nature, defend itself from destruction, and then to destroy oneself is contrary to nature, and a thing most horrible. Against God, in that it is a breach of his commandment,—thou shalt not kill. And to kill himself, by which he kills in presumption his own soul, is a greater offense than to kill another. Against the King, in that hereby he has lost a subject, and [as BROWN termed it] he, being the head,

has lost one of his mystical members. Also he has offended the king in giving such an example to his subjects, and it belongs to the king, who has the government of the people, to take care that no evil example be given them. And an evil example is an offense against him. As to the third point—that his Majesty, having his rights to the goods of felons on account of the loss he suffers in their death, so the king here shall have the goods and chattels of the *felo de se*, not because he is out of Holy Church, so that for that reason the Bishop will not meddle with them, but for the loss of his subject and for the breach of his peace, and for the evil example given to his people ; and not in respect that Holy Church will not meddle with them, for he is adjudged none of the members of Holy Church. As to the fourth point, namely to what time the forfeiture shall have relation. (As to this SIR ANTHONY BROWN.) The forfeiture shall have relation to the time of the original offense committed, which was the cause of the death, and that was the throwing himself into the water, which was done in his lifetime, and this act was felony, so that the felony is attributed to the act, which is always done by a living man and in his lifetime : for Sir James Hales was dead and how came he to his death? By drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die : and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment cometh after his death? Sir, this can be done in no other way than by divesting out of him his title and property, from the time of the act done which was the cause of his death — namely the throwing himself into the water. As if a

man gives himself a mortal wound, and dies within the year, the whole of his estate is vested in the king by the very act done in his lifetime . . . so that the act restrains him from meddling with his estate afterwards, which is as great a punishment to him for the offense while he is alive, as it reasonably can be before the death is consummate. . . . And this is more reasonable than it is for the forfeiture to have relation only to the time of his death—for to give the property of the goods to the king, and to take them from those who ought to have them at his death, is no punishment to the party, for he is dead before. But it is most reasonable to refer the forfeiture to his life time—that is, to such time of his life wherein the act, which caused the death was done—and to adjudge him a felon from thenceforth; especially when it is considered that, by the act, he has prevented and escaped the actual judgment would have been given against him. For by throwing himself into the water here, he, Sir James Hales has done two things, first: he has killed one of the kings subjects, and, secondly: he has thereby avoided the arraignment and judgment of the law which would have been given against him, and so he has fled from the law and has escaped its judgment, and, by the act of flying, he shall forfeit his goods—because by that act he does all he can to escape the sentence of the law. As to the fifth point (by SIR ANTHONY BROWN) the term here shall be taken from the wife. For that, as the forfeiture has relation to the felonious act done in the party's lifetime, then, although the wife now plaintiff should, before the office found, be adjudged in the term by right of survivorship, and should be remitted to the term as to others: yet, after the office found, the term shall be adjudged to the king and queen because the office has relation



prior to her title of survivorship, *viz.* to the lifetime of Sir James Hales and to the doing of the act by which a title in law to the term is given to the king; which is equivalent to a grant in deed made by the same person in his lifetime to the king.







WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. \_\_\_\_\_: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us, to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE

{ ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.  
THOMAS R. PRICE.  
WM. H. FLEMING.  
APPLETON MORGAN.



T H E  
Tragicall Historie of  
H A M L E T  
*Prince of Denmarke*

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London : as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where



At London printed for N.L. and John Trundell.  
1603.



THE TRAGEDIE OF  
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE.





The Tragicall Historie of  
**H A M L E T**  
 Prince of Denmarke.

1 1

*Enter two Centinels.*

2 1. **S**Tand : who is that?  
 3 2. **S**Tis I.

9 4 1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,  
 5 2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,  
 6 The partners of my watch, bid them make hafte.  
 7 1. I will : See who goes there.

8

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus*

19 9 *Hor.* Friends to this ground.  
 10 *Mar.* And leegemen to the Dane,



# THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

---

*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

---

*Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.* 1

*Barnardo.* 2

 Ho's there? 3

*Fran.* Nay answer me : Stand & vnfold 4

your selfe. 5

*Bar.* Long liue the King. 6

*Fran.* Barnardo? 7

*Bar.* He. 8

*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre. 9

*Bar.* 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.* 10

*Fran.* For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold, 11

And I am sicke at heart. 12

*Barn.* Haue you had quiet Guard? 13

*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring. 14

*Barn.* Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and 15

*Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft. 16

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.* 17

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there? 18

*Hor.* Friends to this ground. 19

*Mar.* And Leige-men to the Dane. 20

*Fran.* Giue you good night. 21

11 O farewell honest fouldier, who hath releued you?  
 12 1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.

13 *Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.

14 2. Say, is *Horatio* there?

15 *Hor.* A peece of him.

16 2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

29 17 *Mar.* What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

18 2. I haue seene nothing.

19 *Mar.* *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,

20 And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,

21 Touching this dreaded fight twice seene by vs,

22 Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs

23 To watch the minutes of this night,

24 That if againe this appatition come,

37 25 He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

38 26 *Hor.* Tut, t'will not appeare.

27 2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe

28 Affaile your cares that are so fortified,

29 What we haue two nights seene.

30 *Hor.* Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Barnardo* speake  
 31 of this.

46 32 2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-

33 ward from the pole, had made his coarfe to

34 Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,

35 The bell then towling one.

36 *Enter Ghost.*

37 *Mar.* Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

38 2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

39 *Mar.* Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

40 2. Lookes it not like the king?

41 *Hor.* Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.



<i>Mar.</i> O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you ?	22
<i>Fra. Barnardo</i> ha's my place: giue you goodnight.	23
<i>Exit Fran.</i>	24
<i>Mar.</i> Holla <i>Barnardo</i> .	25
<i>Bar.</i> Say, what is <i>Horatio</i> there ?	26
<i>Hor.</i> A peece of him.	27
<i>Bar.</i> Welcome <i>Horatio</i> , welcome good <i>Marcellus</i> .	28
<i>Mar.</i> What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.	29
<i>Bar.</i> I haue seene nothing.	30
<i>Mar.</i> <i>Horatio</i> saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,	31
And will not let beleefe take hold of him	32
Touching this dreaded fight, twice seene of vs,	33
Therefore I haue intreated him along	34
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,	35
That if againe this Apparition come,	36
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.	37
<i>Hor.</i> Tuff, tuff, 'twill not appeare.	38
<i>Bar.</i> Sit downe a-while,	39
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,	40
That are so fortified against our Story,	41
What we two Nights haue seene.	42
<i>Hor.</i> Well, sit we downe,	43
And let vs heare <i>Barnardo</i> speake of this.	44
<i>Barn.</i> Last night of all,	45
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole	46
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen	47
Where now it burnes, <i>Marcellus</i> and my selfe,	48
The Bell then beating one.	49
<i>Mar.</i> Peace, breake thee off : <span style="float: right;"><i>Enter the Ghost.</i></span>	50
Looke where it comes againe.	51
<i>Barn.</i> In the same figure, like the King that's dead.	52
<i>Mar.</i> Thou art a Scholler; speake to it <i>Horatio</i> .	53
<i>Barn.</i> Lookes it not like the King? Marke it <i>Horatio</i> .	54
<i>Hora.</i> Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder	55

- 42 2. It would be fpoke to.  
 43 *Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.  
 58 44 *Hor.* What art thou that thus vfurps the ftate, in  
 45 Which the Maieftie of buried *Denmarke* did fometimes  
 46 Walke? By heauen I charge thee fpeake.  
 47 *Mar.* It is offended. *exit Ghoft.*  
 48 2. See, it ftalkes away.  
 49 *Hor.* Stay, fpeake, fpeake, by heauen I charge thee  
 50 fpeake.
- 66 51 *Mar.* Tis gone and makes no anfwer.  
 52 2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,  
 53 Is not this fomthing more than fantaſie?  
 54 What thinke you on't?  
 55 *Hor.* Afore my God, I might not his beleeuē, without  
 56 the fenſible and true auouch of my owne eyes.
- 57 *Mar.* Is it not like the King?  
 58 *Hor.* As thou art to thy ſelfe,  
 59 Such was the very armor he had on,  
 60 When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.  
 61 So frownd he once, when in an angry parle  
 62 He fmot the fleaded pollax on the yce,  
 63 Tis ftrange.
- 80 64 *Mar.* Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,  
 65 With Marſhall ftalke he paſſed through our watch.  
 66 *Hor.* In what particular to worke, I know not,  
 67 But in the thought and ſcope of my opinion,  
 68 This bodes ſome ftrange eruption to the ftate.  
 69 *Mar.* Good, now fit downe, and tell me he that knowes  
 70 Why this fame frikt and moſt obferuant watch,  
 71 So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the land,  
 72 And why ſuch dayly coſt of brazen Cannon  
 73 And forraine marte, for implements of warre,  
 74 Why ſuch imprefſe of ſhip-writes, whoſe fore taſke

<i>Barn.</i> It would be spoke too.	56
<i>Mar.</i> Question it <i>Horatio</i> .	57
<i>Hor.</i> What art thou that vsurp'ft this time of night,	58
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme	59
In which the Maiefty of buried Denmarke	60
Did fometimes march : By Heauen I charge thee fpeake.	61
<i>Mar.</i> It is offended.	62
<i>Barn.</i> See, it stalkes away.	63
<i>Hor.</i> Stay: fpeake; fpeake: I Charge thee, fpeake.	64
<i>Exit the Ghost.</i>	
<i>Mar.</i> 'Tis gone, and will not anwer.	66
<i>Barn.</i> How now <i>Horatio</i> ? You tremble & look pale :	67
Is not this fomething more then Fantasie?	68
What thinke you on't ?	69
<i>Hor.</i> Before my God, I might not this beleue	70
Without the fenfible and true auouch	71
Of mine owne eyes.	72
<i>Mar.</i> Is it not like the King?	73
<i>Hor.</i> As thou art to thy felfe,	74
Such was the very Armour he had on,	75
When th'Ambitious Norway combattted :	76
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle	77
He fmot the fledded Pollax on the Ice.	78
'Tis ftrange.	79
<i>Mar.</i> Thus twice before, and iuft at this dead houre,	80
With Martiall ftalke, hath he gone by our Watch.	81
<i>Hor.</i> In what particular thought to work, I know not :	82
But in the groffe and fcope of my Opinion,	83
This boades fome ftrange eruption to our State.	84
<i>Mar.</i> Good now fit downe, & tell me he that knowes	85
Why this fame ftrict and moft obferuant Watch,	86
So nightly toyles the fubiect of the Land,	87
And why fuch dayly Caft of Brazon Cannon	88
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre :	89
Why fuch imprefse of Ship-wrights, whofe fore Taske	90

75 Does not diuide the funday from the weeke :  
 76 What might be toward that this fweaty march  
 77 Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,  
 94 78 Who is't that can informe me?  
 79 *Hor.* Mary that can I, at leaft the whifper goes fo,  
 80 Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-  
  
 81 Braffe of *Norway*,  
 82 Thereto prickt on by a moft emulous caufe, dared to  
 83 The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,  
 101 84 For fo this fide of our knowne world eftemed him,  
 85 Did flay this Fortenbraffe,  
 86 Who by a feale compact well ratified, by law  
 87 And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all thofe  
 88 His lands which he ftoode feazed of by the conqueror,  
 89 Againft the which a moity competent,  
 107 90 Was gaged by our King:

91 Now fir, yong Fortenbraffe,  
 92 Of inapproued mettle hot and full,  
 93 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,  
 94 Sharkt vp a fight of lawleffe Refolutes  
 95 For food and diet to fome enterprife,

96 That hath a ftomacke in't : and this (I take it) is the  
 122 97 Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

98 *Enter the Ghoft.*  
 99 But loe, behold, fee where it comes againe,  
 100 Ile croffe it, though it blaft me : ftay illufion,

Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke, 91  
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haft 92  
 Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day : 93  
 Who is't that can informe me? 94

*Hor.* That can I, 95  
 At least the whipper goes fo : Our last King, 96  
 Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs, 97  
 Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway, 98  
 (Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride) 99  
 Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*, 100  
 (For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him) 101  
 Did slay this *Fortinbras* : who by a Seal'd Compact, 102  
 Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie, 103  
 Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands 104  
 Which he stood feiz'd on, to the Conqueror : 105  
 Against the which, a Moity competent 106  
 Was gaged by our King : which had return'd 107  
 To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*, 108  
 Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant 109  
 And carriage of the Article designe, 110  
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*, 111  
 Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full, 112  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there, 113  
 Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleffe Resolutes, 114  
 For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize 115  
 That hath a stomacke in't : which is no other 116  
 (And it doth well appeare vnto our State) 117  
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand 118  
 And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands 119  
 So by his Father lost : and this (I take it) 120  
 Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations, 121  
 The Sourfe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head 122  
 Of this post-haft, and Romage in the Land.. 123

*Enter Ghost againe.* 124

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe : 125  
 Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion : 126

101 If there be any good thing to be done,  
 102 That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,  
 103 Speake to mee.  
 130 104. If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,  
 105 Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,  
 106 Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,  
 107 Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,  
 108 For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake  
 109 to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.

110 2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*  
 111 *Hor.* Tis heere.  
 112 *Marc.* Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being fo maiefti-

113 call, to offer it the shew of violence,  
 114 For it is as the ayre invelmorable,  
 115 And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.  
 145 116 2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.  
 117 *Hor.* And then it faded like a guilty thing,  
 118 Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard  
 119 The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,  
 120 Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,  
 121 Awake the god of day, and at his found,  
 122 Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,  
 123 The strauagant and erring spirite hies  
 124 To his confines, and of the trueth heereof  
 125 This present obiect made probation.  
 126 *Marc.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,  
 127 Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,  
 128 Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated,  
 158 129 The bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
 130 And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad,  
 131 The nights are wholefome, then no planet strikes,

If thou haft any found, or vse of Voyce, 127  
 Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, 128  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ; speake to me. 129

If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate 130  
 (Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake. 131  
 Or, if thou haft vp-hoarded in thy life 132  
 Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth, 133  
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death) 134  
 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*. 135

*Mar.* Shall I strike at ir with my Partizan ? 136

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand. 137

*Barn.* 'Tis heere. 138

*Hor.* 'Tis heere. 139

*Mar.* 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.* 140

We do it wrong, being so Maiefticall 141

To offer it the shew of Violence, 142

For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable, 143

And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery. 144

*Barn.* It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. 145

*Hor.* And then it started, like a guilty thing 146

Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard, 147

The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, 148

Doth with his lofty and shrill-founding Throate 149

Awake the God of Day : and at his warning, 150

Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, 151

Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes 152

To his Confine. And of the truth heerein, 153

This present Obiect made probation. 154

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke, 155

Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes 156

Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated, 157

The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long : 158

And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, 159

The nights are wholfome, then no Planets strike, 160

132 No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,  
 133 So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.  
 134 *Hor.* So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:  
 135 But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,  
 136 Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,  
 137 Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduife,  
 138 Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night  
 168 139 Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life  
 140 This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:  
 141 Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,  
 142 As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?  
 143 *Marc.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,  
 144 Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

174 145 *Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,*  
 146 *and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.*



No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme :	161
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.	162
<i>Hor.</i> So haue I heard, and do in part beleeeue it.	163
But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,	164
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,	165
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice	166
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night	167
Vnto yong <i>Hamlet</i> . For vpon my life,	168
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him :	169
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,	170
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty ?	171
<i>Mar.</i> Let do't I pray, and I this morning know	172
Where we shall finde him most conueniently. <i>Exeunt</i>	173

*Scena Secunda.*

<i>Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,</i>	174
<i>Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-</i>	175
<i>phelia, Lords Attendant.</i>	176
<i>King.</i> Though yet of <i>Hamlet</i> our deere Brothers death	177
The memory be greene : and that it vs befitted	178
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome	179
To be contracted in one brow of woe :	180
Yet so farre hath Difcretion fought with Nature,	181
That we with wifest sorrow thinke on him,	182
Together with remembrance of our felues.	183
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,	184
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,	185
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,	186
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,	187
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,	188
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole	189

204 147 *King.* Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,  
 148 Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent  
 149 And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his  
 150 Nephews purpose : and Wee heere difpatch

151 Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*  
 152 For bearers of these greetings to olde  
 153 *Norway*, giuing to you no further personall power  
 154 To businesse with the King,  
 155 Then those related articles do shew:  
 156 Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.  
 157 *Gent.* In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.  
 218 158 *King.* Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:  
 220 159 And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?  
 221 160 You said you had a sute what i't *Leartes*?

Taken to Wife ; nor haue we heerein barr'd	190
Your better Wifedomes, which haue freely gone	191
With this affaure along, for all our Thankes.	192
Now followes, that you know young <i>Fortinbras</i> ,	193
Holding a weake supposal of our worth ;	194
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,	195
Our State to be difoynt, and out of Frame,	196
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage ;	197
He hath not fayld to pester vs with Message,	198
Importing the surrender of those Lands	199
Loft by his Father : with all Bonds of Law	200
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.	201
<i>Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.</i>	202
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting	203
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ	204
To Norway, Vncle of young <i>Fortinbras</i> ,	205
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares	206
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress	207
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,	208
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made	209
Out of his subiect : and we heere dispatch	210
You good <i>Cornelius</i> , and you <i>Voltemand</i> ,	211
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,	212
Giuing to you no further personall power	213
To businesse with the King, more then the scope	214
Of these dilated Articles allow :	215
Farewell and let your haft commend your duty.	216
<i>Volt.</i> In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.	217
<i>King.</i> We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.	218
<i>Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.</i>	219
And now <i>Laertes</i> , what's the newes with you?	220
You told vs of some fuite. What is't <i>Laertes</i> ?	221
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,	222
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg <i>Laertes</i> ,	223
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?	224
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,	225

- 161 *Lea*: My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence,  
 162 Now that the funerall rites are all performed,  
 230 163 I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,  
 164 For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,  
  
 165 Yet something is there whifpers in my hart,  
 166 Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.  
  
 167 *King*, Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?  
  
 168 *Cor*. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,  
 169 And I befeech you grant your Highnesse leaue.  
 170 *King* With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.  
  
 171 *Lear*. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.  
 242 172 *King*. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit*.

- 173 What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?  
 174 For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,  
 175 Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,  
 176 Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.  
 177 Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,  
 178 All *Denmarkes* hope our coffin and dearest Sonne.

The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,	226
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.	227
What would'ft thou haue <i>Laertes</i> ?	228
<i>Laer.</i> Dread my Lord,	229
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,	230
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke	231
To shew my duty in your Coronation,	232
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,	233
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,	234
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.	235
<i>King.</i> Haue you your Fathers leaue ?	236
What ſayes <i>Pollonius</i> ?	237
<i>Pol.</i> He hath my Lord .	238
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.	239
<i>King.</i> Take thy faire houre <i>Laertes</i> , time be thine,	240
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will :	241
But now my Coſin <i>Hamlet</i> , and my Sonne ?	242
<i>Ham.</i> A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.	243
<i>King.</i> How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you ?	244
<i>Ham.</i> Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.	245
<i>Queen.</i> Good <i>Hamlet</i> caſt thy nightly colour off,	246
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.	247
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids	248
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt ;	249
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,	250
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.	251
<i>Ham.</i> I Madam, it is common.	252
<i>Queen.</i> If it be ;	253
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.	254

256 179 *Ham.* My lord, ti's not the fable fute I weare:

180 No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,  
181 Nor the diftracted hauiour in the vifage,  
182 Nor all together mixt with outward femblance,  
183 Is equall to the forrow of my heart,

184 Him haue I loft I muft offorce forgoe,  
185 Thefe but the ornaments and futes of woe.

266 186 *King* This fhewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,

269 187 But you muft thinke your father loft a father,  
188 That father dead, loft his, and fo fhallbe vntill the  
189 Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,  
190 It is a fault gainft heauen, fault gainft the dead,  
191 A fault gainft nature, and in reasons  
250 192 Common courfe moft certaine,  
193 None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

<i>Ham.</i> Seemes Madam? Nay, it is : I know not Seemes :	255
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)	256
Nor Customary suites of folemne Blacke,	257
Nor windy fuspiration of forc'd breath,	258
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,	259
Nor the deieſted hauiour of the Viſage,	260
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,	261
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,	262
For they are actions that a man might play :	263
But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow ;	264
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.	265
<i>King.</i> 'Tis ſweet and commendable	266
In your Nature <i>Hamlet,</i>	267
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father :	268
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,	269
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound	270
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme	271
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perfeuer	272
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe	273
Of impious ſtubborneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly grieefe,	274
It ſhewes a will moſt incorreſt to Heauen,	275
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,	276
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchool'd :	277
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common	278
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,	279
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh Oppoſition	280
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,	281
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,	282
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theame	283
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,	284
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,	285
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth	286
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs	287
As of a Father ; For let the world take note,	288
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,	289
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,	290

298 194 *Que.* Let not thy mother loofe her praiers *Hamlet*,  
 195 Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.  
 300 196 *Ham.* I fhall in all my beft obay you madam.

197 *King* Spoke like a kinde and a moft louing Sonne,

306 198 And there's no health the King fhall drinke to day,  
 199 But the great Canon to the clowdes fhall tell  
 200 The rowfe the King fhall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet*.

310 201 *Exeunt all but Hamlet.*  
 202 *Ham.* O that this too much grieu'd and fallied flesh  
 311 203 Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuerfall  
 204 Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!

320 205 O God within two moneths; no not two : maried,



Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,	291
Do I impart towards you. For your intent	292
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,	293
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire :	294
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine	295
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,	296
Our cheefeſt Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.	297
<i>Qu.</i> Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers <i>Hamlet.</i>	298
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.	299
<i>Ham.</i> I ſhall in all my beſt	300
Obey you Madam.	301
<i>King.</i> Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,	302
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,	303
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of <i>Hamlet</i>	304
Sits ſmiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,	305
No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,	306
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,	307
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,	308
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. <i>Exeunt</i>	309
<i>Manet Hamlet.</i>	310
<i>Ham.</i> Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,	311
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew :	312
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt	313
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God !	314
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable	315
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world ?	316
Fie on't ? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden	317
That growes to Seed : Things rank, and groſſe in Nature	318
Poffeſſe it meereſly. That it ſhould come to this :	319
But two months dead : Nay, not ſo much ; not two,	320
So excellent a King, that was to this	321
<i>Hiperion</i> to a Satyre : ſo louing to my Mother,	322
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen	323
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth	324
Muſt I remember : why ſhe would hang on him,	325
As if increaſe of Appetite had growne	326

328 206 Mine vnclē : O let me not thinke of it,  
 207 My fathers brother : but no more like  
 208 My father, then I to *Hercules*.  
 209 Within two months, ere yet the salt of moſt  
 210 Vnrightheous teares had left their flushing  
 211 In her galled eyes : ſhe married, O God, a beaſt  
 212 Deuoyd of reaſon would not haue made  
 328 213 Such ſpeede: Frailltie, thy name is Woman,  
 214 Why ſhe would hang on him, as if increaſe  
 326 215 Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.  
 216 O wicked wicked ſpeede, to make ſuch  
 217 Dexteritie to inceſtuouſ ſheetes,  
 218 Ere yet the ſhooes were olde,  
 219 The which ſhe followed my dead fathers corſe  
 220 Like *Nyobe*, all teares : married, well it is not,  
 221 Nor it cannot come to good:  
 341 222 But breake my heart, for I muſt holde my tongue.

223 *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

343 224 *Hor.* Health to your Lordſhip.  
 225 *Ham.* I am very glad to ſee you, (Horatio) or I much  
 226 forget my ſelfe.  
 227 *Hor.* The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.  
 228 *Ham.* O my good friend, I change that name with you:  
 350 229 but what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?  
 230 *Marcellus.*  
 231 *Marc.* My good Lord.

By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ? 327  
 Let me not thinke on't : Frailty, thy name is woman. 328  
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old, 329  
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body 330  
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she. 331  
 (O Heauen ! A beast that wants discourse of Reason 332  
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle, 333  
 My Fathers Brother : but no more like my Father, 334  
 Then I to *Hercules*, Within a Moneth ? 335  
 Ere yet the falt of most vnrighteous Teares 336  
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes, 337

She married. O most wicked speed, to post 338  
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets : 339

It is not, nor it cannot come to good. 340  
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue. 341

*Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.* 342

*Hor.* Haile to your Lordship. 343

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well : 344

*Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe. 345

*Hor.* The fame my Lord, 346

And your poore Seruant euer. 347

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, 348

Ile change that name with you : 349

And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio* ? 350

*Marcellus.* 351

*Mar.* My good Lord. 352

232 *Ham.* I am very glad to see you, good euen firs:

233 But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure?*

234 Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

355 235 *Hor.* A trowant dispoſition, my good Lord,

236 *Ham.* Nor ſhall you make mee truſter

237 Of your owne report againſt your ſelfe:

238 Sir, I know you are no trowant:

239 But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure?*

240 *Hor.* My good Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.

241 *Ham.* O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow ſtudent,

242 I thinke it was to ſee my mothers wedding.

243 *Hor.* Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

366 244 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates

245 Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,

246 Would I had met my deereſt foe in heauen

247 Ere euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio*;

248 O my father, my father, me thinks I ſee my father,

249 *Hor.* Where my Lord ?

250 *Ham.* Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio*.

251 *Hor.* I ſaw him once, he was a gallant King.

374 252 *Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

253 I ſhall not looke vpon his like againe.

254 *Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight,

255 *Ham.* Saw, who?

256 *Hor.* My Lord, the King your father.

379 257 *Ham.* Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

258 *Hor.* Ceafen your admiration for a while

381 259 With an attentiu eare, till I may deliuer,

260 Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen

261 This wonder to you.

<i>Ham.</i> I am very glad to see you : good euen Sir.	353
But what in faith make you from <i>Wittemberge</i> ?	354
<i>Hor.</i> A truant disposition, good my Lord.	355
<i>Ham.</i> I would not haue your Enemy fay fo;	356
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,	357
To make it truste of your owne report	358
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant :	359
But what is your affaire in <i>Elfenour</i> ?	360
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.	361
<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.	362
<i>Ham.</i> I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)	363
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.	364
<i>Hor.</i> Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.	365
<i>Ham.</i> Thrift, thrift, <i>Horatio</i> : the Funerall Bakt-meats	366
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables ;	367
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,	368
Ere I had euer seene that day <i>Horatio</i> .	369
My father, me thinkes I see my father.	370
<i>Hor.</i> Oh where my Lord?	371
<i>Ham.</i> In my minds eye ( <i>Horatio</i> )	372
<i>Hor.</i> I saw him once; he was a goodly King.	373
<i>Ham.</i> He was a man, take him for all in all :	374
I shall not look vpon his like againe.	375
<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.	376
<i>Ham.</i> Saw? Who?	377
<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, the King your Father.	378
<i>Ham.</i> The King my Father?	379
<i>Hor.</i> Season your admiration for a while	380
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer	381
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,	382
This maruell to you.	383

- 384 262 *Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare it.  
 263 *Hor.* Two nights together had thefe Gentlemen,  
 264 *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch,  
 265 In the dead vast and middle of the night.  
 266 Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,  
 389 267 Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*  
 268 Appeeres before them thrife, he walkes  
 269 Before their weake and feare oppreffed eies.  
 270 Within his tronchions length,  
 394 271 While they diftilled almoft to gelly.  
 272 With the a $\text{c}$ t of feare ftands dumbe,  
 273 And fpeake not to him: this to mee  
 274 In dreadfull fecrefie impart they did.  
 275 And I with them the third night kept the watch,  
 276 Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.  
 277 Each part made true and good,  
 400 278 The Apparition comes: I knew your father,  
 279 The hands are not more like.  
 280 *Ham.* Tis very strange:  
 281 *Hor.* As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,  
 282 And wee did thinke it right done,  
 283 In our dutie to let you know it.  
 284 *Ham.* Where was this?  
 285 *Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.  
 404 286 *Ham.* Did you not fpeake to it?  
 287 *Hor.* My Lord we did, but anfwere made it none,  
 288 Yet once me thought it was about to fpeake,  
 289 And lifted vp his head to motion,  
 290 Like as he would fpeake, but euen then  
 291 The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte,  
 292 It fhruncke in hafte away, and vanifhed  
 411 293 Our fight.

<i>Ham.</i> For Heauens loue let me heare.	384
<i>Hor.</i> Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen ( <i>Marcellus</i> and <i>Barnardo</i> ) on their Watch	385 386
In the dead waſt and middle of the night	387
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father, Arm'd at all points exactly, <i>Cap a Pe</i> ,	388 389
Appeares before them, and with ſollemne march	390
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walkt,	391
By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,	392
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtil'd	393
Almoſt to Ielly with the A&ct of feare,	394
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me	395
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,	396
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,	397
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,	398
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,	399
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:	400
Theſe hands are not more like.	401

<i>Ham.</i> But where was this?	402
<i>Mar.</i> My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.	403
<i>Ham.</i> Did you not ſpeake to it?	404
<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, I did;	405
But anſwere made it none: yet once me thought	406
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe	407
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:	408
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;	409
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away,	410
And vaniſht from our ſight.	411
<i>Ham.</i> Tis very ſtrange.	412
<i>Hor.</i> As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;	413
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty	414
To let you know of it.	415

- 416 294 *Ham.* Indeed, indeed firs, but this troubles me:  
 417 295 Hold you the watch to night?  
 296 *All* We do my Lord.  
 297 *Ham.* Armed fay ye?  
 298 *All* Armed my good Lord.  
 299 *Ham.* From top to toe?  
 300 *All.* My good Lord, from head to foote.  
 301 *Ham.* Why then faw you not his face?  
 302 *Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.  
 303 *Ham.* How look't he, frowningly?  
 304 *Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.  
 305 *Ham.* Pale, or red?  
 428 306 *Hor.* Nay, veriepal  
 307 *Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you.  
 308 *Hor.* Most constantly.  
 309 *Ham.* I would I had beene there.  
 310 *Hor.* It would a much amazed you.  
 311 *Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long?  
 312 *Hor.* While one with moderate pace  
 313 Might tell a hundred.  
 314 *Mar.* O longer, longer.  
  
 437 315 *Ham.* His beard was grifield, no.  
 316 *Hor.* Itwas as I haue feene itin his life,  
 317 A fable filuer.  
 318 *Ham.* I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.  
 319 *Hor.* I warrant it will.  
 320 *Ham.* If it affume my noble fathers perfon,  
 321 Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,  
 322 And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,  
 323 If you haue hither consealed this fight,  
 446 324 Let it be tenible in your silence still,  
 447 325 And whatfoeuer else shall chance to night,  
 326 Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,  
 327 I will requit your loues, so fare you well,  
 328 Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,  
 329 Ile visit you.



<i>Ham.</i> Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.	416
Hold you the watch to Night?	417
<i>Both.</i> We doe my Lord.	418
<i>Ham.</i> Arm'd, fay you?	419
<i>Both.</i> Arm'd, my Lord.	420
<i>Ham.</i> From top to toe?	421
<i>Both.</i> My Lord, from head to foote.	422
<i>Ham.</i> Then saw you not his face?	423
<i>Hor.</i> O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.	424
<i>Ham.</i> What, lookt he frowningly?	425
<i>Hor.</i> A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.	426
<i>Ham.</i> Pale, or red?	427
<i>Hor.</i> Nay very pale.	428
<i>Ham.</i> And fixt his eyes vpon you?	429
<i>Hor.</i> Most constantly.	430
<i>Ham.</i> I would I had beene there.	431
<i>Hor.</i> It would haue much amaz'd you.	432
<i>Ham.</i> Very like, very like : staid it long?	(dred. 433
<i>Hor.</i> While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-	434
<i>All.</i> Longer, longer.	435
<i>Hor.</i> Not when I saw't.	436
<i>Ham.</i> His Beard was grisly? no.	437
<i>Hor.</i> It was, as I haue seene it in his life,	438
A Sable Siluer'd.	(gaine. 439
<i>Ham.</i> Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-	440
<i>Hor.</i> I warrant you it will.	441
<i>Ham.</i> If it assume my noble Fathers person,	442
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape	443
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,	444
If you haue hitherto conceald this fight;	445
Let it bee treble in your silence still :	446
And whatfoeuer els shall hap to night,	447
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;	448
I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well :	449
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,	450
Ile visit you.	451

- 330 *All.* Our duties to your honor. *excunt.*  
331 *Ham.* O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,  
332 Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,  
333 Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,  
334 Would the night were come,  
335 Till then, fit still my foule, foule deeds will rise  
336 Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

- 458 337 *Enter Leartes and Ofelia.*  
338 *Leart.* My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard.  
339 But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:  
340 I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue  
341 Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,  
342 Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,

<i>All.</i> Our duty to your Honour. <i>Exeunt.</i>	452
<i>Ham.</i> Your loue, as mine to you : farewell.	453
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well :	454
I doubt some foule play : would the Night were come ;	455
Till then fit still my foule; foule deeds will rise,	456
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. <i>Exit.</i>	457

*Scena Tertia.*

<i>Enter Laertes and Ophelia.</i>	458
<i>Laer.</i> My necessaries are imbark't ; Farewell :	459
And Sifter, as the Winds giue Benefit,	460
And Conuoy is affitant; doe not sleepe,	461
But let me heare from you.	462
<i>Ophel.</i> Doe you doubt that?	463
<i>Laer.</i> For <i>Hamlet</i> , and the trifing of his fauours,	464
Hold it a fashon and a toy in Bloud ;	465
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;	466
Froward, not permanent ; sweet not lasting	467
The suppliance of a minute? No more.	468
<i>Ophel.</i> No more but so.	469
<i>Laer.</i> Thinke it no more :	470
For nature cressant does not grow alone,	471
In thewes and Bulke : but as his Temple waxes,	472
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule	473
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,	474
And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch	475
The vertue of his feare : but you must feare	476
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne ;	477
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth :	478
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,	479
Carue for himselfe ; for, on his choyce depends	480

343 Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sifter,

496 344 The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,  
 345 If the vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.  
 346 Vertue it felfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,

347 Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe  
 348 Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.  
 349 *Ofel.* Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu care,  
 350 And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,  
 351 But my deere brother, do not you  
 352 Like to a cunning Sophifter,  
 508 353 Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,  
 354 While you forgetting what is faid to me,  
 355 Your felfe, like to a careleffe libertine  
 356 Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,  
 357 And little recks how that his honour dies.  
 358 *Lear.* No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,

The sanctity and health of the weole State.	481
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumscrib'd	482
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,	483
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,	484
It fits your wifedome ſo farre to beleuee it ;	485
As he in his peculiar Sect and force	486
May giue his ſaying deed : which is no further,	487
Then the maine voyce of <i>Denmarke</i> goes withall.	488
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,	489
If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs ;	490
Or loſe your Heart ; or your chaſt Treafure open	491
To his vnmaſtred importunity.	492
Feare it <i>Ophelia</i> , feare it my deare Siſter,	493
And keepe within the reare of your Affection ;	494
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.	495
The charieſt Maid is Prodigall enough,	496
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone :	497
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,	498
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring	499
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,	500
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,	501
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.	502
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare ;	503
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.	504
<i>Ophe.</i> I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,	505
As watchmen to my heart : but good my Brother	506
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,	507
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen ;	508
Whilſt like a puſt and reckleſſe Libertine	509
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,	510
And reaks not his owne reade.	511
<i>Laer.</i> Oh, feare me not.	512
<i>Enter Polonius.</i>	513
I ſtay too long ; but here my Father comes :	514

359 Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

360 *Enter Corambis.*

517 361 *Cor.* Yet here *Leartes?* aboard, aboard, for shame,  
362 The winde fits in the shoulder of your faile,  
363 And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee  
364 And these few precepts in thy memory.

365 "Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;  
366 "Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,  
367 "Graple them to thee with a hoope of Steele,  
368 "But do not dull the palme with entertaine,  
369 "Of euery new vnflieg'd courage,  
370 "Beware of entrance into a quarrell;but being in,  
371 "Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

532 372 "Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.  
373 "But not exprest in fashon,  
374 "For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
375 And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station  
376 Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

377 "This about all, to thy owne selfe be true,  
378 And it must follow as the night the day,  
379 Thou canst not then be false to any one,  
543 380 Farewel, my blessing with thee.  
381 *Lear.* I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,

382 And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

383 *Ofel.* It is already lock't within my hart,  
384 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

A double bleffing is a double grace ; 515  
 Occafion fmiles vpon a fecond leaue. 516

*Polon.* Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for fhame, 517  
 The winde fits in the fhoulder of your faile, 518  
 And you are flaid for there: my bleffing with you; 519  
 And thefe few Precepts in thy memory, 520  
 See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue, 521  
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act: 522  
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar: 523  
 The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride, 524  
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele: 525  
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment 526  
 Of each vnatch't, vnflעדg'd Comrade. Beware 527  
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in 528  
 Bear't that th'oppofed may beware of thee. 529  
 Giue eury man thine eare;but few thy voyce: 530  
 Take each mans cenfure;but referue thy iudgement: 531  
 Coftly thy habit as thy purfe can buy; 532  
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie: 533  
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man. 534  
 And they in France of the beft ranck and ftation, 535  
 Are of a moft felect and generous cheff in that. 536  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be, 537  
 For lone oft lofes both it felfe and friend: 538  
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry. 539  
 This aboue all; to thine owne felfe be true: 540  
 And it muft follow, as the Night the Day, 541  
 Thou canft not then be falfe to any man. 542  
 Farewell: my Bleffing feafon this in thee. 543  
*Laer.* Moft humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord. 544

*Polon.* The time inuites you, goe, your feruants tend. 545

*Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well 546  
 What I haue faid to you. 547

*Ophe.* Tis in my memory lockt, 548  
 And you your felfe fhall keepe the key of it. 549

385 *Cor.* What i't *Ofelia* he hath faide to you?

552 386 *Ofel.* Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet*.

387 *Cor.* Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderftand,

388 That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden prefence

389 Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be fo,

390 As fo tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution

391 I muft tell you; you do not vnderftand your felfe

392 So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

393 *Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue

394 to me.

566 395 *Cor.* Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

396 *Ofel.* And withall, fuch earnest vowes.

578 397 *Cor.* Springes to catch woodcocks,

398 What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,

399 How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,

400 In briefe, be more fcanter of your maiden prefence,

401 Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.



<i>Laer.</i> Farewell.	<i>Exit Laer.</i>	550
<i>Polon.</i> What ist <i>Ophelia</i> he hath said to you?		551
<i>Ophe.</i> So please you, fomthing touching the L. <i>Hamlet.</i>		552
<i>Polon.</i> Marry, well bethought :		553
Tis told me he hath very oft of late		554
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe		555
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.		556
If it be so, as so tis put on me;		557
And that in way of caution : I must tell you,		558
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,		559
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.		560
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?		561
<i>Ophe.</i> He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders		562
Of his affection to me.		563
<i>Polon.</i> Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,		564
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.		565
Doe you beleeeue his tenders, as you call them?		566
<i>Ophe.</i> I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.		567
<i>Polon.</i> Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,		568
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,		569
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;		570
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,		571
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.		572
<i>Ophe.</i> My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,		573
In honourable fashion.		574
<i>Polon.</i> I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.		575
<i>Ophe.</i> And hath giuen countenance to his speech,		576
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.		577
<i>Polon.</i> I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know		578
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule		579
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,		580
Giuing more light then heate; extinc̄t in both,		581
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;		582
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,		583
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;		584
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,		585

- 599 402 *Ofel.* I fhall obey my lord in all I may.  
 403 *Cor.* *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,  
 404 "For louers lines are fnares to intrap the heart;  
 405 "Refufe his tokens, both of them are keyes  
 406 To vnlocke Chafititie vnto Defire:  
 407 Come in *Ofelia*; fuch men often proue,  
 408 "Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.  
 409 *Ofel.* I will my lord. *exeunt.*
- 600 410 *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*  
 411 *Ham.* The ayre bites fhrewd; it is an eager and  
 412 An nipping winde, what houre i't?  
 413 *Hor.* I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*  
 414 *Mar.* No, t'is ftrucked.  
 608 415 *Hor.* Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
- 416 *Ham.* O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowle,  
 417 Keepe waffel, and the fwaggering vp-fpring reeles,  
 418 And as he dreames, his draughts of renifh downe,  
 419 The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,  
 420 The triumphes of his pledge.

Then a command to parley. For Lord <i>Hamlet</i> ,	586
Beleeue fo much in him, that he is young,	587
And with a larger tether may he walke,	588
Then may be giuen you. In few, <i>Ophelia</i> ,	589
Doe not beleeeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,	590
Not of the eye, which their Inueftments fhew :	591
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,	592
Breathing like fanctified and pious bonds,	593
The better to beguile. This is for all :	594
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,	595
Haue you fo flander any moment leifure,	596
As to giue words or talke with the Lord <i>Hamlet</i> :	597
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.	598
<i>Ophe.</i> I fhall obey my Lord. <i>Exeunt.</i>	599

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.* 600

*Ham.* The Ayre bites fhrewdly : is it very cold? 601

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager ayre. 602

*Ham.* What hower now? 603

*Hor.* I thinke it lacks of twelue. 604

*Mar.* No, it is ftrooke. (feafon, 605

*Hor.* Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the  
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke. 606

What does this meane my Lord? (roufe, 608

*Ham.* The King doth wake to night, and takes his 609

Keepes waffels and the fwaggering vpspring reeles, 610

And as he dreines his draughts of Renifh downe, 611

The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out 612

The triumph of his Pledge. 613

421 *Hor.* Is it a custome here?

422 *Ham.* I mary i'ft and though I am

423 Natiue here, and to the maner borne,

424 It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,

618 425 Then in the obferuance.

426 *Enter the Ghost.*

427 *Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.

428 *Ham.* Angels and Minifters of grace defend vs,

429 Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,

623 430 Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blafts from hell:

431 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

432 Thou comcest in fuch questionable shape,

433 That I will fpeake to thee,

434 Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,

435 O anfwere mee, let mee not burft in ignorance,

629 436 But fay why thy canonizd bones heard in death

437 Haue burft their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,

438 In which wee faw thee quietly interr'd,

439 Hath burft his ponderous and marble Iawes,

440 To caft thee vp againe: what may this meane,

441 That thou, dead corfe, againe in compleate fteele,

442 Reuiffets thus the glimfes of the Moone,

636 443 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,

444 So horridely to fhake our difpofition,

445 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules?

446 Say, fpeake, wherefore, what may this meane?

641 447 *Hor.* It beckons you, as though it had fomething

448 To impart to you alone.

449 *Mar.* Looke with what courteous a-ction

450 It waues you to a more remoued ground,

451 But do not go with it.

452 *Hor.* No, by no meanes my Lord.

648 453 *Ham.* It will not fpeake, then will I follow it.

*Horat.* Is it a custome? 614

*Ham.* I marry ift; 615

And to my mind, though I am natiue heere, 616

And to the manner borne: It is a Custome 617

More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance. 618

*Enter Ghost.* 619

*Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes. 620

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs: 621

Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, 622

Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell, 623

Be thy euent wicked or charitable, 624

Thou com'ft in such a questionable shape 625

That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*, 626

King, Father, Royall Dane : Oh, oh, answer me, 627

Let me not burft in Ignorance ; but tell 628

Why thy Canoniz'd bones Heard in death, 629

Haue burft their cerments, why the Sepulcher 630

Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd, 631

Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes, 632

To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane? 633

That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele, 634

Reuifits thus the glimpses of the Moone, 635

Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature, 636

So horridly to shake our difpofition, 637

With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules, 638

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe? 639

*Ghost beckens Hamlet.* 640

*Hor.* It beckons you to goe away with it, 641

As if it some impartment did desire 642

To you alone. 643

*Mar.* Looke with what courteous action 644

It wafts you to a more remoued ground : 645

But doe not goe with it. 646

*Hor.* No, by no meanes. 647

*Ham.* It will not speake: then will I follow it. 648

*Hor.* Doe not my Lord. 649

454 *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

455 That beckles ore his bace, into the fea,  
 456 And there affume some other horrible shape,  
 457 Which might depriue your foueraigntie of reafon,  
 458 And driue you into madnesse : thinke of it.

459 *Ham.* Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

460 *Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go.

461 *Ham.* Why what should be the feare?

462 I do not fet my life at a pinnes fee,  
 463 And for my soule, what can it do to that?

464 Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,

465 Go on, ile follow thee.

664 466 *Mar.* My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

467 *Ham.* My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artieue

468 As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,

469 Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;

470 By heauen ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,

471 Away I fay, go on, ile follow thee.

472 *Hor.* He waxeth desperate with imagination.

473 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke.*

474 *Hor.* Haue after; to what iffue will this fort ?

673 475 *Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

476 *Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Why, what should be the feare ? 650  
 I doe not fet my life at a pins fee; 651  
 And for my Soule, what can it doe to that ? 652  
 Being a thing immortall as it selfe : 653  
 It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it. 654

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord? 655  
 Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe, 656  
 That beetles o're his bafe into the Sea, 657  
 And there affumes some other horrible forme, 658  
 Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reafon, 659  
 And draw you into madneffe thinke of it? 660

*Ham.* It wafts me still : goe on, Ile follow thee. 661

*Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord. 662

*Ham.* Hold off your hand. 663

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe. 664

*Ham.* My fate cries out, 665  
 And makes each petty Artire in this body, 666  
 As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue : 667  
 Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen : 668  
 By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me : 669  
 I fay away, goe on, Ile follow thee. 670

*Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.* 671

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination. 672

*Mar.* Let's follow;'tis not fit thus to obey him. 673

*Hor.* Haue after, to what issue will this come ? 674

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke. 675

*Hor.* Heauen will direct it. 676

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.* 677

- 679 477 *Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?  
 478 *Ghoſt* Marke me.  
 479 *Ham.* I will.

- 691 480 *Ghoſt* I am thy fathers ſpirit, doomd for a time  
 481 To walke the night, and all the day  
 482 Confinde in flaming fire,  
 694 483 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature  
 484 Are purged and burnt away.  
 485 *Ham.* Alas poore Ghoſt.  
 486 *Ghoſt* Nay pittie me not, but to my vnſolding  
 487 Lend thy liſtning care, but that I am forbid  
 696 488 To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe  
 489 I would a tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word  
 490 Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy yong blood,  
 491 Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,  
 492 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 493 And each particular haire to ſtand on end  
 702 494 Like quilts vpon the fretfull Porpentine;  
 495 But this fame blazon muſt not be, to eares of fleſh and blood  
  
 496 Hamlet, if euer thou didſt thy deere father loue.  
 706 497 *Ham.* O God.  
 498 *Gho.* Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murder :  
 499 *Ham.* Murder.  
 709 500 *Ghoſt* Yea, murder in the higheſt degree,  
 501 As in the leaſt tis bad,  
 502 But mine moſt foule, beaſtly, and vnnaturall.



*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.* (ther. 678

*Ham:* Where wilt thou lead me? fpeak; Ile go no fur- 679

*Gho.* Marke me. 680

*Ham.* I will. 681

*Gho.* My hower is almost come, 682

When I to fulphurous and tormenting Flames 683

Muft render vp my felfe. 684

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost. 685

*Gho.* Pitty me not, but lend thy ferious hearing 686

To what I fhall vnfold. 687

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare. 688

*Gho.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou fhalt heare. 689

*Ham.* What? 690

*Gho.* I am thy Fathers Spirit, 691

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night; 692

And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers, 693

Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature 694

Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid 695

To tell the fecrets of my Prifon-Houfe, 696

I could a Tale vnfold, whofe lighteft word 697

Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood, 698

Make thy two eyes like Starres, ftart from their Spheres, 699

Thy knotty and combined locks to part, 700

And each particular haire to ftand an end, 701

Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine: 702

But this eternall blaſon muft not be 703

To eares of fleſh and blood; lift *Hamlet*, oh lift, 704

If thou didft euer thy deare Father loue. 705

*Ham.* Oh Heauen! 706

*Gho.* Reuenge his foule and moſt vnnaturall Murther. 707

*Ham.* Murther? 708

*Ghost.* Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is; 709

But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall. 710

503 *Ham.* Hafte me to knowe it, that with wings as fwift as  
504 meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

714 505 *Ghoft* O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be  
506 Then the fat weede which rootes it felfe in cafe

507 On *Lethe* wharffe : brieft let me be.  
508 Tis giuen out, that fleeping in my orchard,  
509 A Serpent ftung me ; fo the whole care of *Denmarke*  
510 Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abufde:  
511 But know thou noble Youth : he that did ftung  
512 Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

724 513 *Ham.* O my prophetike foule, my vncler! my vncler!

514 *Ghoft* Yea he, that inceftuous wretch, wonne to his will

515 O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,  
516 So to feduce my moft feeming vertuous Queene,

517 But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,  
518 Though Lewdneffe court it in a fhape of heauen,

737 519 So Luft, though to a radiant angle linckt,

520 Would fate it felfe from a celeftiall bedde,

521 And prey on garbage : but foft, me thinks

739 522 I fent the mornings ayre, brieft let me be,

523 Sleeping within my Orchard, my cuftome alwayes

524 In the after noone, vpon my feure houre

742 525 Thy vncler came, with iuyce of Hebona

526 In a viall, and through the porches of my eares

527 Did powre the leaprous diftilment, whofe effect

*Ham.* Haft, haft me to know it, 710  
 That with wings as fwift 711  
 As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue, 712  
 May fweepe to my Reuenge. 713

*Ghoft.* I finde thee apt, 714  
 And duller should'ft thou be then the fat weede 715  
 That rots it felfe in eafe, on Lethe Wharfe, 716  
 Would'ft thou not firre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare : 717  
 It's giuen out, that fleeping in mine Orchard, 718  
 A Serpent ftung me : fo the whole eare of Denmarke, 719  
 Is by a forged proceffe of my death 720  
 Rankly abus'd : But know thou Noble youth, 721  
 The Serpent that did ftung thy Fathers life, 722  
 Now weares his Crowne. 723

*Ham.* O my Propheticke foule : mine Vncle ? 724

*Ghoft.* I that inceftuous, that adulterate Beaft 725  
 With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts. 726  
 Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power 727  
 So to feducer ? Won to to this shamefull Luft 728  
 The will of my moft feeming vertuous Queene : 729  
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there, 730  
 From me, whose loue was of that dignity, 731  
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow 732  
 I made to her in Marriage ; and to decline 733  
 Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore 734  
 To thofe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer will be moued, 735  
 Though Lewdneffe court it in a fhape of Heauen : 736  
 So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd, 737  
 Will fate it felfe in a Celeftiall bed, & prey on Garbage 738  
 But foft, me thinkes I fent the Mornings Ayre ; 739  
 Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard, 740  
 My custome alwayes in the afternoone ; 741  
 Vpon my fecure hower thy Vncle stole 742  
 With iuyce of curfed Hebenon in a Violl, 743  
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure 744  
 The leaperous Diftilment ; whose effect 745

528 Hold fuch an enmitie with blood of man,  
 529 That fwift as quickefilner, it pofeth through  
 530 The naturall gates and allies of the body,  
 531 And turnes the thinne and wholefome blood  
 532 Like eager dropings into milke.

754 533 And all my ſmoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.  
 534 Thus was I fleeping by a brothers hand  
 535 Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie

536 At once deprived, no reckoning made of,  
 537 But fent vnto my graue,  
 760 538 With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,  
 539 O horrible, moſt horrible!  
 540 *Ham.* O God!  
 541 *ghoſt* If thou haſt nature in thee, beare it not,

542 But howfoeuer, let not thy heart  
 543 Conſpire againſt thy mother aught,  
 544 Leaue her to heauen,  
 545 And to the burthen that her confcience beares.

770 546 I muſt be gone, the Glo-worme ſhewes the Martin  
 547 To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:  
 772 548 Hamlet adue, adue, adue : remember me. *Exit*  
 549 *Ham.* O all you hoſte of heauen ! O earth, what elſe?  
 550 And ſhall I couple hell; remember thee?

551 Yes thou poore Ghoſt; from the tables  
 781 552 Of my memorie, ile wipe away all fawes of Bookes,

Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,	746
That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through	747
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;	748
And with a sodaine vigour it doth poffet	749
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,	750
The thin and wholsome blood : so did it mine ;	751
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,	752
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruff,	753
All my smooth Body.	754
Thus was I, sleeing, by a Brothers hand,	755
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht ;	756
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,	757
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,	758
No reckoning made, but sent to my account	759
With all my imperfections on my head;	760
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:	761
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;	762
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be	763
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.	764
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,	765
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contriue	766
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,	767
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,	768
To picke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;	769
The Glow-worme shoves the Matine to be neere,	770
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:	771
Adue, adue, <i>Hamlet</i> : remember me. <i>Exit.</i>	772
<i>Ham.</i> Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?	773
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;	774
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;	775
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?	776
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a feate	777
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?	778
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,	779
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,	780

553 All triuiall fond conceites  
 554 That euer youth, or elfe obseruance noted,  
 555 And thy remembrance, all alone fhall fit.

556 Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitiuous villaine,

557 Murderons, bawdy, fmiling damned villaine,

788 558 (My tables) meet it is I fet it downe,

559 That one may fmile, and fmile, and be a villayne;

560 At leaft I am fure, it may be fo in *Denmarke*.

561 So vncke, there you are, there you are.

562 Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,

563 Soe t'is enough I haue fsworne.

798 564 *Hor.* My lord, my lord.

*Enter. Horatio,*

565 *Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

*and Marcellus.*

566 *Hor.* Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

567 *Ham.* Ill, lo, lo, fo, ho, fo, come boy, come.

568 *Hor.* Heauens fecure him.

569 *Mar.* How i'ft my noble lord?

570 *Hor.* What news my lord?

571 *Ham.* O wonderfull, wonderful.

808 572 *Hor.* Good my lord tel it.

573 *Ham.* No not I, you'l reueale it.

805 574 *Hor.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

575 *Mar.* Nor I my Lord.

576 *Ham.* How fay you then? would hart of man

577 Once thinke it? but you'l be fecret.

578 *Both.* I by heauen, my lord.

810 579 *Ham.* There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,

580 But hee's an arrant knaue

581 *Hor.* There need no Ghoft come from the graue to tell

582 you this.

583 *Ham.* Right, you are in the right, and therefore

All fawes of Bookes, all formes, all prefures paf,	781
That youth and obferuation coppied there;	782
And thy Commandment all alone fhall liue	783
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,	784
Vnmixt with bafier matter; yes, yes, by Heauen :	785
Oh moft pernicious woman!	786
Oh Villaine, Villaine, fmiling damned Villaine!	787
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I fet it downe,	788
That one may fmile, and fmile and be a Villaine;	789
At leaft I'm fure it may be fo in Denmarke;	790
So Vnckle there you are : now to my word;	791
It is; Aduie, Aduie, Remember me : I haue fworn't.	792
<i>Hor. &amp; Mar. within.</i> My Lord, my Lord,	793
<i>Enter Horatio and Marcellus.</i>	794
<i>Mar.</i> Lord Hamlet.	795
<i>Hor.</i> Heauen fecure him.	796
<i>Mar.</i> So be it.	797
<i>Hor.</i> Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.	798
<i>Ham.</i> Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.	799
<i>Mar.</i> How iff't my Noble Lord?	800
<i>Hor.</i> What newes, my Lord?	801
<i>Ham.</i> Oh wonderfull!	802
<i>Hor.</i> Good my Lord tell it.	803
<i>Ham.</i> No you'l reueale it.	804
<i>Hor.</i> Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.	805
<i>Mar.</i> Nor I, my Lord. (think it?)	806
<i>Ham.</i> How fay you then, would heart of man once	807
But you'l be fetret?	808
<i>Both.</i> I, by Heau'n, my Lord.	809
<i>Ham.</i> There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke	810
But hee's an arrant knaue.	811
<i>Hor.</i> There needs no Ghofit my Lord, come from the	812
Graue, to tell vs this.	813
<i>Ham.</i> Why right, you are i'th' right;	814

584 I holde it meet without more circumfiance at all,  
 585 Wee shake hands and part; you as your bufines  
 586 And defiers fhall leade you : for looke you,  
 587 Euery man hath bufines, and defires, fuch  
 588 As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

821 589 *Hor.* Thefe are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.  
 590 *Ham.* I am fory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

591 *Hor.* Ther's no offence my Lord.

592 *Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,  
 593 And much offence too, touching this vifion,  
 827 594 It is an honeft ghof, that let mee tell you,  
 595 For your defires to know what is betweene vs,  
 596 Or emafter it as you may:  
 597 And now kind frends, as you are frends,  
 830 598 Schollers and gentlmen.

599 Grant mee one poore request.

600 *Both.* What i'ft my Lord?

601 *Ham.* Neuer make known what you haue fecne to night

602 *Both.* My lord, we will not.

835 603 *Ham.* Nay but fweare.

836 604 *Hor.* In faith my Lord not I.

605 *Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

606 *Ham.* Nay vpon my fword, indeed vpon my fword.

607 *Gho.* Sweare.

608 *The Gof* vnder the *stage*.

609 *Ham.* Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the fellerige,

610 Here confent to fweare.

611 *Hor.* Propofe the oth my Lord.

612 *Ham.* Neuer to fpeake what you haue feene to night,

847 613 Sweare by my fword.

614 *Gof.* Sweare.



And so, without more circumstance at all,	815
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part :	816
You, as your business and desires shall point you :	817
For every man has his business and desire,	818
Such as it is : and for mine own poor part,	819
Look you, Ile goe pray.	820
<i>Hor.</i> These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.	821
<i>Ham.</i> I'm sorry they offend you heartily :	822
Yes faith, heartily.	823
<i>Hor.</i> There's no offence my Lord.	824
<i>Ham.</i> Yes, by Saint <i>Patrick</i> , but there is my Lord,	825
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere :	826
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you :	827
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,	828
O' remaster't as you may. And now good friends,	829
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,	830
Give me one poor request.	831
<i>Hor.</i> What is't my Lord? we will.	832
<i>Ham.</i> Neuer make known what you have seen to night.	833
<i>Both.</i> My Lord, we will not.	834
<i>Ham.</i> Nay, but swear't.	835
<i>Hor.</i> In faith my Lord, not I.	836
<i>Mar.</i> Nor I my Lord : in faith.	837
<i>Ham.</i> Vpon my sword.	838
<i>Marcell.</i> We have sworn my Lord already.	839
<i>Ham.</i> Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.	840
<i>Gho.</i> Swear, <i>Ghost cries vnder the Stage.</i>	841
<i>Ham.</i> Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true- penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge Consent to swear.	842 843 844
<i>Hor.</i> Propose the Oath my Lord.	845
<i>Ham.</i> Neuer to speake of this that you have seene.	846
Swear by my sword.	847
<i>Gho.</i> Swear.	848

615 *Ham.* *Hic & vbique*, nay then weele shift our ground:  
 616 Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes  
 617 Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake

618 Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

619 *Ghost* Sweare.

620 *Ham.* Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?

621 so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

622 *Hor.* Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

623 *Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

859 624 There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,

625 Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,

626 But come here, as before you neuer shall

627 How strange or odde foere I beare my selfe,

628 As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,

629 To put an Anticke disposition on,

630 That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

866 631 With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

632 Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phraze,

633 As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would.

634 Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:

635 Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,

636 This not to doe, so grace, and mercie

637 At your most need helpe you, sweare

874 638 *Ghost.* sweare.

639 *Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,

640 In all my loue I do commend mee to you,

641 And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,

642 To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,

643 Nay come lett's go together,

644 But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,

645 The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,

646 That euer I was borne to set it right,

647 Nay come lett's go together.

*Exeunt.*

*Ham.* *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd, 849  
 Come hither Gentlemen, 850  
 And lay your hands againe vpon my sword, 851  
 Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard : 852  
 Swear by my Sword. 853

*Gho.* Swear. (fast? 854

*Ham.* Well said old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground fo 855  
 A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends. 856

*Hor.* Oh day and night:but this is wondrous strange. 857

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome. 858  
 There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*, 859  
 Then are dream't of in our Philofophy But come, 860  
 Here as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy, 861  
 How strange or odde fo ere I beare my selfe; 862  
 (As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet 863  
 To put an Anticke difpofition on :) 864  
 That you at fuch time feeing me, neuer shall 865  
 With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake; 866  
 Or by pronouncing of fome doubtfull Phrafe; 867  
 As well, we know, or we could and if we would, 868  
 Or if we list to speake ; or there be and if there might, 869  
 Or fuch ambiguous giuing out to note, 870  
 That you know ought of me; this not to doe : 871  
 So grace and mercy at your moft neede helpe you : 872  
 Swear. 873

*Ghoft.* Swear. 874

*Ham.* Rest, rest perturbed Spirit : fo Gentlemen, 875  
 With all my loue I doe commend me to you ; 876  
 And what fo poore a man as *Hamlet* is, 877  
 May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you, 878  
 God willing shall not lacke : let vs goe in together, 879  
 And still your fingers on your lippes I pray, 880  
 The time is out of ioynt : Oh curfed spight, 881  
 That euer I was borne to fet it right. 882  
 Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.* 883

884 648 *Enter Corambis, and Montano.*  
649 *Cor. Montano, here, these letters to my sonne,*  
650 *And this same money with my blessing to him,*  
651 *And bid him ply his learning good Montano.*  
886 652 *Mon. I will my lord.*

903 653 *Cor. You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,*  
654 *I knew the gentleman, or know his father,*  
655 *To inquire the manner of his life,*  
656 *As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,*  
657 *You may say, you saw him at such a time, mark you mee,*

912 658 *At game, or drinking, swearing, or drabbing,*  
659 *You may go so farre.*

---

*Actus Secundus.*


---

<i>Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.</i>	884
<i>Polon.</i> Giue him his money, and these notes <i>Reynoldo.</i>	885
<i>Reynol.</i> I will my Lord.	886
<i>Polon.</i> You shall doe maruels wifely : good <i>Reynoldo,</i>	887
Before you visite him you make inquiry	888
Of his behaiour.	889
<i>Reynol.</i> My Lord, I did intend it.	890
<i>Polon.</i> Marry, well faid ;	891
Very well faid. Looke you Sir,	892
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;	893
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe :	894
What company, at what expence : and finding	895
By this encompassment and drift of question,	896
That they doe know my sonne : Come you more neerer	897
Then your particular demands will touch it,	898
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,	899
And thus I know his father and his friends,	900
And in part him. Doe you marke this <i>Reynoldo</i> ?	901
<i>Reynol.</i> I, very well my Lord.	902
<i>Polon.</i> And in part him, but you may say not well;	903
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;	904
Addicted so and so; and there put on him	905
What forgeries you please : marry, none so ranke,	906
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that :	907
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,	908
As are Companions noted and most knowne	909
To youth and liberty.	910
<i>Reynol.</i> As gaming my Lord.	911
<i>Polon.</i> I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,	912
Quarelling, drabbiug. You may goe so farre.	913

914 660 *Mon.* My lord, that will impeach his reputation.  
 661 *Cor.* I faith not a whit, no not a whit,

932 662 Now happely hee clofeth with you in the confequence,  
 663 As you may bridle it not difparage him a iote.

938 664 What was I a bout to fay.

665 *Mon.* Hee clofeth with him in the confequence  
 666 *Cor.* I, you fay right, hee clofeth with him thus,  
 667 This will hee fay, let mee fee what hee will fay,  
 668 Mary this, I faw him yefterday, or tother day,  
 669 Or then, or at fuch a time, a dicing,  
 670 Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring  
 671 Of a bowfe of lightnes viz. brothell,

<i>Reynol.</i> My Lord that would dishonour him.	914
<i>Polon.</i> Faith no, as you may see in the charge;	915
You must not put another scandal on him,	916
That hee is open to Incontinencie;	917
That's not my meaning : but breath his faults so quaintly,	918
That they may seeme the taints of liberty ;	919
The flash and out-broke of a fiery minde,	920
A saugenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.	921
<i>Reynol.</i> But my good Lord.	922
<i>Polon.</i> Wherefore should you doe this ?	923
<i>Reynol.</i> I my Lord, I would know that.	924
<i>Polon.</i> Marry Sir, heere's my drift,	925
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:	926
You laying these flight full eyes on my Sonne,	927
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working: (found,	928
Marke you your party in conuerse ; him you would	929
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,	930
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd	931
He closes with you in this consequence:	932
Good fir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.	933
According to the Phrase and the Addition,	934
Of man and Country.	935
<i>Reynol.</i> Very good my Lord.	936
<i>Polon.</i> And then Sir does he this ?	937
He does : what was I about to say ?	938
I was about to say something : where did I leaue ?	939
<i>Reynol.</i> At closes in the consequence :	940
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.	941
<i>Polon.</i> At closes in the consequence, I marry,	942
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,	943
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;	944
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,	945
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,	946
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,	947
I saw him enter such a house of faile;	948
<i>Videlicet,</i> a Brothell, or so forth. See you now; .	949

672 Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,

673 By indirections, finde directions forth,

674 And fo fhall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

675 *Mon.* I haue my lord.

676 *Cor.* Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

677 *Mon.* I will my lord.

961 678 *Cor.* And bid him ply his musicke

679 *Mon.* My lord I wil. *exit.*

963 680 *Enter, Ofelia.*

681 *Cor.* Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

682 *Ofe.* O my deare father, such a change in nature,

683 So great an alteration in a Prince,

684 So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,

685 A maidens eye ne're looked on.

686 *Cor.* Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

687 *Of.* O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,

688 Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,

689 The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most

690 Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,

968 691 Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,

692 There comes hee to mee with a diftracted looke,

971 693 His garters lagging downe, his shooes 'ntide,



Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth ;	950
And thus doe we of wifedome and of reach	951
With windleffes, and with affaies of Bias,	952
By indirections finde directions out :	953
So by my former Lecture and aduice	954
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not ?	955
<i>Reynol.</i> My Lord I haue.	956
<i>Polon.</i> God buy you; fare you well.	957
<i>Reynol.</i> Good my Lord.	958
<i>Polon.</i> Obserue his inclination in your selfe.	959
<i>Reynol.</i> I shall my Lord.	960
<i>Polon.</i> And let him ply his Muficke.	961
<i>Reynol.</i> Well, my Lord. <i>Exit.</i>	962
<i>Enter Ophelia.</i>	
<i>Polon.</i> Farewell :	963
How now <i>Ophelia</i> , what's the matter ?	964
<i>Ophe.</i> Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.	965
<i>Polon.</i> With what, in the name of Heauen ?	966
<i>Ophe.</i> My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,	968
Lord <i>Hamlet</i> with his doublet all vnbrac'd,	969
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,	970
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,	971
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other,	972
And with a looke so pitious in purport,	973
As if he had been loofed out of hell,	974
To fpeake of horrors : he comes before me.	975
<i>Polon.</i> Mad for thy Loue ?	976
<i>Ophe.</i> My Lord, I doe not know : but truly I do feare it.	977

982 694 And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,  
 695 As if they had vow'd, this is their lateſt obieſt.  
 696 Small while he ſtoode, but gripes me by the wrift,

697 And there he holdes my pulſe till with a figh  
 698 He doth vnclaſpe his holde, and parts away  
 699 Silent, as is the mid time of the night:  
 700 And as he went, his eie was ſtill on mee,  
 701 For thus his head ouer his ſhoulder looked,  
 702 He ſeemed to finde the way without his eies:  
 992 703 For out of doores he went without their helpe,  
 704 And ſo did leaue me.

994 705 *Cor.* Madde for thy loue,

999 706 What haue you giuen him any croſſe wordes of late?  
 707 *Oſelia* I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,  
 708 As you did charge me.

709 *Cor.* Why that hath made him madde:

1007 710 By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to caſt  
 711 Beyond our ſelues, as t'is for the yonger ſort  
 712 To leaue their wantonneſſe. Well, I am ſory  
 713 That I was ſo raſh: but what remedy?  
 714 Lets to the King, this madneſſe may prooue,  
 715 Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

<i>Polon.</i> What faid he?	978
<i>Ophe.</i> He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard ;	979
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;	980
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,	981
He fals to fuch perufall of my face,	982
As he would draw it. Long ftaid he fo,	983
At laft, a little fhaking of mine Arme :	984
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;	985
He rais'd a figh, fo pittious and profound,	986
That it did feeme to fhatter all his bulke,	987
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,	988
And with his head ouer his fhoulders turn'd,	989
He feem'd to finde his way without his eyes,	990
For out adores he went without their helpe;	991
And to the laft, bended their light on me.	992
<i>Polon.</i> Goe with me, I will goe feeke the King,	993
This is the very extafie of Loue,	994
Whofe violent property foredoes it felfe,	995
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,	996
As oft as any paffion vnder Heauen,	997
That does afflict our Natures. I am forrie,	998
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late ?	999
<i>Ophe.</i> No my good Lord : but as you did command,	1000
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de	1001
His acceffe to me.	1002
<i>Pol.</i> That hath made him mad.	1003
I am forrie that with better fpeed and iudgement	1004
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,	1005
And meant to wracke thee : but beshrew my iéaloufie	1006
It feemes it is as proper to our Age,	1007
To caft beyond our felues in our Opinions,	1008
As it is common for the yonger fort	1009
To lacke difcretion. Come, go we to the King,	1010
This muft be knowne, w̄ being kept clofe might moue	1011
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1012

1013 716 *Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.*

717 *King* Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet  
718 Hath loft the very heart of all his fence,  
719 It is most right, and we most fory for him;

1024 720 Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender  
721 Our care to him, and our great loue to you,

1029 722 That you will labour but to wring from him  
723 The cause and ground of his distemperancie.  
724 Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankfull.

725 *Rof.* My Lord, whatfoeuer lies within our power  
726 Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes  
727 Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound  
728 By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

---

*Scena Secunda.*


---

<i>Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-</i>	1013
<i>sterne Cumalys.</i>	1014
<i>King.</i> Welcome deere <i>Rosincrance</i> and <i>Guilden-</i>	1015
<i>sterne.</i>	
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,	1016
The neede we haue to see you, did prouoke	1017
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard	1018
Of <i>Hamlets</i> transformation : so I call it,	1019
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man	1020
Refembles that it was. What it should bee	1021
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him	1022
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,	1023
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,	1024
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him :	1025
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,	1026
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court	1027
Some little time: so by your Companies	1028
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather	1029
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,	1030
That open'd lies within our remedie.	1031
<i>Qu.</i> Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,	1032
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,	1033
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you	1034
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,	1035
As to expend your time with vs a-while,	1036
For the supply and profit of our Hope,	1037
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks	1038
As fits a Kings remembrance.	1039
<i>Rosin.</i> Both your Maiesties	1040
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,	1041
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command	1042
Then to Entreatie.	1043

- 1045 729 *Guil.* What we may doe for both your Maiesties  
 730 To know the grieffe troubles the Prince your sonne,  
 731 We willindeuour all the best we may,  
 732 So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.  
 733 *King* Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Roffencraft.  
 734 *Que.* Thankes Roffencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

735 *Enter Corambis and Ofelia.*

- 1058 736 *Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully  
 737 Return'd from *Norway*.  
 738 *King* Thou still haft beene the father of good news.  
 739 *Cor.* Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,  
 740 I holde my duetie as I holde my life,  
 741 Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:  
 742 And I beleeeue, or else this braine of mine  
 743 Hunts not the traine of policie so well  
 744 As it had wont to doe, but I haue found  
 1067 745 The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

746 *Queene* God graunt he hath.

747 *Enter the Ambassadors.*

- 1078 748 *King* Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?  
 749 *Volt.* Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,

<i>Guil.</i> We both obey,	1044
And here giue vp our felues, in the full bent,	1045
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,	1046
To be commanded.	1047
<i>King.</i> Thankes <i>Rofincrance</i> , and gentle <i>Guildenfterne</i> .	1048
<i>Qu.</i> Thankes <i>Guildenfterne</i> and gentle <i>Rofincrance</i> .	1049
And I befeech you instantly to vifit	1050
My too much changed Sonne.	1051
Go fome of ye,	1052
And bring the Gentlemen where <i>Hamlet</i> is.	1053
<i>Guil.</i> Heauens make our prefece and our praëtifes	1054
Pleasant and helpful to him.	<i>Exit.</i> 1055
<i>Queene.</i> Amen.	1056
<i>Enter Polonius.</i>	1057
<i>Pol.</i> Th'Ambaffadors from Norway, my good Lord,	1058
Are ioyfully return'd.	1059
<i>King.</i> Thou ftill haft bin the Father of good Newes.	1060
<i>Pol.</i> Haue I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Liege,	1061
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,	1062
Both to my God, one to my gracious King :	1063
And I do thinke, or elfe this braine of mine	1064
Hunts not the traile of Policie, fo fure	1065
As I haue vs'd to do : that I haue found	1066
The very caufe of <i>Hamlets</i> Lunacie.	1067
<i>King.</i> Oh fpeake of that, that I do long to heare.	1068
<i>Pol.</i> Giue firft admittance to th'Ambaffadors,	1069
My Newes fhall be the Newes to that great Feaft.	1070
<i>King.</i> Thy felfe do grace to them, and bring them in.	1071
He tels me my fweet <i>Queene</i> , that he hath found	1072
The head and fourfe of all your Sonnes diftemper.	1073
<i>Qu.</i> I doubt it is no other, but the maine,	1074
His Fathers death, and our o're-hafty Marriage.	1075
<i>Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.</i>	1076
<i>King.</i> Well, we fhall lift him. Welcome good Friends:	1077
Say <i>Voltumand</i> , what from our Brother Norway ?	1078
<i>Volt.</i> Moft faire returne of Greetings, and Defires.	1079

- 750 Vpon our first he sent forth to suppress  
 751 His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd  
 752 To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:  
 753 But better look't into, he truely found  
 754 It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,  
 1085 755 That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence,  
 756 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests  
 757 On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,  
 758 Receiues rebuke from *Norway*:and in fine,  
 759 Makes vow before his vnclē, neuer more  
 760 To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,  
 1091 761 Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,  
 762 Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,  
 763 And his Commission to employ those souldiers,  
 764 So leuied as before, against the Polacke,  
 765 With an intreaty heerein further shewne,  
 766 That it would please you to giue quiet passe  
 767 Through your dominions, for that enterprife  
 768 On such regardes offafety and allowances  
 769 As therein are set downe.  
 1100 770 *King* It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure  
  
 771 Weele reade and answere these his Articles,  
 772 Meane time we thanke you for your well  
 773 Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast together:  
 774 Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*  
 1106 775 *Cor.* This busines is very well dispatched.  
 776 Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,  
 777 Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:  
 778 Now to know the cause of this effect,  
 1125 779 Or else to say the cause of this defect,  
 780 For this effect defectiue comes by cause.



Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress	1080
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd	1081
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak :	1082
But better look'd into, he truly found	1083
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,	1084
That fo his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence	1085
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests	1086
On <i>Fortinbras</i> , which he (in breefe) obeyes,	1087
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,	1088
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more	1089
To giue th'affay of Armes against your Maiestie.	1090
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,	1091
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,	1092
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers	1093
So leuied as before, against the Poleak :	1094
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,	1095
That it might please you to giue quiet passe	1096
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,	1097
On such regards of safaty and allowance,	1098
As therein are fet downe.	1099
<i>King.</i> It likes vs well :	1100
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,	1101
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.	1102
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.	1103
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.	1104
Most welcome home,	<i>Exit Ambass.</i> 1105
<i>Pol.</i> This businesse is very well ended.	1106
My Liege, and Madam, to exostulate	1107
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,	1108
Why day is day ; night, night ; and time is time.	1109
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.	1110
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,	1111
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,	1112
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad :	1113
Mad call I it ; for to define true Madnesse,	1114
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.	1115
But let that go.	1116

1117 78r *Queene* Good my Lord be briefe.

1127 782 *Cor.* Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter.

783 Haue while thee's mine: for that we thinke

784 Is surest, we often loofe:now to the Prince.

785 My Lord, but note this letter,

786 The which my daughter in obedience

787 Deliuer'd to my handes.

1129 788 *King* Reade it my Lord. *Cor.* Marke my Lord.

1138 789 Doubt that in earth is fire,

790 Doubt that the starres doe moue,

791 Doubt trueth to be a liar,

792 But doe not doubt I loue.

793 To the beautifull *Ofelia*;

1145 794 Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.

<i>Qu.</i> More matter, with lesse Art.	1117
<i>Pol.</i> Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all :	1118
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pittie,	1119
And pittie it is true : A foolish figure,	1120
But farewell it : for I will vse no Art.	1121
Mad let vs grant him then : and now remaines	1122
That we finde out the caufe of this effect,	1123
Or rather say, the caufe of this defect ;	1124
For this effect defectiue, comes by caufe,	1125
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,	1126
I haue a daughter : haue, whil't she is mine,	1127

Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,	1128
Hath giuen me this : now gather, and surmise.	1129

*The Letter.* 1130

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.* 1131

That's an ill Phraze, a vilde Phraze, beautified is a vilde  
Phraze : but you shall heare these in her excellent white  
bosome, these. 1135

*Qu.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her. 1136

*Pol.* Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull. 1137

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,* 1138

*Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue :* 1139

*Doubt Truth to be a Lier,* 1140

*But neuer Doubt, I loue.* 1141

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers : I haue not Art to* 1142

*reckon my grones ; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-* 1143

*leeue it. Adieu.* 1144

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this* 1145

*Machine is to him, Hamlet.* 1146

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me : 1147

And more about hath his soliciting, 1148

795 My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?  
 796 I, or what might you thinke when I fawe this?  
 1153 797 *King* As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.  
 1154 798 *Cor.* I would be glad to prooue fo.

1163 799 Now when I faw this letter, thus I befpage my maiden:  
 800 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,  
 801 And one that is vnequall for your loue:  
 802 Therefore I did commaund her refufe his letters,  
 803 Deny his tokens, and to absent her felfe.  
 804 Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.  
 805 Now fince which time, feeing his loue thus crofs'd,  
 806 Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,  
 807 He ftraitway grew into a melancholy,  
 808 From that vnto a faft, then vnto diftraction,  
 1170 809 Then into a fadneffe, from that vnto a madneffe,  
 810 And fo by continuance, and weakeneffe of the braine

811 Into this frenfie, which now poffeffeth him:  
 812 And if this be not true, take this from this.  
 813 *King* Thinke you t'is fo?

814 *Cor.* How? fo my Lord, I would very faine know  
 815 That thing that I haue faide t is fo, pofitiuely,  
 816 And it hath fallen out otherwife.

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,	1149
All giuen to mine eare.	1150
<i>King.</i> But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?	1151
<i>Pol.</i> What do you thinke of me ?	1152
<i>King.</i> As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.	1153
<i>Pol.</i> I wold faine proue so. But what might you think ?	1154
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,	1155
As I perceiued it, I must tell you that	1156
Before my Daughter told me, what might you	1157
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,	1158
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,	1159
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,	1160
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,	1161
What might you thinke ? No, I went round to worke,	1162
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake	1163
Lord <i>Hamlet</i> is a Prince out of thy Starre,	1164
This must not be : and then, I Precepts gaue her,	1165
That she should locke her selfe from his Refort,	1166
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens :	1167
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,	1168
And he repulfed. A short Tale to make,	1169
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,	1170
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,	1171
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension	1172
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,	1173
And all we waile for.	1174
<i>King.</i> Do you thinke 'tis this ?	1175
<i>Qu.</i> It may be very likely.	1176
<i>Pol.</i> Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,	1177
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,	1178
When it prou'd otherwise ?	1179
<i>King.</i> Not that I know.	1180

817 Nay, if circumstances leade me on,  
 818 Ile finde it out, if it were hid  
 819 As deepe as the centre of the earth.  
 820 *King.* how should wee trie this fame?  
 821 *Cor.* Mary my good lord thus,  
 1187 822 The Princes walke is here in the galery,

823 There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:  
 824 Your selfe and I will stand clofe in the study;  
 825 There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,  
 826 And if it proue any otherwife then loue,  
 827 Then let my cenfure faile an other time.

1198 828 *King.* see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

1197 829 *Enter Hamlet.*

830 *Cor.* Madame, will it please your grace  
 831 To leaue vs here?  
 832 *Que.* With all my hart. *exit.*

833 *Cor.* And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,  
 834 And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.  
 1704 835 *Ham.* To be, or not to be, I there's the point,  
 836 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:  
 837 No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,  
 838 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,  
 839 And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,  
 840 From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,  
 1727 841 The vndiscovered country, at whose sight  
 842 The happy smile, and the accurled damn'd.  
 843 But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,  
 844 Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,  
 845 Scorned by the right rich, the rich curf'd of the poore?

*Pol.* Take this from this; if this be otherwise, 1181  
 If Circumstances leade me, I will finde 1182  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede 1183  
 Within the Center. 1184

*King.* How may we try it further? 1185

*Pol.* You know sometimes 1186  
 He walkes foure houres together, heere 1187  
 In the Lobby. 1188

*Qu.* So he ha's indeed. 1189

*Pol.* At such a time Ile loofe my Daughter to him, 1190  
 Be you and I behinde an Arras then, 1191  
 Marke the encounter : If he loue her not, 1192  
 And be not from his reafon falne thereon ; 1193  
 Let me be no Assifant for a State, 1194  
 And keepe a Farme and Carters. 1195

*King.* We will try it. 1196

*Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.* 1197

*Qu.* But looke where fadly the poore wretch 1198  
 Comes reading. 1199

*Pol.* Away I do befeech you, both away, 1200  
 Ile boord him prefently. *Exit King & Queen.* 1201

- 1719 846 The widow being oppreffed, the orphan wrong'd,  
 847 The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,  
 848 And thoufand more calamities besides,  
 1725 849 To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,  
 850 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,  
 851 With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,  
 852 But for a hope of something after death?  
 853 Which puffes the braine, and doth confound the fence,  
 854 Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,  
 1730 855 Than flie to others that we know not of.  
 856 I that, O this confcience makes cowardes of vs all,  
 1737 857 Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.  
 1743 858 *Ofel.* My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now  
 859 I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a fmall remem-  
 860 brance, fuch tokens which I haue receiued of you.  
 861 *Ham.* Are you faire?  
 862 *Ofel.* My Lord.  
 863 *Ham.* Are you honeft?  
 1755 864 *Ofel.* What meanes my Lord?  
 865 *Ham.* That if you be faire and honeft,  
 866 Your beauty fhould admit no difcourfe to your honefty.  
 867 *Ofel.* My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than  
 868 with honefty?  
 1760 869 *Ham.* Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme  
 870 Honefty, from what fhe was into a bawd:  
 871 Then Honefty can transforme Beauty:  
 872 This was fometimes a Paradox,  
 873 But now the time giues it fcope.  
 874 I neuer gaue you nothing.  
 1746 875 *Ofel.* My Lord, you know right well you did,  
 876 And with them fuch earnest vowes of loue,  
 877 As would haue moou'd the ftonieft breaft aliue,  
 878 But now too true I finde,  
 879 Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.  
 880 *Ham.* I neuer loued you.  
 1765 881 *Ofel.* You made me beleue you did.





- 882 *Ham.* O thou shouldst not a beleued me !  
 1770 883 Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou  
 884 Be a breeder of finners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,  
 885 But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes  
 886 It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,  
 887 O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,  
 888 With more sinnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts  
 889 To put them in, what should such fellows as I  
 1777 890 Do, crawling between heauen and earth?  
 891 To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,  
 892 Beleuee none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.  
 893 *Ofel.* O heauens secure him!  
 894 *Ham.* Wher's thy father?  
 895 *Ofel.* At home my lord.  
 896 *Ham.* For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,  
 1782 897 He may play the foole no where but in his  
 898 Owne house:to a Nunnery goe.  
 899 *Ofel.* Help him good God.  
 900 *Ham.* If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee  
 901 This plague to thy dowry:  
 1785 902 Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,  
 1786 903 Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.  
 904 *Ofel.* Alas, what change is this?  
 905 *Ham.* But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,  
 906 For wisemen know well enough,  
 907 What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.  
 908 *Ofel.* Pray God restore him.  
 1792 909 *Ham.* Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,  
 910 God hath giuen you one face,  
 911 And you make your selues another,  
 912 You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,  
 913 Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance,  
 914 A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,  
 915 It hath made me madde : Ile no more marriages,  
 916 All that are married but one, shall liue,



- 917 The rest fhall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,  
 918 To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*
- 1800 919 *Ofe.* Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?  
 920 The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,  
 921 All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,  
 1811 922 To a feene what I haue feene, see what I fee. *exit.*  
 923 *King* Loue? No, no, that's not the caufe, *Enter King and*  
 924 Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*  
 925 *Cor.* Wel, fomething it is:my Lord, content you a while,  
 926 I will my felfe goe feele him:let me worke,  
 927 Ile try him euery way : see where he comes,  
 928 Send you thofe Gentlemen, let me alone  
 929 To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*
- 930 Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*
- 1205 931 *Ham.* Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.  
 932 *Cor.* Not I my Lord.  
 933 *Ham.* Then fir, I would you were fo honest a man,
- 934 For to be honest, as this age goes,  
 1210 935 Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.
- 936 *Cor.* What doe you reade my Lord?  
 1224 937 *Ham.* Wordes, wordes.

- Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*? 1202  
*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy. 1203  
*Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord? 1204  
*Ham.* Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger. 1205  
*Pol.* Not I my Lord. 1206  
*Ham.* Then I would you were fo honest a man. 1207  
*Pol.* Honest, my Lord? 1208  
*Ham.* I fir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee 1209  
one man pick'd out of two thousand. 1210  
*Pol.* That's very true, my Lord. 1211  
*Ham.* For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, 1212  
being a good kissing Carrion 1213  
Haue you a daughter? 1214  
*Pol.* I haue my Lord. 1215  
*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th'Sunne : Conception is a 1216  
blesing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend 1217  
looke too't. 1218  
*Pol.* How fay you by that? Still harping on my daugh- 1219  
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon- 1220  
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, 1221  
I suffred much extreimity for loue: very neere this. Ile 1222  
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord? 1223  
*Ham.* Words, words, words. 1224

938 *Cor.* What's the matter my Lord?

939 *Ham.* Betweene who?

940 *Cor.* I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

941 *Ham.* Mary most vile herefie:

942 For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,

943 That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,

1232 944 Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges.

945 All which fir, I most potently beleeeue not:

946 For fir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,

947 If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

948 *Cor.* How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:

949 Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:

950 All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue.

951 And when I was yong, I was very idle,

952 And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:

1239 953 Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

954 *Ham.* Into my graue.

955 *Cor.* By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,

956 Very shrewd anfwers,

1251 957 My lord I will take my leaue of you.

<i>Pol.</i> What is the matter, my Lord?	1225
<i>Ham.</i> Betweene who?	1226
<i>Pol.</i> I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.	1227
<i>Ham.</i> Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall flauē faies here,	1228
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-	1229
kled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree	1230
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,	1231
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I	1232
most powerfully, and potently beleeeue; yet I holde it	1233
not Honeſtie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your	1234
ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could	1235
go backward.	1236

<i>Pol.</i> Though this be madneſſe,	1237
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke	1238
Out of the ayre my Lord?	1239
<i>Ham.</i> Into my Graue?	1240
<i>Pol.</i> Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:	1241
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are?	1242

A happineſſe,	1243
That often Madneſſe hits on,	1244
Which Reaſon and Sanitie could not	1245
So proſperouſly be deliuer'd of.	1246
I will leaue him,	1247
And ſodainely contriue the meanes of meeting	1248
Betweene him, and my daughter.	1249
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly	1250
Take my leaue of you.	1251
<i>Ham.</i> You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I	1252
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my	1253
life.	1254

- 1259 958 *Enter Gilderstone, and Roffencraft.*  
 959 *Ham.* You can take nothing from me fir,  
 960 I will more willingly part with all,  
 961 Olde doating foole.  
 962 *Cor,* You feeke Prince Hamlet, fee, there he is. *exit.*
- 963 *Gil.* Health to your Lordship.
- 1263 964 *Ham.* What, Gilderstone, and Roffencraft,  
 965 Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elfanoure.*
- 966 *Gil.* We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad  
 967 You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*



<i>Polon.</i> Fare you well my Lord.	1255
<i>Ham.</i> These tedious old fooles.	1256
<i>Polon.</i> You goe to seeke my Lord <i>Hamlet</i> ; there hee is.	1257 1258

*Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.* 1259

<i>Rosin.</i> God saue you Sir.	1260
<i>Guild.</i> Mine honour'd Lord?	1261
<i>Rosin.</i> My most deare Lord?	1262
<i>Ham.</i> My excellent good friends? How do'ft thou <i>Guildensterne?</i> Oh, <i>Rosincrane</i> ; good Lads: How doe ye both?	1263 1264 1265

<i>Rosin.</i> As the indifferent Children of the earth.	1266
<i>Guild.</i> Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on For- tunes Cap, we are not the very Button.	1267 1268
<i>Ham.</i> Nor the Soales of her Shoo?	1269
<i>Rosin.</i> Neither my Lord.	1270
<i>Ham.</i> Then you liue about her waste, or in the mid- dle of her fauour?	1271 1272
<i>Guil.</i> Faith, her priuates, we.	1273
<i>Ham.</i> In the secreet parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?	1274 1275
<i>Rosin.</i> None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.	1276 1277
<i>Ham.</i> Then is Doomefday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prifon hither?	1278 1279 1280 1281
<i>Guil.</i> Prifon, my Lord?	1282
<i>Ham.</i> Denmark's a Prifon.	1283

968 *Ham.* I thanke you, but is this vifitation free of

1319 969 Your felues, or were you not fent for?

- Rofin.* Then is the World one. 1284
- Ham.* A goodly one, in which there are many Con- 1285  
fines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' 1286  
worft. 1287
- Rofin.* We thinke not fo my Lord, 1288
- Ham.* Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing 1289  
either good or bad, but thinking makes it fo : to me it is 1290  
a prifon. 1291
- Rofin.* Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis 1292  
too narrow for your minde. 1293
- Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and 1294  
count my felfe a King of infinite fpace; were it not that 1295  
I haue bad dreames. 1296
- Guil.* Which dreames indeed are Ambition : for the 1297  
very fubftance of the Ambitious, is meerely the fhadow 1298  
of a Dreame. 1299
- Ham.* A dreame it felfe is but a fhadow. 1300
- Rofin.* Truely, and I hold Ambition of fo ayry and 1301  
light a quality, that it is but a fhadowes fhadow. 1302
- Ham.* Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Mo- 1303  
narchs and out-ftretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes : 1304  
fhall wee to th' Court : for, by my fey I cannot rea- 1305  
fon ? 1306
- Both.* Wee'l wait vpon you. 1307
- Ham.* No fuch matter. I will not fort you with the 1308  
reft of my feruants : for to fpeake to you like an honeft 1309  
man : I am moft dreadfully attended; but in the beaten 1310  
way of friendship. What make you at *Elfonower*? 1311
- Rofin.* To vifit you my Lord, no other occafion. 1312
- Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; 1313  
but I thanke you : and fure deare friends my thanks 1314  
are too deare a halfe peny; were you not fent for? Is it 1315  
your owne inclining? Is it a free vifitation? Come, 1316  
deale iuftly with me : come, come; nay fpeake. 1317
- Guil.* What fhould we fay my Lord ? 1318
- Ham.* Why any thing. But to the purpofe; you were 1319

970 Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene  
 971 Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:  
 972 Come, I know you were sent for.

973 *Gil.* What fay you?

974 *Ham.* Nay then I see how the winde fits,

975 Come, you were sent for.

1333 976 *Roff.* My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,  
 977 Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

978 *Ham.* Why I want preferment.

979 *Roff.* I thinke not fo my lord.

980 *Ham.* Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,

981 No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,

1344 982 No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,

1350 983 Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

fent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; 1320  
 which your modesties haue not craft enough to co- 1321  
 lor, I know the good King & Queene haue fent for you. 1322

*Rofin.* To what end my Lord? 1323

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let mee coniure 1324  
 you by the rights of our fellowship, by the confonancy of 1325  
 our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preferued loue, 1326  
 and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge 1327  
 you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you 1328  
 were fent for or no. 1329

*Rofin.* What say you? 1330

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me 1331  
 hold not off. 1332

*Guil.* My Lord, we were fent for. 1333

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation 1334  
 preuent your discovery of your fecricie to the King and 1335  
 Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore 1336  
 I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex- 1337  
 ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi- 1338  
 on; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster- 1339  
 rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, 1340  
 look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, 1341  
 fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing 1342  
 to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va- 1343  
 pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in 1344  
 Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing 1345  
 how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An- 1346  
 gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the 1347  
 world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is 1348  
 this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, 1349  
 nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme 1350  
 to say so. 1351

984 *Gil.* My lord, we laugh not at that.

1354 985 *Ham.* Why did you laugh then,

986 When I faid, Man did not content mee?

987 *Gil.* My Lord, we laughed, when you faid, Man did not

988 content you.

989 What entertainment the Players shall haue,

1358 990 We boarded them a the way: they are comming to you.

1367 991 *Ham.* Players, what Players be they? —

992 *Roff.* My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

993 Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (ftie?)

994 *Ham.* How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

995 *Gil.* No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

996 *Ham.* How then?

997 *Gil.* Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

998 For the principall publike audience that

999 Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,

1380 1000 And to the humour of children.

*Rofin.* My Lord , there was no fuch fluffe in my thoughts. 1352  
1353

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, when I faid, Man delights not me? 1354  
1355

*Rofin.* To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players fhall receiue from you : wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice. 1356  
1357  
1358  
1359

*Ham.* He that playes the King fhall be welcome; his Maiefty fhall haue Tribute of mee : the aduenturous Knight fhall vfe his Foyle and Target : the Louer fhall not figh *gratis*, the humorous man fhall end his part in peace : the Clowne fhall make thofe laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' fere : and the Lady fhall fay her minde freely; or the blanke Verfe fhall halt for't : what Players are they? 1360  
1361  
1362  
1363  
1364  
1365  
1366  
1367

*Rofin.* Euen thofe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City. 1368  
1369

*Ham.* How chanches it they trauaile ? their refidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes. 1370  
1371  
1372

*Rofin.* I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation? 1373  
1374

*Ham.* Doe they hold the fame eftimation they did when I was in the City? Are they fo follow'd? 1375  
1376

*Rofin.* No indeed, they are not. 1377

*Ham.* How comes it? doe they grow ruffy? 1378

*Rofin.* Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted 1379

pace ; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of queftion ; and are moft tyrannically clap't for't : thefe are now the fashion, and fo be-ratled the common Stages (fo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goofe-quils, and dare fcarfe come thither. 1380  
1381  
1382  
1383  
1384  
1385

1001 *Ham.* I doe not greatly wonder of it,  
 1002 For those that would make mops and moes  
 1003 At my vnclē, when my father liued,  
 1405 1004 Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds  
 1005 For his picture : but they shall be welcome,  
 1361 1006 He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,  
 1007 The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,  
 1008 The louer shall figh gratis,  
 1009 The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,  
 1365 1010 That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt  
 1011 And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.  
 1012 *The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.*



*Ham.* What are they Children? Who maintains' em? 1386  
 How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no 1387  
 longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards 1388  
 if they should grow themselves to common Players (as 1389  
 it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Wri- 1390  
 ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their 1391  
 owne Succession. 1392

*Rosin.* Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: 1393  
 and the Nation holds it no finne, to tarre them to Con- 1394  
 trouerfie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu- 1395  
 ment, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in 1396  
 the Question. 1397

*Ham.* Is't possible? 1398

*Guild.* Oh there ha's bene much throwing about of 1399  
 Braines. 1400

*Ham.* Do the Boyes carry it away? 1401

*Rosin.* I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too. 1402

*Ham.* It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of 1403  
 Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him 1404

while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred 1405  
 Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is some- 1406  
 thing in this more then Naturall, if Philofophie could 1407  
 finde it out. 1408

*Flourish for the Players.* 1409

*Guil.* There are the Players. 1410

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your 1411  
 hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion 1412  
 and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, 1413  
 left my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew 1414  
 fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment 1415  
 then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, 1416  
 and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd. 1417

- 1424 1013 Do you see yonder great baby?  
 1014 He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.  
 1015 *Gil.* That may be, for they say an olde man  
 1016 Is twice a childe. (Players,  
 1017 *Ham.* Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the  
 1429 1018 You say true, a monday last, t'was fo indeede.
- 1019 *Cor.* My lord, I haue news to tell you.  
 1020 *Ham.* My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:  
 1433 1021 When *Roffios* was an Actor in *Rome*.  
 1022 *Cor.* The Actors are come hither, my lord.  
 1023 *Ham.* Buz, buz.
- 1438 1024 *Cor.* The best Actors in Christendome,  
 1025 Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,  
 1026 Pastorall, Hiftoricall, Hiftoricall, Comicall,  
 1027 Comicall hiftoricall, Pastorall, Tragedy hiftoricall:  
 1028 *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:  
 1029 For the law hath writ thofe are the onely men.
- 1030 *Ha.* O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israel!* what a treafure hadft thou?
- 1031 *Cor.* Why what a treafure had he my lord?  
 1448 1032 *Ham.* Why one faire daughter, and no more,  
 1033 The which he loued paffing well.  
 1034 *Cor.* A, ftill harping a my daughter!well my Lord,
- 1035 If you call me *Iepha*, I haue a daughter that  
 1453 1036 I loue paffing well.

<i>Guil.</i> In what my deere Lord?	1418
<i>Ham.</i> I am but mad North, North-Weft : when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handfaw.	1419 1420
<i>Enter Polonius.</i>	1421
<i>Pol.</i> Well be with you Gentlemen.	1422
<i>Ham.</i> Hearke you <i>Guildenfterne</i> , and you too : at each eare a hearer : that great Baby you fee there, is not yet out of his fwathing clouts.	1423 1424 1425
<i>Rofin.</i> Happily he's the fecond time come to them : for they fay, an old man is twice a childe.	1426 1427
<i>Ham.</i> I will Prophefie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you fay right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas fo indeed.	1428 1429 1430
<i>Pol.</i> My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.	1431
<i>Ham.</i> My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.	1432
When <i>Roffius</i> an Actor in Rome ——	1433
<i>Pol.</i> The Actors are come hither my Lord.	1434
<i>Ham.</i> Buzze, buzze.	1435
<i>Pol.</i> Vpon mine Honor.	1436
<i>Ham.</i> Then can each Actor on his Affe ——	1437
<i>Polon.</i> The beft Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiftorie, Paftorall : Paftoricall-Comicall-Hiftoricall-Paftorall : Tragicall-Hiftoricall : Tragicall-Comicall-Hiftoricall-Paftorall : Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. <i>Seneca</i> cannot be too heauy, nor <i>Plautus</i> too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Thefe are the onely men.	1438 1439 1440 1441 1442 1443 1444
<i>Ham.</i> O <i>Iephtha</i> Iudge of Ifrael, what a Treafure had'ft thou?	1445 1446
<i>Pol.</i> What a Treafure had he, my Lord?	1447
<i>Ham.</i> Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loued paffing well.	1448 1449
<i>Pol.</i> Still on my Daughter.	1450
<i>Ham.</i> Am I not i'th'right old <i>Iephtha</i> ?	1451
<i>Polon.</i> If you call me <i>Iephtha</i> my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paffing well.	1452 1453

1037 *Ham.* Nay that followes not.

1038 *Cor.* What followes then my Lord?

1456 1039 *Ham.* Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,

1040 And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet

1041 Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:

1042 Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.*

1043 What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced

1044 Since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to heare me in *Denmarke?*

1045 My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:

1046 Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than

1047 Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant

1048 Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,

1049 Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,

1050 Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your

1051 Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

1472 1052 *Players* What speech my good lord?

1053 *Ham.* I heard thee speake a speech once,

1054 But it was neuer acted: or if it were,

1055 Neuer aboute twice, for as I remember,

1056 It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary

1057 To the million: but to me

1058 And others, that received it in the like kinde,

1059 Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,

1060 Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:

1480 1061 One said there was no fallets in the lines to make the fauory,

1062 But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.

1063 Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember

1064 Was *Aeneas* tale to *Dido*,

1065 And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,

1066 If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,

1067 Let me see.

1068 The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast:

1069 No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus*:

*Ham.* Nay that followes not. 1454

*Polon.* What followes then, my Lord? 1455

*Ha.* Why, As by lot, God wot : and then you know, It  
came to passe, as most like it was : The first rowe of the  
*Pons Chanfon* will shew you more. For looke where my  
Abridgements come. 1456  
1457  
1458  
1459

*Enter foure or five Players.* 1460

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see  
thee well : Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend?  
Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last : Com'ft thou to  
beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mi-  
ftris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when  
I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God  
your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd  
within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne  
to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l  
haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your qua-  
lity: come, a passionate speech. 1461  
1462  
1463  
1464  
1465  
1466  
1467  
1468  
1469  
1470  
1471

*I. Play.* What speech, my Lord? 1472

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was  
neuer Acted : or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I  
remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the 1473  
1474  
1475

Generall : but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose  
iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an  
excellent Play ; well digested in the Scœnes, fet downe  
with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said,  
there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fa-  
uoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the  
Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One  
cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale  
to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks  
of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at 1476  
1477  
1478  
1479  
1480  
1481  
1482  
1483  
1484  
1485

this Line, let me see, let me see : The rugged *Pyrrhus* like  
th'*Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so : it begins with *Pyrrhus* 1486  
1487

1070 O I haue it.

1488 1071 The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose fable armes,  
 1072 Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,  
 1073 When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
 1074 Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered  
 1075 With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,  
 1076 Now is he totall giuife, horridely tricked  
 1077 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,  
 1498 1078 Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,

1497 1079 Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfire *Pryam* seekes:

1080 So goe on. (accent.

1501 1081 *Cor.* Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

1082 *Play.* Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,

1083 His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,

1084 Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.

1085 *Pyrrus* at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,

1086 Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde

1509 1087 Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes 1488  
 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble 1489  
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe, 1490  
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smeard 1491  
 With Heraldry more difmall: Head to foote 1492  
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd 1493  
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, 1494  
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, 1495  
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light 1496  
 To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, 1497  
 And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore, 1498  
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus* 1499  
 Old Grandfire *Priam* fees. 1500

*Pol.* Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac- 1501  
 cent, and good discretion. 1502

*1. Player.* Anon he findes him, 1503  
 Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword, 1504  
 Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles 1505  
 Repugnant to command: vnequall match, 1506  
*Pyrrhus* at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide: 1507  
 But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, 1508  
 Th'vnerued Father fals. Then fenfelesse Illium, 1509  
 Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top 1510  
 Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crafh 1511  
 Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword 1512  
 Which was declining on the Milkie head 1513  
 Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to stiecke: 1514  
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood, 1515  
 And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing. 1516  
 But as we often see against some storme, 1517  
 A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still, 1518  
 The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below 1519  
 As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder 1520  
 Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause, 1521

1088 *Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.

1533 1089 *Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

1090 A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,

1091 Or else he sleepe, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

1092 *Play.* But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

1538 1093 *Cor.* Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

1094 *Play.* All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,

1095 And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket

1096 And a kereher on that head, where late the diademe stoode,

1097 Who this had seene with tongueinuenom'd speech,

1098 Would treafon haue pronounced,

1099 For if the gods themfelues had seene her then,

1100 When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,

1540 1101 Mincing her husbandes limbs,

1102 It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,

1103 And passion in the gods.

1104 *Cor.* Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,

1105 And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

1106 *Ham.* T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,

1107 Will you see the Players well bestowed,



A rowfed Vengeance fets him new a-worke,	1522
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall	1523
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,	1524
With leffe remorfe then <i>Pyrrhus</i> bleeding fword	1525
Now falles on <i>Priam</i> .	1526
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,	1527
In generall Synod take away her power :	1528
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,	1529
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,	1530
As low as to the Fiends.	1531
<i>Pol.</i> This is too long.	1532
<i>Ham.</i> It fhall to'th Barbar, with your beard. Pry-	1533
thee fay on : He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee	1534
fleepees. Say on ; come to <i>Hecuba</i> .	1535
<i>1.Play.</i> But who, O who, had feen the inobled Queen.	1536
<i>Ham.</i> The inobled Queene ?	1537
<i>Pol.</i> That's good : Inobled Queene is good.	1538
<i>1.Play.</i> Run bare-foot vp and downe,	1539
Threatning the flame	1540
With Biffon Rheume : A clout about that head,	1541
Where late the Diadem ftood, and for a Robe	1542
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,	1543
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.	1544
Who this had feene, with tongue in Venome fteep'd,	1545
'Gainft Fortunes State, would Treafon haue pronounc'd?	1546
But if the Gods themfelues did fee her then,	1547
When fhe faw <i>Pyrrhus</i> make malicious fport	1548
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,	1549
The instant Burft of Clamour that fhe made	1550
(Vnleffe things mortall moue them not at all)	1551
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,	1552
And paffion in the Gods.	1553
<i>Pol.</i> Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and	1554
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.	1555
<i>Ham.</i> 'Tis well, Ile haue thee fpeake out the reft,	1556
foone. Good my Lord, will you fee the Players wel be-	1557

1108 I tell you they are the Chronicles  
 1109 And briefe abstracts of the time,  
 1110 After your death I can tell you,  
 1111 You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,  
 1112 Then their ill report while you liue.

1562 1113 *Cor.* My lord, I will vse them according to their deferts.

1114 *Ham.* O farre better man, vse euery man after his deferts,  
 1115 Then who should scape whipping?  
 1116 Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,  
 1117 The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.

1118 *Cor.* Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*

1119 *Ham.* Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-  
 1120 der of *Gonsago*?

1121 *players* Yes my Lord.

1122 *Ham.* And could'ft not thou for a neede study me

1575 1123 Some dozen or fixteene lines,

1124 Which I would fet downe and infert?

1125 *players* Yes very easily my good Lord.

1126 *Ham.* T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord.

1127 And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.

1128 Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,

1129 And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

1130 *Gil.* Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

1131 *Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

1584 1132 *Ham.* Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?

1133 Why these Players here draw water from eyes:

flow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd : for they are 1558  
the Abſtraçts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After 1559

your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then 1560  
their ill report while you liued. 1561

*Pol.* My Lord, I will vſe them according to their de- 1562  
ſart. 1563

*Ham.* Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man 1564  
after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping : vſe 1565  
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they 1566  
deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them 1567  
in. 1568

*Pol.* Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.* 1569

*Ham.* Follow him Friends:wee'l heare a play to mor- 1570  
row. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the 1571  
murther of *Gonzago*? 1572

*Play.* I my Lord. 1573

*Ham.* Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a 1574  
need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which 1575  
I would ſet downe, and infert in't? Could ye not? 1576

*Play.* I my Lord. 1577

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you 1578

mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night 1579  
you are welcome to *Elſonower*? 1580

*Rofin.* Good my Lord. *Exeunt.* 1581

*Manet Hamlet.* 1582

*Ham.* I ſo, God buy'ye : Now I am alone. 1583  
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I? 1584  
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere, 1585  
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion, 1586  
Could force his foule ſo to his whole conceit, 1587  
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd ; 1588  
Teares in his eyes, diſtraçtion in's Aſpect, 1589  
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting 1590  
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing? 1591  
For *Hecuba*? 1592

- 1593 1134 For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?  
 1135 What would he do and if he had my losse?  
 1136 His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,  
 1137 He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,  
 1138 Amaze the standers by with his lamentes,  
 1139 Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall cares,  
 1140 Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,  
 1141 Indeede his passion would be generall.
- 1142 Yet I like to an affe and Iohn a Dreames,  
 1143 Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
- 1605 1144 Stand still, and let it passe, why fure I am a coward :
- 1608 1145 Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,  
 1146 Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
- 1147 Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
- 1148 Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites  
 1149 With this flaues offell, this damned villaine,
- 1614 1150 Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
- 1151 Why this is braue, that I the fonne of my deare father,
- 1152 Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
- 1622 1153 Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,  
 1154 I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,  
 1155 Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder  
 1156 Committed long before.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*, 1593  
 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe, 1594  
 Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion 1595  
 That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares, 1596  
 And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech: 1597  
 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free, 1598  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed, 1599  
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I, 1600  
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake 1601  
 Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause, 1602  
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King, 1603  
 Vpon whose property, and most deere life, 1604  
 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward? 1605  
 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse? 1606  
 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face? 1607  
 Tweakes me by'th'Nose? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate, 1608  
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this? 1609  
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be, 1610  
 But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall 1611  
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this, 1612  
 I should haue fatted all the Region Kites 1613  
 With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine, 1614  
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine! 1615  
 Oh Vengeance! 1616  
 Who? What an Affe am I? I fure, this is most braue, 1617  
 That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered, 1618  
 Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell, 1619  
 Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words, 1620  
 And fall a Curfing like a very Drab, 1621  
 A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine. 1622  
 I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play, 1623  
 Haue by the very cunning of the Scène, 1624  
 Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently 1625  
 They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions. 1626  
 For Murder, though it haue no tongue, will speake 1627  
 With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players, 1628

1632 1157 This spirit that I haue feene may be the Diuell,

1158 And out of my weakeneffe and my melancholy,

1159 As he is very potent with such men,

1160 Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,

1161 The play's the thing,

1639 1162 Wherein I'lle catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

1163 *Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.*

1642 1164 *King* Lordes, can you by no meanes finde

1165 The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?

1166 You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,

1167 Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

1168 *Gil.* My lord, we haue done all the best we could,

1169 To wring from him the cause of all his grieffe,

1170 But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes

1171 Would make an answer to that we exposde.

1660 1172 *Roff.* Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth

1173 Before we left him, and I take it,

1174 He hath giuen order for a play to night,

1665 1175 At which he craues your highnesse company.

Play something like the murder of my Father, 1629  
 Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes, 1630  
 Ile tent him to the quicke : If he but blench 1631  
 I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene 1632  
 May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power 1633  
 T'affume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps 1634  
 Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly, 1635  
 As he is very potent with such Spirits, 1636  
 Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds 1637  
 More Relatiue then this : The Play's the thing, 1638  
 Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit* 1639

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.* 1640  
 1641

*King.* And can you by no drift of circumstance 1642  
 Get from him why he puts on this Confusion : 1643  
 Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet 1644  
 With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy. 1645

*Rosin.* He does confesse he feelles himselfe distracted, 1646  
 But from what cause he will by no meanes speake. 1647

*Guil.* Nor do we finde him forward to be founded, 1648  
 But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe : 1649  
 When we would bring him on to some Confession 1650  
 Of his true state. 1651

*Qu.* Did he receiue you well? 1652

*Rosin.* Most like a Gentleman. 1653

*Guild.* But with much forcing of his disposition. 1654

*Rosin.* Niggard of question, but of our demands 1655  
 Most free in his reply. 1656

*Qu.* Did you assay him to any pastime? 1657

*Rosin.* Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players 1658  
 We ore-wrought on the way : of these we told him, 1659  
 And there did see me in him a kinde of ioy 1660  
 To heare of it : They are about the Court, 1661  
 And (as I thinke) they haue already order 1662  
 This night to play before him. 1663

- 1667 1176 *King* With all our heart, it likes vs very well:  
 1177 Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,  
 1178 Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,  
 1179 And we vnto your felues will still be thankfull.
- 1671 1180 *Both* In all<sup>o</sup> wee can, be sure you shall commaund.  
 1181 *Queene* Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of  
 1182 May pleafure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*  
 1183 *Gil.* Weeie once againe vnto the noble Prince.  
 1184 *King* Thanks to you both:Gertred you'l see this play.  
 1185 *Queene* My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the foule  
 1186 He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.  
 1187 *Cor.* Madame, I pray be ruled by me:  
 1188 And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,  
 1189 We cannot yet finde out the very ground  
 1190 Of his distemperance, therefore  
 1191 I holde it meete, if so it please you,  
 1192 Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.  
 1193 *King* What i'ft *Corambis*? (done,  
 1194 *Cor.* Mary my good lord :his, soone when the fports are  
 1195 Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
- 1675 1196 And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,  
 1197 There question you the cause of all his grieffe,  
 1198 And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:  
 1199 My Lord, how thinke you on't?  
 1200 *King* It likes vs well, Gerterd, what fay you?  
 1201 *Queene* With all my heart, soone will I send for him.  
 1202 *Cor.* My selfe will be that happy messenger,  
 1203 Who hopes his grieffe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes.*  
 1204 *Enter*



<i>Pol.</i> 'Tis most true:	1664
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties	1665
To heare, and see the matter.	1666
<i>King.</i> With all my heart, and it doth much content me	1667
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,	1668
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on	1669
To these delights.	1670
<i>Rofin.</i> We shall my Lord.	<i>Exeunt.</i> 1671

<i>King.</i> Sweet <i>Gertrude</i> leaue vs too,	1672
For we haue clofely sent for <i>Hamlet</i> hither,	1673
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there	1674
Affront <i>Ophelia</i> . Her Father.and my selfe(lawful espials)	1675



Will fo bestow our felues, that seeing vnfeene 1676  
 We may of their encounter frankly iudge, 1677  
 And gather by him, as he is behaued, 1678  
 If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no. 1679  
 That thus he suffers for. 1680

*Qu.* I shall obey you, 1681  
 And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish 1682  
 That your good Beauties be the happy cause 1683  
 Of *Hamlets* wildenesse : fo shall I hope your Vertues 1684  
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe, 1685  
 To both your Honors. 1686

*Ophe.* Madam, I wish it may. 1687

*Pol.* *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious fo please ye 1688  
 We will bestow our felues : Reade on this booke, 1689  
 That shew of such an exercise may colour 1690  
 Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this, 1691  
 'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage, 1692  
 And pious Action, we do furge o're 1693  
 The diuell himselfe. 1694

*King.* Oh 'tis true: 1695  
 How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience? 1696  
 The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art 1697  
 Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it, 1698  
 Then is my deede, to my most painted word. 1699  
 Oh heauie burthen! 1700

*Pol.* I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord. 1701

*Exeunt.* 1702

*Enter Hamlet.* 1703

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the Question : 1704  
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer 1705  
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune, 1706  
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles, 1707  
 And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe 1708  
 No more ; and by a sleepe, to fay we end 1709  
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall fhoeces 1710  
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation 1711



Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,	1712
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,	1713
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,	1714
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,	1715
Must giue vs pawfe. There's the respect	1716
That makes Calamity of so long life:	1717
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,	1718
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,	1719
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the La wes delay,	1720
The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes	1721
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,	1722
When he himselfe might his <i>Quietus</i> make	1723
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare	1724
To grunt and sweate vnder a weary life,	1725
But that the dread of something after death,	1726
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne	1727
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,	1728
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,	1729
Then flye to others that we know not of.	1730
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,	1731
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution	1732
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,	1733
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,	1734
With this regard their Currants turne away,	1735
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,	1736
The faire <i>Ophelia</i> ? Nimph, in thy Orizons	1737
Be all my finnes remembred.	1738
<i>Ophe.</i> Good my Lord,	1739
How does your Honor for this many a day?	1740
<i>Ham.</i> I humbly thanke you : well, well, well.	1741
<i>Ophe.</i> My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,	1742
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.	1743
I pray you now, receiue them.	1744
<i>Ham.</i> No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.	1745
<i>Ophe.</i> My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,	1746
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,	1747



- As made the things more rich, then perfume left: 1748  
 Take these againe, for to the Noble minde 1749  
 Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde. 1750  
 There my Lord. 1751  
*Ham.* Ha, ha: Are you honest? 1752  
*Ophe.* My Lord. 1753  
*Ham.* Are you faire? 1754  
*Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship? 1755  
*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty 1756  
 should admit no discourse to your Beautie. 1757  
*Ophe.* Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce 1758  
 then your Honesty? 1759  
*Ham.* I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner 1760  
 transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the 1761  
 force of Honesty can translate Beautie into his likenesse. 1762  
 This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it 1763  
 prooffe, I did loue you once. 1764  
*Ophe.* Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so. 1765  
*Ham.* You should not haue beleued me. For vertue 1766  
 cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish 1767  
 of it. I loued you not. 1768  
*Ophe.* I was the more deceiued. 1769  
*Ham.* Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou 1770  
 be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, 1771  
 but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet- 1772  
 ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re- 1773  
 uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, 1774  
 then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue 1775  
 them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such 1776  
 Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. 1777  
 We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy 1778  
 wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father? 1779  
*Ophe.* At home, my Lord. 1780  
*Ham.* Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may 1781  
 play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell. 1782  
*Ophe.* O helpe him, you sweet Heauens 1783





*Ham.* If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague 1784  
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chafte as Ice, as pure as Snow, 1785  
thou fhalt not efcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. 1786  
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: 1787  
for Wife men know well enough, what monfters you 1788  
make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far- 1789  
well. 1790

*Ophe* O heauenly Powers, reftore him. 1791

*Ham.* I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. 1792  
God has giuen you one pace, and you make your felfe an- 1793  
other: you gidge, you amble, and you lifpe, and nickname 1794  
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ig- 1795  
norance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. 1796  
I fay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thofe that are 1797  
married already, all but one fhall liue, the reft fhall keep 1798  
as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.* 1799

*Ophe.* O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? 1800  
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, fword, 1801  
Th'expectantie and Rofe of the faire State, 1802  
The glaffe of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, 1803  
Th'obferu'd of all Obferuers, quite, quite downe. 1804  
Haue I of Ladies moft deieft and wretched, 1805  
That fuck'd the Honie of his Muficke Vowes: 1806  
Now fee that Noble, and moft Soueraigne Reafon, 1807  
Like fweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harfh, 1808  
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, 1809  
Blafted with extafie. Oh woe is me, 1810  
T'haue feene what I haue feene : fee what I fee. 1811

*Enter King, and Polonius.* 1812

*King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend, 1813  
Nor what he fpake, though it lack'd Forme a little, 1814  
Was not like Madneffe. There's fomething in his foule? 1815  
O're which his Melancholly fits on brood, 1816  
And I do doubt the hatch, and the difclofe 1817  
Will be fome danger, which to preuent 1818  
I haue in quicke determination 1819

1205

*Enter Hamlet and the Players.*

- 1843 1206 *Ham.* Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue  
 1207 as I taught thee,  
 1208 Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do  
 1209 I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,  
 1210 Then such a fellow speake my lines.  
 1211 Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,  
 1212 But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,  
 1213 O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebuftious periwig  
 1214 To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,  
 1215 To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noises,  
 1852 1216 Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and

Thus fet it downe. He shall with speed to England	1820
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:	1821
Haply the Seas and Countries different	1822
With variable Objects, shall expell	1823
This something settled matter in his heart:	1824
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus	1825
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?	1826
<i>Pol.</i> It shall do well. But yet do I beleue	1827
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe	1828
Sprung from neglected loue. How now <i>Ophelia</i> ?	1829
You neede not tell vs, what Lord <i>Hamlet</i> saide,	1830
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,	1831
But if you hold it fit after the Play,	1832
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him	1833
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,	1834
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare	1835
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,	1836
To England send him: Or confine him where	1837
Your wifedome best shall thinke.	1838
<i>King.</i> It shall be so:	1839
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.	1840
<i>Exeunt.</i>	1841

*Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.* 1842

*Ham.* Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd 1843  
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, 1844  
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer 1845  
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much 1846  
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor- 1847  
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of 1848  
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that 1849  
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, 1850  
to see a robustiue Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi- 1851  
on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the 1852  
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of 1853

1217 I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant

1856 1218 It out, Herodes Herod.

1878 1219 *players* My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that  
1220 among vs.

1221 *Ham.* The better, the better, mend it all together:

1870 1222 There be fellowes that I haue seene play,

1223 And heard others commend them, and that highly too,

1872 1224 That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,

1225 Nor Turke, haue so fruttred and bellowed,

1226 That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen

1227 Had made men, and not made them well,

1228 They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:

1229 Take heede, auoyde it.

1857 1230 *players* I warrant you my Lord.

1881 1231 *Ham.* And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake

1232 More then is fet downe, there be of them I can tell you

1233 That will laugh themselues, to fet on some

1234 Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,

1235 Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play

1236 Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes

1886 1237 A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.

1238 And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute

1239 Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one sute of

1240 Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe

nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noife: I could 1854  
 haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it 1855  
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it. 1856

*Player*. I warrant your Honor: 1857

*Ham*. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne 1858  
 Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, 1859  
 the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: 1860  
 That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any 1861  
 thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose 1862  
 end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere 1863  
 the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne 1864  
 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and 1865  
 Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this 1866  
 ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskill- 1867  
 full laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greue; The 1868  
 cenfure of the which One, muft in your allowance o're- 1869  
 way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players 1870  
 that I haue seene Play, and heard others praife, and that 1871  
 highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing 1872  
 the accent of Chrifians, nor the gate of Chrifian, Pagan, 1873  
 or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue 1874  
 thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, 1875  
 and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so ab- 1876  
 hominably. 1877

*Play*. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with 1878  
 vs, Sir. 1879

*Ham*. O reforme it altogether. And let those that 1880  
 play your Clownes, speake no more then is fet downe for 1881  
 them. For there be of them, that will themfelues laugh, 1882  
 to fet on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh 1883  
 too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question 1884  
 of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & 1885  
 shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses 1886

- 1241 In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus :  
 1242 Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me  
 1243 A quarters wages:and, my coate wants a cullifon :  
 1244 And, your beere is fowre:and, blabbering with his lips,  
 1245 And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of ieasts,  
 1246 When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest  
 1247 Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:  
 1248 Maisters tell him of it.  
 1249 *players* We will my Lord.  
 1887 1250 *Ham.* Well, goe make you ready.      *exeunt players.*

- 1251 *Horatio.* Heere my Lord.  
 1252 *Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man,  
 1253 As e're my conuerfation cop'd withall.  
 1254 *Hor.* O my lord!  
 1901 1255 *Ham.* Nay why should I flatter thee?  
 1904 1256 Why should the poore be flattered?  
 1257 What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,  
 1258 That nothing hath but thy good minde?  
  
 1259 Let flattery fit on those time-pleasing tongs,  
 1260 To gloue with them that loues to heare their praise,  
 1261 And not with such as thou *Horatio*.

- it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.* 1887
- Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.* 1888
- How now my Lord, 1889  
 Will the King heere this peece of Worke? 1890  
*Pol.* And the Queene too, and that presently. 1891  
*Ham.* Bid the Players make haft. *Exit Polonius.* 1892  
 Will you two helpe to hasten them? 1893  
*Both.* We will my Lord. *Exeunt.* 1894  
*Enter Horatio.* 1895  
*Ham.* What hoa, *Horatio*? 1896  
*Hora.* Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice. 1897  
*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art eene-as iust a man 1898  
 As ere my Conuerfation coap'd withall. 1899  
*Hora.* O my deere Lord. 1900  
*Ham.* Nay, do not thinke I flatter: 1901
- For what aduancement may I hope from thee, 1902  
 That no Reuennew haft, but thy good spirits 1903  
 To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd? 1904  
 No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe, 1905  
 And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee, 1906  
 Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare, 1907  
 Since my deere Soule was Miftris of my choysfe, 1908  
 And could of men distinguiſh, her election 1909  
 Hath feal'd thee for her selfe. For thou haft bene 1910

1920 1262 There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue  
 1263 Comes very neere the murder of my father,

1923 1264 When thou fhalt see that Act afoote,

1925 1265 Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,  
 1266 For I mine eies will riuet to his face:  
 1267 And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,  
 1927 1268 It is a damned ghoft that we haue seene.

1269 *Horatio*, haue a care, obserue him well.

1934 1270 *Hor.* My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face.  
 1271 And not the smallest alteration  
 1272 That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.  
 1273 *Ham.* Harke, they come.

1936 1274 *Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords.* (a play?)

1942 1275 *King* How now for *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue



As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing; 1911  
 A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards 1912  
 Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those, 1913  
 Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled, 1914  
 That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, 1915  
 To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man, 1916  
 That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him 1917  
 In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart, 1918  
 As I do thee. Something too much of this. 1919  
 There is a Play to night before the King, 1920  
 One Scène of it comes neere the Circumstance 1921  
 Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death. 1922  
 I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot, 1923  
 Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule 1924  
 Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt, 1925

Do not it felse vnkennell in one speech, 1926  
 It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene: 1927  
 And my Imaginations are as foule 1928  
 As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note, 1929  
 For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face: 1930  
 And after we will both our iudgements ioyne, 1931  
 To censure of his seeming. 1932

*Hora.* Well my Lord. 1933

If he steale ought the whil't this Play is Playing, 1934  
 And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft. 1935

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,* 1936  
*Guildesterne, and other Lords attendant, with* 1937  
*his Guard carrying Torches. Danish* 1938  
*March. Sound a Flourish.* 1939

*Ham.* They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. 1940  
 Get you a place. 1941

*King.* How fares our Cofin *Hamlet*? 1942

1276 *Ham.* Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,  
1277 feede a the ayre.

1947 1278 I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

1279 *Cor.* That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

1280 *Ham.* What did you enact there?

1281 *Cor.* My lord, I did act *Iulius Casar*, I was killed  
1282 in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

1954 1283 *Ham.* It was a brute parte of him,

1284 To kill so capital a calfe.

1285 Come, be these Players ready?

1957 1286 *Queene* Hamlet come sit downe by me.

1287 *Ham.* No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-

1288 Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (tractiue:

1289 To lay my head in your lappe?

1290 *Ofel.* No my Lord. (trary matters?)

1964 1291 *Ham.* Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con

*Ham.* Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions difh : I eate  
the Ayre promife-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons fo. 1943  
1944

*King.* I haue nothing with this anfwer *Hamlet*, thefe  
words are not mine. 1945  
1946

*Ham.* No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once  
i'th'Vniuerfity, you fay? 1947  
1948

*Polon.* That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good  
A<sup>c</sup>tor. 1949  
1950

*Ham.* And what did you enact? 1951

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Cæfar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol :  
*Brutus* kill'd me. 1952  
1953

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill fo Capitall a  
Calfe there. Be the Players ready? 1954  
1955

*Rofin.* I my Lord, they ftay vpon your patience. 1956

*Qu.* Come hither my good *Hamlet*, fit by me. 1957

*Ha.* No good Mother, here's Mettle more attra<sup>c</sup>tive. 1958

*Pol.* Oh ho, do you marke that? 1959

*Ham.* Ladie, fhall I lye in your Lap? 1960

*Ophe.* No my Lord. 1961

*Ham.* I meane, my Head vpon your Lap? 1962

*Ophe.* I my Lord. 1963

*Ham.* Do you thinke I meant Country matters? 1964

*Ophe.* I thinke nothing, my Lord. 1965

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs 1966

*Ophe.* What is my Lord? 1967

*Ham.* Nothing. 1968

*Ophe.* You are merrie, my Lord? 1969

*Ham.* Who I? 1970

*Ophe.* I my Lord. 1971

*Ham.* Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what fhould  
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-  
ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two  
Houres. 1972  
1973  
1974  
1975

*Ophe.* Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord. 1976

1984 1292 *Enter in a Dumb Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits*  
 1293 *downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Luci-*  
 1294 *anus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and*  
 1295 *goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him*  
 1296 *dead: and goes away with the other.*

1997 1297 *Ofel.* What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*  
 1298 *Ham.* This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

1299 *Ofel.* What doth this meane my lord?

1300 *Ham.* you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

1301 *Ofel.* Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

1302 *Ham.* I, or any shew you'le shew him,

1303 Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

1304 O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all

*Ham.* So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, 1977  
 for Ile haue a fuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo- 1978  
 neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a 1979  
 great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: 1980  
 But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall 1981  
 he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horffe, whose 1982  
 Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horfe is forgot. 1983

*Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters. 1984*  
*Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene abra- 1985*  
*cing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto 1986*  
*him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck- 1987*  
*Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him 1988*  
*a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his 1989*  
*Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and 1990*  
*Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and 1991*  
*makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or 1992*  
*three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. 1993*  
*The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the 1994*  
*Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnrwilling awhile, 1995*  
*but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt 1996*

*Ophe.* What meanes this, my Lord? 1997  
*Ham.* Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes 1998  
 Mischeefe. 1999  
*Ophe.* Belike this shew imports the Argument of the 2000  
 Play? 2001  
*Ham.* We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players 2002  
 cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all. 2003  
*Ophe.* Will they tell vs what this shew meant? 2004  
*Ham.* I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not 2005  
 you aham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it 2006  
 meanes. 2007  
*Ophe.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the 2008  
 Play. 2009

- 2011 1305 *Prol.* For vs, and for our Tragedie,  
 1306 Heere flowpiug to your clemencie,  
 1307 We begge your hearing patiently.  
 1308 *Ham.* I'ft a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?  
 1309 *Ofel.* T'is fhort my Lord.  
 1310 *Ham.* As womens loue.
- 1311 *Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.*  
 2018 1312 *Duke* Full fortie yeares are paf, their date is gone,

1313 Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:

- 1314 And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,  
 1315 Ruunes weakely in their pipes, and all the ftraines  
 1316 Of muficke, which whilome pleafde mine eare,  
 1317 Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:  
 1318 And therefore fweete Nature muft pay his due,  
 1319 To heauen muft I, and leaue the earth with you.  
 1320 *Dutcheffe* O fay not fo, left that you kill my heart,  
 1321 When death takes you, let life from me depart.

- 1322 *Duke* Content thy felfe, when ended is my date,  
 1323 Thou maift(perchance)haue a more noble mate,  
 1324 More wife, more youthfull, and one.

<i>Enter Prologue..</i>	2010
<i>For vs, and for our Tragedie,</i>	2011
<i>Heere stooping to your Clemencie :</i>	2012
<i>We begge your hearing Patient lie.</i>	2013
<i>Ham.</i> Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?	2014
<i>Ophe.</i> 'Tis briefe my Lord.	2015
<i>Ham.</i> As Womans loue.	2016
<i>Enter King and his Queene.</i>	2017
<i>King.</i> Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,	2018
Neptunes falt Wash, and <i>Tellus</i> Orbed ground :	2019
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,	2020
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,	2021
Since loue our hearts, and <i>Hymen</i> did our hands	2022
Vnite comutuell, in most sacred Bands.	2023
<i>Bap.</i> So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone	2024
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.	2025
But woe is me, you are so ficke of late,	2026
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,	2027
That I distrust you : yet though I distrust,	2028
Difcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must :	2029
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,	2030
In neither ought, or in extremity :	2031
Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,	2032
And as my Loue is fiz'd, my Feare is so.	2033
<i>King.</i> Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too :	2034
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do :	2035
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,	2036
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.	2037
For Husband shalt thou ———	2038

2039 1325 *Dutcheffe* O fpeake no more, for then I am accurft,  
2042 1326 None weds the fecond, but ſhe kills the firft:

2046 1327 A fecond time I kill my Lord that's dead,  
2047 1328 When fecond husband kifſes me in bed.

1329 *Ham.* O wormewood, wormewood!

1330 *Duke* I doe beleue you fweete, what now you fpeake,  
2049 1331 But what we doe determine oft we breake,



<i>Bap.</i> Oh confound the rest:	2039
Such Loue, muſt needs be Treafon in my brest:	2040
In ſecond Husband, let me be accuſt,	2041
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.	2042
<i>Ham.</i> Wormwood, Wormwood.	2043
<i>Bapt.</i> The inſtances that ſecond Marriage moue,	2044
Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.	2045
A ſecond time, I kill my Husband dead,	2046
When ſecond Husband kiſſes me in Bed.	2047
<i>King.</i> I do beleue you. Think what now you ſpeak:	2048
But what we do determine, oft we breake:	2049
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to Memorie,	2050
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:	2051
Which now like Fruite vnripe ſtickes on the Tree,	2052
But fall vnſhak en, when they mellow bee.	2053
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget	2054
To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt:	2055
What to our felues in paſſion we propoſe,	2056
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.	2057
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,	2058
Their owne ennactors with themſelues deſtroy:	2059
Where Ioy moſt Reuels, Greefe doth moſt lament;	2060
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on ſlender accident.	2061
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange	2062
That euen our Loues ſhould with our Fortunes change.	2063
For 'tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,	2064
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Loue.	2065
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,	2066
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:	2067
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,	2068
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lacke a Friend:	2069
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,	2070
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemy.	2071
But orderly to end, where I begun,	2072
Our Willes and Fates do ſo contrary run,	2073

- 2074 1332 For our demifes flil are ouerthrowne,  
 1333 Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:  
 2076 1334 So thinke you will no fecond husband wed,  
 2077 1335 But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.
- 2082 1336 *Dutcheffe* Both here and there purfue me lafting strife,  
 2083 1337 If once a widdow, euer I be wife.  
 1338 *Ham.* If ſhe ſhould breake now.  
 1339 *Duke* T'is deeply fworne, fweete leaue me here a while,
- 1340 My ſpirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedi-  
 1341 ous time with ſleepe.
- 2089 1342 *Dutcheffe* Sleepe rocke thy braine,  
 1343 And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*
- 2091 1344 *Ham.* Madam, how do you like this play?  
 1345 *Queene* The Lady proteſts too much.  
 1346 *Ham.* O but ſhee'le keepe her word.  
 1347 *King* Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence  
 1348 in it?
- 2096 1349 *Ham.* No offence in the world, poyſon inieſt, poiſon in
- 1350 *King* What do you call the name of the phy? (ieſt.  
 2099 1351 *Ham.* Mouſe-trap:mary how trapically:this play is  
 1352 The image of a murder done in *guyana, Albertus.*  
 1353 Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta,*  
 1354 Father, it is a knauifh peece a worke:but what  
 1355 A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free  
 2104 1356 Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
- 2106 1357 *Lucianus* nephew to the King.  
 1358 *Ofel.* Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.  
 1359 *Ham.* I could interpret the loue you beare, if I ſawe the  
 2109 1360 poopies dallying.

- That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne, 2074  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne. 2075  
 So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed. 2076  
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead. 2077  
*Bap.* Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light, 2078  
 Sport and repose locke from me day and night : 2079  
 Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy, 2080  
 Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy : 2081  
 Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife, 2082  
 If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife. 2083  
*Ham.* If she should breake it now. 2084  
*King.* 'Tis deeply sworne : 2085  
 Sweet, leaue me heere a while, 2086  
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile 2087  
 The tedious day with sleepe. 2088  
*Qu.* Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes* 2089  
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit* 2090  
*Ham.* Madam, how like you this Play? 2091  
*Qu.* The Lady protests to much me thinkes. 2092  
*Ham.* Oh but shee'l keepe her word. 2093  
*King.* Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of- 2094  
 fence in't? 2095  
*Ham.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of- 2096  
 fence i'th'world. 2097  
*King.* What do you call the Play? 2098  
*Ham.* The Moufe-trap : Marry how? Tropically : 2099  
 This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gon-* 2100  
*sago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* : you shall see 2101  
 anon : 'tis a knauish peece of worke : But what o'that? 2102  
 Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches 2103  
 vs not : let the galld iade winch : our withers are vnrunge. 2104  
*Enter Lucianus.* 2105  
 This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King. 2106  
*Ophe.* You are a good Chorus, my Lord. 2107  
*Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue : 2108  
 if I could see the Puppets dallying. 2109

1361 *Ofel.* Y'are very pleafant my lord.

1972 1362 *Ham.* Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what fhoulde  
1363 a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo-  
1364 ther lookes, my father died within thefe two houres.

1976 1365 *Ofel.* Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

1366 *Ham.* Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,  
1367 For i'le haue a fute of Sables: Iefus, two months dead,  
1368 And not forgotten yet? nay then there's fome  
1369 Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,  
1370 But by my faith hee muft build churches then,  
1371 Or els hee muft follow the olde Epitithe,

1983 1372 With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horfe is forgot.

2110 1373 *Ofel.* Your iefts are keene my Lord.

1374 *Ham.* It would coft you a groning to take them off.

1375 *Ofel.* Still better and worfe.

1376 *Ham.* So you muft take your husband, begin. Muredred  
1377 Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,  
1378 Come, the croking rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

1379 *Murd.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time

1380 Confederate feafon, elfe no creature feeing: (agreeing.

1381 Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,

1382 With *Hecates* bane thriſe blaſted, thriſe infected,

1383 Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,

2124 1384 One wholeſome life vſurps immediatly. *exit.*

1385 *Ham.* Hepoyſons him for his eſtate.

2134 1386 *King* Lights, I will to bed.

2130 1387 *Cor.* Theking riſes, lights hoe.

1388 *Exeunt King and Lordes.*

2131 1389 *Ham.* What, frighted with falſe fires?

<i>Ophe.</i> You are keene my Lord, you are keene.	2110
<i>Ham.</i> It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.	2111 2112
<i>Ophe.</i> Still better and worfe.	2113
<i>Ham.</i> So you mistake Husbands.	2114
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re- uenge.	2115 2116 2117
<i>Lucian.</i> Thoughts blacke, hands apt, Drugges fit, and Time agreeing :	2118 2119
Confederate season, else, no Creature feeling :	2120
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,	2121
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,	2122
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,	2123
On wholesome life, vsurpe immediately.	2124
<i>Powres the poyson in his eares.</i>	2125
<i>Ham.</i> He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate : His name's <i>Gonzago</i> : the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of <i>Gonzago's</i> wife.	2126 2127 2128 2129
<i>Ophe.</i> The King rises.	2130
<i>Ham.</i> What, frighted with false fire.	2131

2137 1390 Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,  
 1391 The Hart vngalled play,  
 1392 For some must laugh, while some must weepe,  
 2140 1393 Thus runnes the world away.

2156 1394 *Hor.* The king is moued my lord.  
 2152 1395 *Ham.* I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word  
 1396 For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

2157 1397 *Enter Roffencraft and Gilderstone.*

1398 *Roff.* Now my lord, how i'ft with you?

2159 1399 *Ham.* And if the king like not the tragedie,  
 1400 Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

1401 *Roff.* We are very glad to see your grace so pleafant,  
 2162 1402 My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture  
 1403 To know of you the ground and caufe of your diftempera-

<i>Qu.</i> How fares my Lord?	2132
<i>Pol.</i> Giue o're the Play.	2133
<i>King.</i> Giue me some Light. Away.	2134
<i>All.</i> Lights, Lights, Lights.	<i>Exeunt</i> 2135
<i>Manet Hamlet &amp; Horatio.</i>	
<i>Ham.</i> Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,	2137
The Hart vngalled play:	2138
For some muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleepe;	2139
So runnes the world away.	2140
Would not this Sir, and a Forreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of	2141
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall	2142
Rofes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie	2143
of Players fir.	2144
<i>Hor.</i> Halfe a ſhare.	2145
<i>Ham.</i> A whole one I,	2146
For thou doſt know: Oh <i>Damon</i> deere,	2147
This Realme difmantled was of Ioue himſelfe,	2148
And now reignes heere.	2149
A verie verie Paiocke.	2150
<i>Hora.</i> You might haue Rim'd.	2151
<i>Ham.</i> Oh good <i>Horatio</i> , Ile take the Ghoſts word for	2152
a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?	2153
<i>Hora.</i> Verie well my Lord.	2154
<i>Ham.</i> Vpon the talke of the poyſoning?	2155
<i>Hora.</i> I did verie well note him.	2156
<i>Enter Roſincrance and Guildenſterne.</i>	
<i>Ham.</i> Oh, ha? Come ſome Muſick. Come ſy Recorders:	2158
For if the King like not the Comedie,	2159
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.	2160
Come ſome Muſicke.	2161

2176 1404 *Gil.* My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

2197 1405 *Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.



- Guild.* Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you. 2162
- Ham.* Sir, a whole History. 2163
- Guild.* The King, fir. 2164
- Ham.* I fir, what of him ? 2165
- Guild.* Is in his retyement, maruellous distemper'd. 2166
- Ham.* With drinke Sir ? 2167
- Guild.* No my Lord, rather with choller. 2168
- Ham.* Your wisedome should shew it selfe more rich- 2169  
er, to signifie this to his Doctour: for for me to put him 2170  
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre 2171  
more Choller. 2172
- Guild.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some 2173  
frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre. 2174
- Ham.* I am tame Sir, pronounce. 2175
- Guild.* The Queene your Mother, in most great affli- 2176  
ction of spirit, hath sent me to you. 2177
- Ham.* You are welcome. 2178
- Guild.* Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of 2179  
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol- 2180  
some answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment : 2181  
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of 2182  
my Businesse. 2183
- Ham.* Sir, I cannot. 2184
- Guild.* What, my Lord ? 2185
- Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer: my wits dis- 2186  
eas'd. But fir, such answers as I can make, you shal com- 2187  
mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more 2188  
but to the matter. My Mother you say. 2189
- Rofin.* Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke 2190  
her into amazement, and admiration. 2191
- Ham.* Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a 2192  
Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo- 2193  
thers admiration ? 2194
- Rofin.* She desires to speake with you in her Cloffet, 2195  
ere you go to bed. 2196
- Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. 2197  
Haue you any further Trade with vs ? 2198

2199 1406 *Roff.* But my good Lord, fhall I intreate thus much?

2215 1407 *Ham.* I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

1408 *Roff.* Alas my lord I cannot.

1409 *Ham.* Pray will you.

1410 *Gil.* I haue no skill my Lord.

1411 *Ham.* why looke, it is a thing of nothing,

1412 T'is but stopping of theſe holes,

1413 And with a little breath from your lips,

1414 It will giue moſt delicate muſick.

1415 *Gil.* But this cannot wee do my Lord.

1416 *Ham.* Pray now, pray hartily, I beſeech you.

1417 *Ros.* My lord wee cannot. (me?)

2228 1418 *Ham.* Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of

1419 You would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would play vpon

2230 1420 You would ſearch the very inward part of my hart, mee,

2231 1421 And diue into the ſecret of my ſoule.

- Rofin.* My Lord, you once did loue me. 2199
- Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers. 2200
- Rofin.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend. 2201  
2202
- Ham.* Sir I lacke Aduancement. 2203  
2204
- Rofin.* How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe, for your Succession in Denmarke? 2205  
2206
- Ham.* I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty. 2207  
2208
- Enter one with a Recorder.* 2209
- O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle? 2210  
2211  
2212
- Guild.* O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmanly. 2213  
2214
- Ham.* I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe? 2215  
2216
- Guild.* My Lord, I cannot. 2217
- Ham.* I pray you. 2218
- Guild.* Beleue me, I cannot. 2219
- Ham.* I do beseech you. 2220
- Guild.* I know no touch of it, my Lord. 2221
- Ham.* 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes. 2222  
2223  
2224  
2225
- Guild.* But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill. 2226  
2227
- Ham.* Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stopes: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would found mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu- 2228  
2229  
2230  
2231  
2232

- 1422 Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd  
 1423 On, then a pipe ? call mee what Instrument  
 2236 1424 You will, though you can fret me, yet you can not  
 2636 1425 Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.  
 2638 1426 *Rof.* How a sponge my Lord?  
 2639 1427 *Ham.* I fir, a sponge, that fokes vp the kings  
 1428 Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes  
 1429 His liberalitie your store house : but such as you,  
 1430 Do the king, in the end, best feruise;  
 1431 For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,  
 1432 In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you,  
 1433 Then swallows you : so when hee hath need  
 1434 Of you, t'is but squeeing of you,  
 2644 1435 And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.  
 1436 *Rof.* Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.  
 2237 1437 *Ham* Farewell, farewell, God bleffe you.  
 1438 *Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.*

1439 *Enter Corambis*

- 2239 1440 *Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you.  
 1441 *Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?  
 2243 1442 *Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed.  
 1443 *Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.  
 1444 *Cor.* T'is back't like a weasel.  
 1445 *Ham.* Or like a whale.  
 2247 1446 *Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*  
 1447 *Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.  
 1448 Good night Horatio.

2252 1449 *Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

ficke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot 2233  
 you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee 2234  
 plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, 2235  
 though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God 2236

bleffe you Sir. 2237

*Enter Polonius.* 2238

*Polon.* My Lord;the Queene would speake with you, 2239  
 and presently. 2240

*Ham.* Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in fhape 2241  
 like a Camell. 2242

*Polon,* By'th'Miffe, and it's like a Camell indeed. 2243

*Ham.* Me thinkes it is like a Weazell. 2244

*Polon.* It is back'd like a Weazell. 2245

*Ham.* Or like a Whale? 2246

*Polon.* Verie like a Whale. 2247

*Ham.* Then will I come to my Mother, by and by : 2248  
 They foole me to the top of my bent. 2249

I will come by and by. 2250

*Polon.* I will fay so. *Exit.* 2251

*Ham.* By and by, is easly said. Leauē me Friends : 2252

2257 1450 *Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me:

2259 1451 O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter

1452 This soft bosome.

2260 1453 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,

2261 1454 I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

1455 To doe her wrong my foule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

2265 1456 *Enter the King.*

'Tis now the verie witching time of night, 2253  
 When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out 2254  
 Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood, 2255  
 And do such bitter bufineffe as the day 2256  
 Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother : 2257  
 Oh Heart, loofe not thy Nature ; let not euer 2258  
 The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bofome : 2259  
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall, 2260  
 I will fpeake Daggers to her, but vfe none : 2261  
 My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites. 2262  
 How in my words fomeuer she be fhent, 2263  
 To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule content. 2264

*Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.* 2265

*King.* I like him not, nor ftands it safe with vs, 2266  
 To let his madneffe range. Therefore prepare you, 2267  
 I your Commiffion will forthwith difpatch, 2268  
 And he to England fhall along with you : 2269  
 The termes of our eftate, may not endure 2270  
 Hazard fo dangerous as doth hourelly grow 2271  
 Out of his Lunacies. 2272

*Guild.* We will our felues prouide : 2273  
 Moft holie and Religious feare it is 2274  
 To keepe thofe many many bodies safe 2275  
 That liue and feede vpon your Maieftie. 2276

*Rofin.* The fingle 2277  
 And peculiar life is bound 2278  
 With all the ftrength and Armour of the minde, 2279  
 To keepe it selfe from noyance : but much more, 2280  
 That Spirit, vpon whofe fpirit depends and refts 2281  
 The liues of many, the ceafe of Maieftie 2282  
 Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw 2283  
 What's neere it, with it. It is a maffe wheele 2284  
 Fixt on the Somnet of the higheft Mount, 2285  
 To whofe huge Spoakes, ten thoufand leffer things 2286  
 Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd : which when it falles, 2287

2315 1457 *King* O that this wet that falles vpon my face  
1458 Would wafh the crime cleere from my confcience!  
1459 When I looke vp to heauen, I fee my trefpaffe,

1460 The earth doth ftill crie out vpon my fact,  
1461 Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,  
1462 And the adulterous fault I haue committed:  
2323 1463 O thefe are finnes that are vnpardonable:



Each small annexment, petty consequence	2288
Attends the boyfrous Ruine. Neuer alone	2289
Did the King fighe, but with a generall grone.	2290
<i>King.</i> Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage ;	2291
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,	2292
Which now goes too free-footed.	2293
<i>Both.</i> We will hafte vs.	<i>Exeunt Gent.</i> 2294
<i>Enter Polonius.</i>	2295
<i>Pol.</i> My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet :	2296
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my felfe	2297
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant thee'l tax him home,	2298
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,	2299
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,	2300
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare	2301
The fpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,	2302
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,	2303
And tell you what I know.	2304
<i>King.</i> Thankes deere my Lord.	2305
Oh my offence is ranke, it fmels to heauen,	2306
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vpon't,	2307
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,	2308
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:	2309
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,	2310
And like a man to double bufineffe bound,	2311
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft begin,	2312
And both neglect ; what if this curfed hand	2313
Were thicker then it felfe with Brothers blood,	2314
Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heauens	2315
To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto ferues mercy,	2316
But to confront the vifage of Offence ?	2317
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,	2318
To be fore-ftalled ere we come to fall,	2319
Or pardon'd being downe ? Then Ile looke vp,	2320
My fault is pafte. But oh, what forme of Prayer	2321
Can ferue my turne ? Forgiue me my foule Murther :	2322
That cannot be, fince I am ftill poffeft	2323

1464 Why fay thy finnes were blacker then is ieat,  
 2335 1465 Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:  
 1466 I but still to perfeuer in a finne,  
 1467 It is an act gainst the vniuerfall power,  
 1468 Most wretched uan, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,  
 1469 Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

2343 1470 *hee kneeles. enters Hamlet*

1471 *Ham.* I fo, come forth and worke thy last,  
 2346 1472 And thus hee dies : and fo am I reuenged:

2350 1473 No, not fo: he tooke my father sleeping, his fins brim full,  
 1474 And how his foule stode to the state of heauen  
 1475 Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,

1476 And shall I kill him now,  
 1477 When he is purging of his foule?  
 2356 1478 Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,  
 1479 And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen, (drunke,  
 2358 1480 When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowfe, drinking

Of those effects for which I did the Murther.	2324
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene :	2325
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence ?	2326
In the corrupted currants of this world,	2327
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,	2328
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe	2329
Buyes out the Law ; but 'tis not so aboue,	2330
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes	2331
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd	2332
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,	2333
To giue in euidence. What then ? What rests ?	2334
Try what Repentance can. What can it not ?	2335
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?	2336
Oh wretched state ! Oh bofome, blacke as death !	2337
Oh limed foule, that strugling to be free,	2338
Art more ingag'd : Helpè Angels, make affay :	2339
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,	2340
Be soft as finewes of the new-borne Babe,	2341
All may be well.	2342

*Enter Hamlet.* 2343

<i>Ham.</i> Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,	2344
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,	2345
And so am I reueng'd : that would be scann'd,	2346
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that	2347
I his foule Sonne, do this fame Villaine send	2348
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.	2349
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,	2350
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,	2351
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, faue Heauen :	2352
But in our circumstance and course of thought	2353
'Tis heauie with him : and am I then reueng'd,	2354
To take him in the purging of his Soule,	2355
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ? No.	2356
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent	2357
When he is drunke asleepe : or in his Rage,	2358

1481 Or in the incestuous pleafure of his bed,  
 1482 Or at fome aēt that hath no relifh  
 1483 Of faluation in't, then trip him  
 1484 That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

1485 And fall as lowe as hel: my mother ftayes,  
 1486 This phificke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

2366 1487 *King* My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.  
 1488 No King on earth is fafe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

1489 *Enter Queene and Corambis.*

1490 *Cor.* Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,

1491 I'le fhrowde my felfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

1492 *Queene* Do fo my Lord.

2375 1493 *Ham.* Mother, mother, O are you here?

2490 1494 How i'ft with you mother?

1495 *Queene* How i'ft with you?

1496 *Ham,* I'le tell you, but firft weele make all fafe.

1497 *Queene* Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

1498 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

2384 1499 *Queene* How now boy?

Or in th'inceptuous pleasure of his bed, 2359  
 At gaming, fwearing, or about some acte 2360  
 That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't, 2361  
 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen, 2362  
 And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke 2363  
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes, 2364  
 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.* 2365  
*King.* My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below, 2366  
 Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.* 2367

*Enter Queene and Polonius.* 2368

*Pol.* He will come straight : 2369  
 Looke you lay home to him, 2370  
 Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with, 2371  
 And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stooode betweene 2372  
 Much heate, and him. Ile filence me e'ene heere : 2373  
 Pray you be round with him. 2374

*Ham.within.* Mother, mother, mother. 2375

*Qu.* Ile warrant you, feare me not. 2376  
 Withdraw, I heare him comming. 2377

*Enter Hamlet.* 2378

*Ham.* Now Mother, what's the matter? 2379

*Qu. Hamlet,* thou hast thy Father much offended. 2380

*Ham.* Mother, you haue my Father much offended. 2381

*Qu.* Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue. 2382

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with an idle tongue. 2383

*Qu.* Why how now *Hamlet*? 2384

*Ham.* Whats the matter now? 2385

*Qu.* Haue you forgot me? 2386

*Ham.* No by the Rood, not so : 2387

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife, 2388

But would you were not so. You are my Mother. 2389

2391 1500 *Ham.* How now mother! come here, fit downe, for you  
1501 shall heare me speake.

1502 *Queene* What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:  
1503 Helpe hoe.

1504 *Cor.* Helpe for the Queene.

2398 1505 *Ham.* I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

1506 Rash intruding foole, farewell,

1507 I tooke thee for thy better.

1508 *Queene* Hamlet, what haft thou done?

2403 1509 *Ham.* Not so much harme, good mother,

1510 As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

1511 *Queene* How! kill a king!

2406 1512 *Ham.* I a King: may fit you downe, and ere you part,

1513 If you be made of penetrable stufte,

1514 I'lle make your eyes looke downe into your heart,

1515 And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?)

2416 1516 *Queene* Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

<i>Qu.</i> Nay, then Ile fet those to you that can speake.	2390
<i>Ham.</i> Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not	2391
bouge :	2392
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,	2393
Where you may see the inmost part of you ?	2394
<i>Qu.</i> What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me ?	2395
Helpe, helpe, hoa.	2396
<i>Pol.</i> What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.	2397
<i>Ham.</i> How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.	2398
<i>Pol.</i> Oh I am flaine.	<i>Killes Polon ius.</i> 2399
<i>Qu.</i> Oh me, what hast thou done ?	2400
<i>Ham.</i> Nay I know not, is it the King ?	2401
<i>Qu.</i> Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this ?	2402
<i>Ham.</i> A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,	2403
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.	2404
<i>Qu.</i> As kill a King ?	2405
<i>Ham.</i> I Lady, 'twas my word,	2406
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,	2407
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,	2408
Thou find'ft to be too busie, is some danger.	2409
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,	2410
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall	2411
If it be made of penetrable stuffe ;	2412
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it fo,	2413
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.	2414
<i>Qu.</i> What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,	2415
In noife so rude against me ?	2416
<i>Ham.</i> Such an Act	2417
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,	2418
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose	2419
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,	2420
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage voves	2421
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,	2422
As from the body of Contraction plukes	2423

2431 1517 *Ham.* Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,  
 1518 It is the portraiture, of your deceafed husband,  
 1519 See here a face, to outface *Mars* himfelfe,  
 1520 An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

3439 1521 A front wherin all vertues are fet downe  
 1522 For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,  
 732 1523 Whofe heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,  
 733 1524 He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.  
 1525 Muredred, damnably muredred, this was your husband,  
 2442 1526 Looke you now, here is your husband,  
 1527 With a face like *Vulcan*.  
 1528 A looke fit for a murder and a rape,  
 1529 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell - bred eie,  
 1530 To affright children and amaze the world:

1531 And this fame haue you left to change with this.  
 2450 1532 What Diuell thus hath cofoned you at hob-man blinde?  
 1533 A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him  
 1534 That flew my father, and your deere husband,  
 1535 To liue in the incestuous pleafure of his bed?



The very foule, and sweete Religion makes 2424  
 A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow, 2425  
 Yea this folidity and compound maffe, 2426  
 With triffull vifage as againft the doome, 2427  
 Is thought-ficke at the act. 2428

*Qu.* Aye me ; what act, that roares fo lowd, & thun- 2429  
 ders in the Index. 2430

*Ham.* Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this, 2431  
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers : 2432  
 See what a grace was feated on his Brow, 2433  
*Hyperions* curles, the front of Ioue himfelfe, 2434  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command 2435  
 A Station, like the Herald Mercurie 2436  
 New lighted on a heauen-kiffing hill : 2437  
 A Combination, and a forme indeed, 2438  
 Where euery God did feeme to fet his Seale, 2439  
 To giue the world affurance of a man. 2440

This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes. 2441  
 Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare 2442  
 Blafting his wholfom breath. Haue you eyes? 2443  
 Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed, 2444  
 And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes? 2445  
 You cannot call it Loue : For at your age, 2446  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, 2447  
 And waites vpon the Iudgement : and what Iudgement 2448  
 Would ftep from this, to this? What diuell was't, 2449  
 That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde? 2450  
 O Shame! where is thy Blufh? Rebellious Hell, 2451  
 If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones, 2452  
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe, 2453  
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no fhame, 2454  
 When the compulfiue Ardure giues the charge, 2455  
 Since Froft it felfe, as actiuelly doth burne, 2456  
 As Reafon panders Will. 2457

2458 1536 *Queene* O Hamlet, speake no more.

1537 *Ham.* To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,

1538 For a king of clowts, of very threads.

1539 *Queene* Sweete Hamlet cease.

1540 *Ham.* Nay but fill to perfist and dwell in finne,

1541 To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,

1542 To make increafe of fhame, to feale damnation.

2466 1543 *Queene* Hamlet, no more.

2447 1544 *Ham.* Why appetite with you is in the waine,

1545 Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,

1546 Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,

1547 When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

1548 *Queene* Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

1549 *Ham.* O throw away the worfer part of it, and keepe the

1550 better.

2476 1551 *Enter the ghost in his night gowne.*

2478 1552 Saue me, faue me, you gracious

1553 Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,

1554 With your celestiall wings.

2481 1555 Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,

1556 That I thus long haue let reuenge flippe by?

1557 O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!

1558 Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,

1559 And euery part that should assist reuenge,

1560 Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.

*Qu.* O *Hamlet*, speake no more. 2458  
 Thou turn'ft mine eyes into my very foule, 2459  
 And there I fee, fuch blacke and grained fpots, 2460  
 As will not leaue their Tinct. 2461

*Ham.* Nay, but to liue 2462  
 In the ranke fweat of an enfeamed bed, 2463  
 Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue 2464  
 Ouer the nafty Styte. 2465

*Qu.* Oh speake to me, no more, 2466  
 Thefe words like Daggers enter in mine eares. 2467  
 No more fweet *Hamlet*. 2468

*Ham.* A Murderer, and a Villaine: 2469  
 A Slaue, that is not twentieth patt the tythe 2470  
 Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings, 2471  
 A Cutpurfe of the Empire and the Rule. 2472  
 That from a fhelfe, the precious Diadem ftole, 2473  
 And put it in his Pocket. 2474

*Qu.* No more. 2475

*Enter Ghoft.* 2476

*Ham.* A King of fhreds and patches. 2477  
 Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings 2478  
 You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure? 2479

*Qu.* Alas he's mad. 2480

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide, 2481  
 That laps't in Time and Paffion, lets go by 2482  
 Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh fay. 2483

2484 1561 *Ghoſt* Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,  
 1562 To put thee in remembrance of my death:  
 1563 Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.  
 1564 But I perceiue by thy diftracted lookes,  
 2486 1565 Thy mother's fearefull, and ſhe ſtands amazde:

1566 Speake to her Hamlet, for her ſex is weake,  
 1567 Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.  
 2490 1568 *Ham.* How i't with you Lady?  
 1569 *Queene* Nay, how i't with you  
 1570 That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,  
 2493 1571 And holde difcourſe with nothing but with ayre?

2509 1572 *Ham.* Why doe you nothing heare?  
 1573 *Queene* Not I.  
 1574 *Ham.* Nor doe you nothing ſee?  
 1575 *Queene* No neither. (habite  
 1576 *Ham.* No, why ſee the king my father, my father, in the  
 2500 1577 As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,  
 1578 See how he ſteales away out of the Portall,  
 2511 1579 Looke, there he goes. *exit ghoſt.*  
 1580 *Queene* Alas, it is the weakenefſe of thy braine,  
 1581 Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this Visitation 2484  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. 2485

But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits; 2486  
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule, 2487  
Conceit in weakeft bodies, ftrongeft workes. 2488  
Speake to her *Hamlet.* 2489

*Ham.* How is it with you Lady? 2490

*Qu.* Alas, how is't with you? 2491

That you bend your eye on vacancie, 2492  
And with their corporall ayre do hold difcourfe. 2493  
Forth at your eyes, your fpirits wildely peepe, 2494  
And as the fleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme, 2495  
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements, 2496  
Start vp, and ftand an end. Oh gentle Sonne, 2497  
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diftemper 2498  
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke? 2499

*Ham.* On him, on him: look you how pale he glares, 2500  
His forme and caufe conioyn'd, preaching to ftones, 2501  
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me, 2502  
Leaft with this pitteous action you conuert 2503  
My fterne effects: then what I haue to do, 2504  
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood. 2505

*Qu.* To who do you fpeake this? 2506

*Ham.* Do you fee nothing there? 2507

*Qu.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee. 2508

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing heare? 2509

*Qu.* No, nothing but our felues. 2510

*Ham.* Why look you there: looke how it ftals away: 2511  
My Father in his habite, as he liued, 2512  
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.* 2513

*Qu.* This is the very coynage of your Braine, 2514  
This bodileffe Creation extafie is very cunning in. 2515

1582 But as I haue a foule, I fweare by heauen,

1583 I neuer knew of this most horride murder:

1584 But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,

1585 And for my loue forget these idle fits.

2517 1586 *Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulfe doth beate like yours,

1587 It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.

1588 O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,

2537 1589 Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,

1590 And win your selfe by little as you may,

1591 In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:

<i>Ham.</i> Extasie?	2516
My Pulfe as yours doth temperately keepe time,	2517
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe	2518
That I haue vttered ; bring me to the Teft	2519
And I the matter will re-word : which madneffe	2520
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,	2521
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your foule,	2522
That not your trefpaffe, but my madneffe fpeakes :	2523
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,	2524
Whil't ranke Corruption mining all within,	2525
Infects vnfeene. Confefse your felfe to Heauen,	2526
Repent what's paf, auoyd what is to come,	2527
And do not fped the Compoft or the Weedes,	2528
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,	2529
For in the fatneffe of this purfie times,	2530
Vertue it felfe, of Vice muft pardon begge,	2531
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.	2532
<i>Qu.</i> Oh <i>Hamlet</i> ,	2533
Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.	2534
<i>Ham.</i> O throw away the worfer part of it,	2535
And liue the purer with the other halfe.	2536
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,	2537
Affume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,	2538
And that fhall lend a kinde of eafineffe	2539
To the next abftinence. Once more goodnight,	2540
And when you are defirous to be bleft,	2541
Ile bleffing begge of you. For this fame Lord,	2542
I do repent : but heauen hath pleas'd it fo,	2543
To punifh me with this, and this with me,	2544
That I muft be their Scourge and Minifter.	2545
I will beftow him, and will anfwer well	2546
The death I gaue him : fo againe, good night.	2547

2558 1592 And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,  
 2559 1593 And in his death your infamy shall die.

2567 1594 *Queene Hamlet*, I vow by that maiesty,  
 1595 That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,  
 1596 I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,  
 1597 What stratagem foe're thou shalt deuise.

2575 1598 *Ham.* It is enough, mother good night:  
 1599 Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,  
 1600 Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

2579 1601 *Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*

1602 *Enter the King and Lordes.*



I must be cruell, onely to be kinde; 2548  
 Thus bad begins, and worfe remains behinde. 2549

*Qu.* What shall I do? 2550

*Ham.* Not this by no meanes that I bid you do : 2551  
 Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed, 2552  
 Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousie, 2553  
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses, 2554  
 Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers, 2555  
 Make you to rauell all this matter out, 2556  
 That I essentially am not in madnesse, 2557  
 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know, 2558  
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise, 2559  
 Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe, 2560  
 Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so, 2561  
 No in despight of Sense and Secrecie, 2562  
 Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top : 2563  
 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape 2564  
 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe 2565  
 And breake your owne necke downe. 2566

*Qu.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath, 2567  
 And breath of life : I haue no life to breath 2568  
 What thou hast faide to me. 2569

*Ham.* I must to England, you know that? 2570

*Qu.* Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on. 2571

*Ham.* This man shall fet me packing : 2572  
 Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome, 2573  
 Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor 2574  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue, 2575  
 Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue. 2576  
 Come fir, to draw toward an end with you. 2577  
 Good night Mother. 2578

*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.* 2579

*Enter King.* 2580

*King.* There's matters in these sighes. 2581  
 These profound heaues 2582

1603 *King* Now Gertred, what fayer our sonne, how doe you  
2586 1604 finde him?

2587 1605 *Queene* Alas my lord, as raging as the fea:  
1606 Whenas he came, I first befake him faire,  
1607 But then he throwes and toffes me about,  
1608 As one forgetting that I was his mother:  
1609 At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*  
1610 Call'd, which Hamlet no fooner heard, but whips me  
1611 Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage  
2592 1612 The good olde man he killes.

2595 1613 *King* Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.  
1614 Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

1615 *Gil.* We will my Lord.

*Exeunt Lordes.*

2611 1616 *King* Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,  
1617 His shipping is already furnished,  
1618 And we haue sent by *Roffencrafi* and *Gilderstone*,  
1619 Our letters to our deare brother of England,  
1620 For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:  
1621 Happly the aire and climate of the Country

You muſt tranſlate ; Tis fit we vnderſtand them.	2583
Where is your Sonne ?	2584
<i>Qu.</i> Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night ?	2585
<i>King.</i> What <i>Gertrude</i> ? How do's <i>Hamlet</i> ?	2586
<i>Qu.</i> Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend	2587
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit	2588
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething firre,	2589
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,	2590
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes	2591
The vnfeene good old man.	2592
<i>King.</i> Oh heauy deed :	2593
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there :	2594
His Liberty is full of threats to all,	2595
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one.	2596
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be answered ?	2597
It will be laide to vs, whoſe prouidence	2598
Should haue kept ſhort, refrain'd, and out of haunt,	2599
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our loue,	2600
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,	2601
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,	2602
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede	2603
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?	2604
<i>Qu.</i> To draw apart the body he hath kild,	2605
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare	2606
Among a Minerall of Mettels baſe	2607
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.	2608
<i>King.</i> Oh <i>Gertrude</i> , come away :	2609
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,	2610
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,	2611
We muſt with all our Maiesty and Skill	2612
Both countenance, and excuſe. <i>Enter Roſ. &amp; Guild.</i>	2613

1622 May please him better than his natiue home:  
1623 See where he comes.

Ho <i>Guildestern</i> :	2614
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde :	2615
<i>Hamlet</i> in madnesse hath <i>Polonius</i> slaine,	2616
And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag'd him.	2617
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body	2618
Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this. <i>Exit Gent.</i>	2619
Come <i>Gertrude</i> , wee'l call vp our wifest friends,	2620
To let them know both what we meane to do,	2621
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,	2622
My foule is full of discord and dismay. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2623
<i>Enter Hamlet.</i>	2624
<i>Ham.</i> Safely stowed.	2625
<i>Gentlemen within.</i> <i>Hamlet</i> , Lord <i>Hamlet</i> .	2626
<i>Ham.</i> What noife? Who calls on <i>Hamlet</i> ?	2627
Oh heere they come. <i>Enter Ros. and Guildesterne.</i>	2628
<i>Ro.</i> What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?	2629
<i>Ham.</i> Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.	2630
<i>Rosin.</i> Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,	2631
And beare it to the Chappell.	2632
<i>Ham.</i> Do not beleeeue it.	2633
<i>Rosin.</i> Beleeue what?	2634
<i>Ham.</i> That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine	2635
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-	2636
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.	2637
<i>Rosin.</i> Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?	2638
<i>Ham.</i> I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his	2639
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King	2640
best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in	2641
the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be laft swallowed,	2642
when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-	2643
zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.	2644
<i>Rosin.</i> I vnderstand you not my Lord.	2645
<i>Ham.</i> I am glad of it : a knauish speech sleepees in a	2646
foolish eare.	2647
<i>Rosin.</i> My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,	2648
and go with vs to the King.	2649

2675 1624 *Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*

1625 *Gil.* My lord, we can by no meanes

1626 Know of him where the body is.

2676 1627 *King* Now fonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

2679 1628 *Ham.* At fupper, not where he is eating, but

1629 Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes

1630 are euen now at him.

1631 Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar

*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not  
with the body. The King, is a thing ———

*Guild.* A thing my Lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing : bring me to him, hide Fox, and all  
after. *Exeunt*

*Enter King.*

*King.* I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie :  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe :

Yet muft not we put the strong Law on him :

Hee's loued of the diftracted multitude,

Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes :

And where 'tis fo, th'Offenders fcourge is weigh'd

But neerer the offence : to beare all fsmooth, and euen,

This fodaine fending him away, muft feeme

Deliberate pause, difeafes desperate growne,

By desperate appliance are releued,

Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*

How now? What hath befallne?

*Rofin.* Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,

We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Rofin.* Without my Lord, guarded to know your

pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before vs.

*Rofin.* Hoa, *Guildensterne?* Bring in my Lord.

*Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.*

*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

*Ham.* At Supper.

*King.* At Supper? Where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-

taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm

is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elfe

to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,

- 2688 1632 Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:  
 1633 Looke you, a man may fish with that worme  
 1634 That hath eaten of a King,  
 1635 And a Beggar eate that fish,  
 1636 Which that worme hath caught.
- 2685 1637 *King* What of this?
- 2686 1638 *Ham.* Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King  
 1639 May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.  
 1640 *King* But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?  
 1641 *Ham.* In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,  
 1642 Father, you had best looke in the other partes below  
 1643 For him, aud if you cannot finde him there,  
 1644 You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.
- 2693 1645 *King* Make haste and finde him out.  
 1646 *Ham.* Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,  
 1647 I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.  
 1648 *King* Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you:but specially  
 1649 in tender preferuation of your health,  
 1650 The which we price euen as our proper selfe,  
 1651 It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,  
 1652 The winde fits faire, you shall aboorde to night,  
 2700 1653 Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

1654 *Ham.* O with all my heart:farewel mother.

2708 1655 *King* Your louing father, *Hamlet*.

1656 *Ham.* My mother I say: you married my mother,

1657 My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,

1658 And so(my mother)farewel:for *England* hoe.

1659 *exeunt all but the king.*

1660 *king* Gertred, leaue me,

1661 And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,



and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes, 2683  
but to one Table that's the end. 2684

*King.* What doft thou meane by this? 2685

*Ham.* Nothing but to fhew you how a King may go 2686  
a Progreffe through the guts of a Begger. 2687

*King.* Where is *Polonius*. 2688

*Ham.* In heauen, fend thither to fee. If your Mefsen- 2689  
ger finde him not there, feeke him i'th other place your 2690  
felfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you 2691  
fhall nofe him as you go vp the ftaires into the Lobby. 2692

*King.* Go feeke him there. 2693

*Ham.* He will ftay till ye come. 2694

*K. Hamlet,* this deed of thine, for thine efpecial fafety 2695  
Which we do tender, as we deerely greue 2696  
For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence 2697  
With fierie Quickneffe. Therefore prepare thy felfe, 2698  
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, 2699  
Th'Associates tend, and every thing at bent 2700  
For England. 2701

*Ham.* For England? 2702

*King.* I *Hamlet*. 2703

*Ham.* Good. 2704

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'ft our purpofes. 2705

*Ham.* I fee a Cherube that fee's him: but come, for 2706  
England. Farewell deere Mother. 2707

*King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet*. 2708

*Hamlet.* My Mother: Father and Mother is man and 2709  
wife: man & wife is one flefh, and fo my mother. Come, 2710  
for England. *Exit* 2711

*King.* Follow him at foote, 2712  
Tempt him with fpeed aboard: 2713

1662 To England is he gone, ne're to returne:

1663 Our Letters are vnto the King of England,  
 1664 That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,  
 1665 He presently without demaunding why,  
 1666 That *Hamlet* loofe his head, for he must die,  
 1667 There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:  
 2727 1668 He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

1669 *Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.*

2729 1670 *Fort.* Captaine, from vs goe greete  
 1671 The king of Denmarke:  
 1672 Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,  
 1673 Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,  
 1674 According to the Articles agreed on:  
 2732 1675 You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

1676 *enter King and Queene.*

1677 *King Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,  
 1678 I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,  
 1679 If every thing fall out to our content,  
 1680 As I doe make no doubt but fo it shall.  
 1681 *Queene* God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. 2714  
 Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done 2715  
 That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haft. 2716  
 And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought, 2717  
 As my great power thereof may giue thee sense, 2718  
 Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red 2719  
 After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe 2720  
 Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set 2721  
 Our Soueraigne Proceffe, which imports at full 2722  
 By Letters coniuring to that effect 2723  
 The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England, 2724  
 For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages, 2725  
 And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done, 2726  
 How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit* 2727

*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.* 2728

*For.* Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, 2729

Tell him that by his licence, *Fortinbras* 2730  
 Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March 2731

Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous: 2732  
 If that his Maiefty would ought with vs, 2733  
 We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, 2734  
 And let him know so. 2735

*Cap.* I will doo't, my Lord. 2736

*For.* Go safely on. *Exit.* 2737

1682 But this mifchance of olde *Corambis* death,  
1683 Hath pierfed fo the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,  
1684 That ſhe, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.  
1685 *King* Alas deere heart! And on the other ſide,  
1686 We vnderftand her brother's come from *France*,  
1687 And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,  
1688 And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,  
1689 Vnleffe by fome meanes he be pacified.

2760 1690 *Qu.* O ſee where the yong *Ofelia* is!

1691 *Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire*  
1692 *downe ſinging.*

<i>Enter Queene and Horatio.</i>	2738
<i>Qu.</i> I will not speake with her.	2739
<i>Hor.</i> She is importunate, indeed diftract, her moode will needs be pittied.	2740 2741
<i>Qu.</i> What would she haue?	2742
<i>Hor.</i> She speakes much of her Father; faies she heares There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart, Spurnes enuiouly at Strawes, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe sence : Her speech is nothing, Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue The hearers to Collection ; they ayme at it, And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them, Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, Though nothing fure, yet much unhappily.	2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 2749 2750 2751 2752
<i>Qu.</i> 'Twere good she were spoken with, For she may strew dangerous coniectures In ill breeding minds. Let her come in. To my sicke soule(as sinnes true Nature is) Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse, So full of Artleffe ieaalousie is guilt, It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.	2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759

*Enter Ophelia distracted.* 2760

<i>Ophe,</i> Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.	2761
<i>Qu.</i> How now <i>Ophelia</i> ?	2762

- 2763 1693 *Ofelia* How should I your true loue know  
1694 From another man?  
1695 By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,  
1696 And his fandall shoone.
- 2772 1697 White his throwde as mountaine snowe,
- 1698 Larded with sweete flowers,  
1699 That bewept to the graue did not goe  
1700 With true louers showers:
- 2767 1701 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
1702 At his head a grasse greene turffe,  
1703 At his heeles a stone.
- 2777 1704 *king* How i'ft with you sweete *Ofelia*?  
1705 *Ofelia* Well God yeeld you,

- Ophe.* How should I your true loue know from another one? 2763
- By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.* 2764
- Qu.* Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song? 2765
- Ophe.* Say you? Nay pray you marke. 2766
- He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,* 2767
- At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.* 2768
- Enter King.* 2769
- Qu* Nay but *Ophelia.* 2770
- Ophe.* Pray you marke. 2771
- White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.* 2772
- Qu.* Alas, looke heere my Lord. 2773
- Ophe.* Larded with sweet flowers : 2774
- Which bewept to the graue did not go,* 2775
- With true-loue showres.* 2776
- 
- King.* How do ye, pretty Lady? 2777
- Ophe.* Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was 2778
- a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but 2779
- know not what we may be. God be at your Table. 2780
- King.* Conceit vpon her Father. 2781
- Ophe.* Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when 2782
- they aske you what it meanes, say you this : 2783
- To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,* 2784
- And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.* 2785
- Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,* 2786
- Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.* 2787
- King.* Pretty *Ophelia.* 2788
- Ophe.* Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont. 2789
- By gis, and by S. Charity,* 2790
- Alacke, and fie for shame :* 2791
- Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,* 2792
- By Cocke they are too blame.* 2793

2800 1706 It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground  
 1707 I could not chuse but weepe:

1708 And will he not come againe?

1709 And will he not come againe?

1710 No, no, hee's gone, and we cast awaymone,

1711 And he neuer will come againe.

2939 1712 His beard as white as snowe:

1713 All flaxen was his pole,

1714 He is dead, he is gone,

1715 And we cast away moane:

1716 God a mercy on his soule.

2943 1717 And of all chriſten ſoules I pray God.

2803 1718 God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

1719 *king* A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:

1720 O Time, how ſwiftly runnes our ioyes away?

1721 Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,

1722 To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.



<i>Quoth she before you tumbled me,</i>	2794
<i>You promis'd me to Wed:</i>	2795
<i>So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,</i>	2796
<i>And thou hadst not come to my bed.</i>	2797
<i>King.</i> How long hath she bin this?	2798
<i>Ophe.</i> I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,	2799
but I cannot choofe but weepe, to thinke they should	2800
lay him i'th'cold ground : My brother shall knowe of it,	2801
and fo I thanke you for your good counfell. Come, my	2802

Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight fweet Ladies :	2803
Goodnight, goodnight.	<i>Exit.</i> 2804
<i>King.</i> Follow her clofe,	2805
Giue her good watch I pray you :	2806
Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greefe, it fprings	2807
All from her Fathers death. Oh <i>Gertrude, Gertrude,</i>	2808
When forrowes comes, they come not fingle fpies,	2809
But in Battaliaes. Firft, her Father flaine,	2810
Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author	2811
Of his owne iuft remoue : the people muddied,	2812
Thicke and vnwholfome in their thoughts, and whifpers	2813
For good <i>Polonius</i> death ; and we haue done but greenly	2814
In higger mugger to interre him. Poore <i>Ophelia</i>	2815
Diuided from her felfe, and her faire Iudgement,	2816
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.	2817
Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,	2818
Her Brother is in fecret come from France,	2819

2829 1723 How now, what noyse is that?

2845 1724

*A noyse within.*

*enter Leartes.*

2851 1725 *Lear.* Stay there vntill I come,  
1726 O thou vilde king, giue me my father:

Keepes on his wonder, keepe himselfe in clouds, 2820  
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare 2821  
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death, 2822  
 Where in necessitie of matter Beggard, 2823  
 Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne 2824  
 In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this, 2825  
 Like to a murdering Peece in many places, 2826  
 Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.* 2827

*Enter a Messenger.* 2828

*Qu.* Alacke, what noyse is this? 2829

*King.* Where are my *Switzers*? 2830

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter? 2831

*Mef.* Saue your selfe, my Lord. 2832

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Lift) 2833

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste 2834

Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head, 2835

Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord, 2836

And as the world were now but to begin, 2837

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne, 2838

The Ratifiers and props of euery word, 2839

They cry choofe we? *Laertes* shall be King, 2840

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, 2841

*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King. 2842

*Qu.* How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry, 2843

Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges, 2844

*Noise within. Enter Laertes.* 2845

*King.* The doores are broke. 2846

*Laer.* Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without. 2847

*All.* No, let's come in. 2848

*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue. 2849

*Al.* We will, we will. 2850

*Laer.* I thanke you: Keepe the doore. 2851

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father. 2852

*Qu.* Calmely good *Laertes*. 2853

*Laer.* That drop of blood, that calmes 2854

- 1727 Speake, fay, where's my father?  
 2868 1728 *king* Dead.  
 1729 *Lear.* Who hath murdred him?speake, i'le not  
 1730 Be juggled with, for he is murdred.  
 1731 *Queene* True, but not by him.  
  
 2871 1732 *Lear.* By whome, by heau'n I'le be refolued.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
 2861 1733 *king* Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,  
 2862 1734 There's fuch diuinitie doth wall a king,  
 1735 That treason dares not looke on.  
 1736 Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,  
 1737 T'is true, and we most fory for it  
 1738 Being the chiefeft piller of our flate:  
 1739 Therefore will you like a most desperate gamfter,

Proclaimes me Bastard : 2855  
 Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot 2856  
 Euen heere betweene the chaste vnfmirched brow 2857  
 Of my true Mother. 2858

*King.* What is the caufe *Laertes*, 2859  
 That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like? 2860  
 Let him go *Gertrude* : Do not feare our perfon : 2861  
 There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King, 2862  
 That Treafon can but peepe to what it would, 2863  
 Afts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*, 2864  
 Why thou art thus Incenſt? Let him go *Gertrude*. 2865  
 Speake man. 2866

*Laer.* Where's my Father ? 2867

*King.* Dead. 2868

*Qu.* But not by him. 2869

*King.* Let him demand his fill. 2870

*Laer.* How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with. 2871  
 To hell Allegiance : Vowes, to the blackeft diuell. 2872  
 Conſcience and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit. 2873  
 I dare Damnation : to this point I ſtand, 2874  
 That both the worlds I giue to negligence, 2875  
 Let come what comes : onely Ile be reueng'd 2876  
 Moſt throughly for my Father. 2877

*King.* Who ſhall ſtay you? 2878

*Laer.* My Will, not all the world, 2879  
 And for my meanes, Ile husband them fo well, 2880  
 They ſhall go farre with little. 2881

*King.* Good *Laertes* : 2882  
 If you deſire to know the certaintie 2883  
 Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge, 2884

1740 Swoop-ftake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

2889 1741 *Lear.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms,  
 1742 And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,  
 1743 I will no reconcilment but by bloud.  
 1744 *king* Why now you fpeake like a moft louing fonne:

1745 And that in foule we sorrow for for his death,  
 1746 Your felfe ere long fhall be a witneffe,  
 1747 Meane while be patient, and content your felfe.

2899 1748 *Enter Ofelia as before.*  
 1749 *Lear.* Who's this, *Ofelia?* O my deere fifter!

2906 1750 I't poffible a yong maides life,  
 1751 Should be as mortall as an olde mans fawe?

1752 O heau'ns themfelues! how now *Ofelia?*

That Soop-ftake you will draw both Friend and Foe,	2885
Winner and Loofer.	2886
<i>Laer.</i> None but his Enemies.	2887
<i>King.</i> Will you know them then.	2888
<i>La.</i> To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes :	2889
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,	2890
Repast them with my blood.	2891
<i>King.</i> Why now you fpeake	2892
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.	2893
That I am guiltleffe of your Fathers death,	2894
And am moft fenfible in greefe for it,	2895
It fhall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce	2896
As day do's to your eye.	2897
<i>A noife within. Let her come in.</i>	2898
<i>Enter Ophelia.</i>	2899
<i>Laer.</i> How now? what noife is that ?	2900
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt,	2901
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.	2902
By Heauen, thy madneffe fhall be payed by waight,	2903
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rofe of May,	2904
Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, fweet <i>Ophelia</i> :	2905
Oh Heauens, is't poffible, a yong Maids wits,	2906
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?	2907
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,	2908
It fends fome precious instance of it felfe	2909
After the thing it loues,	2910
<i>Ophe.</i> They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,	2911
<i>Hey non nony, nony, hey nony :</i>	2912
<i>And on his graue raines many a teare,</i>	2913
<i>Fare you well my Doue.</i>	2914
<i>Laer.</i> Had'ft thou thy wits, and did'ft perfwade Re-	2915
uenge, it could not moue thus.	2916
<i>Ophe.</i> You muft fing downe a-downe, and you call	2917
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it ? It is	2918
the falfe Steward that stole his masters daughter.	2919

- 1753 *Ofel.* Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:  
 1754 Here, here is rew for you,  
 1755 You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,  
 1756 Heere's some for me too: you muft weare your rew  
 1757 With a difference, there's a dazie.  
 2921 1758 Here Loue, there's rofemary for you  
 1759 For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:  
 2922 1760 And there's panfey fot thoughts.  
 2924 1761 *Lear.* A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:  
 1762 O God, O God!  
 1763 *Ofelia.* There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you  
  
 1764 Some violets, but they all withered, when  
 1765 My father died: alas, they fay the owle was  
 2778 1766 A Bakers daughter, we fee what we are,  
 1767 But can not tell what we fhall be.  
 2932 1768 For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.  
 1769 *Lear.* Thoughts & afflictions, torments worfe than hell.  
  
 1770 *Ofel.* Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:  
 1771 I pray now, you fhall fing a downe,  
 2919 1772 And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter  
 1773 And the false steward, and if any body  
 1774 Aske you of any thing, fay you this.  
 2784 1775 To morrow is faint Valentines day,  
 1776 All in the morning betime,  
 1777 And a maide at your window,  
 1778 To be your Valentine:  
 1779 The yong man rofe, and dan'd his clothes,  
 1780 And dupt the chamber doore,  
 1781 Let in the maide, that out a maide  
 2787 1782 Neuer departed more.  
 1783 Nay I pray marke now,



*Laer.* This nothings more then matter. 2920

*Ophe.* There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. 2921  
Pray loue remember : and there is Paconcies, that's for 2922  
Thoughts. 2923

*Laer.* A document in madneffe, thoughts & remem- 2924  
brance fitted. 2925

*Ophe.* There's Fennell for you, and Columbines : ther's 2926  
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it 2927  
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies : Oh you must weare your Rew 2928  
with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would giue you 2929  
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy- 2930  
ed : They fay, he made a good end ; 2931

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.* 2932

*Laer.* Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it felfe : 2933  
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettineffe. 2934

1784 By giffe, and by faint Charitie,  
 1785 Away, and fie for fhame:  
 2792 1786 Yong men will doo't when they come too't:  
 1787 By cocke they are too blame.  
 1788 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
 1789 You promised me to wed.  
 1790 So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,  
 1791 If thou hadst not come to my bed.

1792 So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.  
 2944 1793 God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*  
 1794 *Lear.* Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,  
 1795 My fifter thus diftracted:  
 1796 Curfed be his foule that wrought this wicked act.  
 1797 *king* Content you good Leartes for a time,  
 1798 Although I know your griefe is as a floud,  
 2947 1799 Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,  
 1800 And thinke already the reuenge is done  
 1801 On him that makes you fuch a hapleffe sonne.

2957 1802 *Lear.* You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le friue,  
 1803 To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,

<i>Ophe.</i> And will he not come againe,	2935
And will he not come againe :	2936
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,	2937
He neuer wil come againe.	2938
His Beard as white as Snow,	2939
All Flaxen was his Pole :	2940
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,	2941
Gramercy on his Soule.	2942
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.	2943
God buy ye.	<i>Exeunt Ophelia</i> 2944
<i>Laer.</i> Do you see this, you Gods ?	2945
<i>King.</i> <i>Laertes</i> , I must common with your griefe,	2946
Or you deny me right : go but apart,	2947
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,	2948
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me ;	2949
If by direct or by Colaterall hand	2950
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,	2951
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours	2952
To you in satisfaction. But if not,	2953
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,	2954
And we shall ioyntly labour with your foule	2955
To giue it due content.	2956
<i>Laer.</i> Let this be fo :	2957
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall ;	2958
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,	2959

1804 Which once vnheard, then the world shall heare  
 1805 Leartes had a father he held deere.  
 1806 *king* No more of that, ere many dayes be done,  
 1807 You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

1808 *Enter Horatio and the Queene.*

1809 *Hor.* Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,  
 1810 This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,  
 1811 Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,  
 1812 And subtile treason that the king had plotted,  
 1813 Being crossed by the contention of the windes,  
 1814 He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,  
 1815 Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,  
 1816 As at his next conuersion with your grace,  
 1817 He will relate the circumstance at full.  
 1818 *Queene* Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes  
 1819 That seem'd to fugar o're his villanie:  
 1820 But I will soothe and please him for a time,  
 1821 For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,  
 1822 But know not you *Horatio* where he is?  
 1823 *Hor.* Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me

No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation, 2960  
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth, 2961  
 That I muft call in question. 2962

*King.* So you fhall: 2963

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall. 2964

I pray you go with me. *Exeunt* 2965

*Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.* 2966

*Hora.* What are they that would fpeake with me? 2967

*Ser.* Saylor fir, they fay they haue Letters for you. 2968

*Hor.* Let them come in, 2969

I do not know from what part of the world 2970

I fhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.* 2971

*Enter Saylor.* 2972

*Say.* God bleffe you Sir. 2973

*Hor.* Let him bleffe thee too. 2974

*Say.* Hee fhall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter 2975  
 for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaffadours that was 2976  
 bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let 2977  
 to know it is. 2978

- 1824 To meete him on the east side of the Cittie  
1825 To morrow morning.  
1826 *Queene* O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com  
1827 A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me  
1828 Be wary of his prefence, lest that he  
1829 Faile in that he goes about.  
1830 *Hor.* Madam, neuer make doubt of that:  
1831 I thinke by this the news be come to court:  
1832 He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall  
1833 Quickly finde, *Hamlet* being here,  
1834 Things fell not to his minde.  
1835 *Queene* But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Roffencraft*?  
1836 *Hor.* He being set ashore, they went for *England*,  
1837 And in the Packet there writ down that doome  
1838 To be perform'd on them poynted for him:  
1839 And by great chance he had his fathers Scale,  
1840 So all was done without discouerie.  
1841 *Queene* Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,  
1842 *Horatio* once againe I take my leaue,  
1843 With thowfand mothers blessings to my sonne.  
1844 *Horat.* Madam adue.

*Reads the Letter.*

2979

**H**Oratio, *When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these* 2980  
*Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters* 2981  
*for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very* 2982  
*Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too* 2983  
*slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I* 2984  
*boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so* 2985  
*I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like* 2986  
*Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe* 2987  
*a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue* 2988  
*sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest* 2989  
*flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee* 2990  
*dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.* 2991  
*These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rofincrance* 2992

3000 1845

*Enter King and Leartes.*



*and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them* 2993  
*I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.* 2994

*He that thou knowest thine,* 2995

Hamlet, 2996

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters, 2997

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me 2998

To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.* 2999

*Enter King and Laertes.* 3000

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal, 3001

And you must put me in your heart for Friend, 3002

Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare, 3003

That he which hath your Noble Father flaine, 3004

Purfued my life. 3005

*Eaer.* It well appeares. But tell me, 3006

Why you proceeded not against these feates, 3007

So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature, 3008

As by your Safety, Wifedome, all things else, 3009

You mainly were stirr'd vp? 3010

*King.* O for two speciall Reasons, 3011

Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnfinnowed, 3012

And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother, 3013

Liues almost by his looks : and for my selfe, 3014

My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which, 3015

She's so coniunctiue to my life and foule ; 3016

That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere, 3017

I could not but by her. The other Motiue, 3018

Why to a publike count I might not go, 3019

Is the great loue the generall gender beare him, 3020

Who dipping all his Faults in their affection, 3021

Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, 3022

Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes 3023

Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde, 3024

Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe, 3025

And not where I had arm'd them. 3026

*Laer.* And so haue I a Noble Father lost, 3027

3053 1846 *King.* Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?  
1847 What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

1848 *Lear.* O he is welcome, by my foule he is:  
1849 At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,  
1850 That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

1851 *king* Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,  
1852 And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.

- A Sifter driuen into desperate termes, 3028  
 Who was (if praises may go backe againe) 3029  
 Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age 3030  
 For her perfections. But my reuenge will come. 3031  
*King.* Breake not your sleepe for that, 3032  
 You must not thinke 3033  
 That we are made of stufte, so flat, and dull, 3034  
 That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger, 3035  
 And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more, 3036  
 I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe, 3037  
 And that I hope will teach you to imagine—— 3038  
*Enter a Messenger.* 3039  
 How now? What Newes? 3040  
*Mef.* Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your  
 Maiefty : this to the Queene. 3042  
*King.* From *Hamlet*? Who brought them? 3043  
*Mef.* Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not : 3044  
 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiud them. 3045  
*King.* *Laertes* you shall heare them : 3046  
 Leauē vs. *Exit Messenger* 3047  
*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your* 3048  
*Kingdome. To morrow shall I beg ge leauē to see your Kingly* 3049  
*Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-* 3050  
*count th' Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.* 3051  
 Hamlet. 3052  
 What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe? 3053  
 Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing? 3054  
*Laer.* Know you the hand? 3055  
*Kin.* 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post- 3056  
 script here he faves alone : Can you aduise me? 3057  
*Laer.* I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come, 3058  
 It warms the very sicknesse in my heart, 3059  
 That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth; 3060  
 Thus diddest thou. 3061  
*Kin.* If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so : 3062  
 How otherwise will you be rul'd by me? 3063

1853 *Lear.* My will, not all the world.

3068 1854 *King.* Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,

3090 1855 I haue heard him often with a greedy wif,  
1856 Vpon fome praife that he hath heard of you  
1857 Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,  
1858 He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.  
3098 1859 *Lea.* And how for this?

<i>Laer.</i> If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.	3064
<i>Kin.</i> To thine owne peace : if he be now return'd,	3065
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes	3066
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him	3067
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,	3068
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;	3069
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,	3070
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,	3071
And call it accident : Some two Monthes hence	3072
Here was a Gentleman of <i>Normandy</i> ,	3073
I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,	3074
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant	3075
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,	3076
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,	3077
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd	3078
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,	3079
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,	3080
Come short of what he did.	3081
<i>Laer.</i> A Norman was't ?	3082
<i>Kin.</i> A Norman.	3083
<i>Laer.</i> Vpon my life <i>Lamound</i> .	3084
<i>Kin.</i> The very fame.	3085
<i>Laer.</i> I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,	3086
And Iemme of all our Nation.	3087
<i>Kin.</i> Hee mad confession of you,	3088
And gaue you such a Masterly report,	3089
For Art and exercise in your defence ;	3090
And for your Rapier most especially,	3091
That he cryed out, t'would be a fight indeed,	3092
If one could match you Sir. This report of his	3093
Did <i>Hamlet</i> so envenom with his Enuy,	3094
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,	3095
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him ;	3096
Now out of this.	3097
<i>Laer.</i> Why out of this, my Lord ?	3098
<i>Kin.</i> <i>Laertes</i> was your Father deare to you?	3099

3118 1860 *King* Mary Leartes thus : I'lle lay a wager,

1861 Shalbe on *Hamlets* fide, and you shall giue the oddes,  
 1862 The which will draw him with a more desire,  
 1863 To try the maiftry, that in twelue venies  
 1864 You gaine not three of him : now this being granted,  
 1865 When you are hot in midft of all your play,  
 3122 1866 Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,  
 1867 Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,  
 1868 That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood,  
 1869 In any part of him, he cannot liue:  
 1870 This being done will free you from fufpition,  
 1871 And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* lov'de  
 1872 Will euer haue Leartes in fufpect.

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,	3100
A face without a heart ?	3101
<i>Laer.</i> Why aske you this ?	3102
<i>Kin.</i> Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,	3103
But that I know Loue is begun by Time :	3104
And that I see in passages of prooffe,	3105
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it :	3106
<i>Hamlet</i> comes backe : what would you vndertake,	3107
To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,	3108
More then in words ?	3109
<i>Laer.</i> To cut his throat i'th' Church.	3110
<i>Kin.</i> No place indeed should murder Sancturize;	3111
Reuenge should haue no bounds : but good <i>Laertes</i>	3112
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,	3113
<i>Hamlet</i> return'd, shall know you are come home :	3114
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,	3115
And set a double varnish on the fame	3116
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,	3117
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,	3118
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,	3119
Will not peruse the Foiles ? So that with ease,	3120
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose	3121
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,	3122
Requit him for your Father.	3123

3124 1873 *Lear*. My lord, I like it well:  
 1874 But fay lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

3115 1875 *King* I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you  
 1876 Such a report of fingularitie,  
 1877 Will bring him on, although against his will.  
 1878 And left that all should misse,  
 1879 I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,  
 1880 In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,  
  
 1881 Shall be his period and our happineffe.  
 1882 *Lear*. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!  
 3147 1883 Here comes the Queene.      *enter the Queene.*

1884 *king* How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?



*Laer.* I will doo't, 3124

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword : 3125  
 I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke 3126  
 So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it, 3127  
 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare, 3128  
 Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue 3129  
 Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death, 3130  
 That is but scratcht withall : Ile touch my point, 3131  
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, 3132  
 It may be death. 3133

*Kin* Let's further thinke of this, 3134  
 Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes 3135  
 May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile; 3136  
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance, 3137  
 'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Proiect 3138  
 Should haue a backe or second, that might hold, 3139  
 If this should blast in prooffe : Soft, let me see 3140  
 Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings, 3141  
 I ha't : when in your motion you are hot and dry, 3142  
 As make your bowts more violent to the end, 3143

And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him 3144  
 A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping, 3145  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, 3146  
 Our purpose may hold there ; how sweet Queene. 3147

*Enter Queene.* 3148

3149 1885 *Queene* O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*

3154 1886 Hauing made a garland of fundry fortes of floures,

1887 Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

3159 1888 The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,

1889 And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,

1890 Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling,

1891 Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,

3163 1892 Chaunting olde fundry tunes vncapable

1893 As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

3167 1894 Till that her clothes. being heauy with their drinke,

1895 Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

3170 1896 *Lear.* So, she is drownde:

3172 1897 Too much of water haft thou *Ofelia*,

1898 Therefore I will not drowne thee in my tears,

1899 Reuenge it is muft yeeld this heart releefe,

1900 For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve. *exeunt.*

*Queen.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele, 3149  
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.* 3150

*Laer.* Drown'd ! O where ? 3151

*Queen.* There is a Willow growes aſlant a Brooke, 3152  
That ſhewes his hore leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame : 3153  
There with fantaſticke Garlands did ſhe come, 3154  
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayſies, and long Purples, 3155  
That liberall Shepherds giue a groffer name; 3156  
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them : 3157  
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds 3158  
Clambring to hang; an enuious ſliuer broke, 3159  
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her ſelfe, 3160  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes ſpred wide, 3161  
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp, 3162

Which time ſhe chaunted fnatches of old tunes, 3163  
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe, 3164  
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued 3165  
Vnto that Element : but long it could not be, 3166  
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke, 3167  
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy, 3168  
To muddy death. 3169

*Laer.* Alas then, is ſhe drown'd ? 3170

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd. 3171

*Laer.* Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia,* 3172  
And therefore I forbid my teares : but yet 3173  
It is our tricke, Nature her cuſtome holds, 3174  
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone 3175  
The woman will be out : Aduce my Lord, 3176  
I haue a ſpeech of fire, that faine would blaze, 3177  
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.* 3178

*Kin.* Let's follow, *Gertrude:* 3179  
How much I had to doe to calme his rage ? 3180  
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe ; 3181  
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.* 3182

3183 1901

*enter Clowne and an other.*1902 *Clowne* I fay no, she ought not to be buried

1903 In christian buriall.

1904 2. Why fir?

1905 *Clowne* Mary becaufe shee's drown'd.

1906 2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

1907 *Clowne* No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

1908 2. Yea but it was against her will.

3198 1909 *Clowne* No, I deny that, for looke you fir, I stand here,

3201 1910 If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe :

3199 1911 But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

1912 *Ergo* I am guiltie of my owne death:

1913 Y'are gone, goe y'are gone fir.

3207 1914 2. I but see, she hath christian buriall,

1915 Because she is a great woman.

1916 *Clowne* Mary more's the pittie, that great folke

1917 Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne

1918 Themselues, more than other people:

1919 Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou

*Enter two Clownes.* 3183

*Clown.* Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation? 3184

*Other.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall. 3185  
3187  
3188

*Clo.* How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence? 3189  
3190

*Other.* Why 'tis found so. 3191

*Clo.* It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly. 3192  
3193  
3194  
3195  
3196

*Other.* Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer. 3197

*Clown.* Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himsele; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne 3198  
3199  
3200  
3201

him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 3202  
3203

*Other.* But is this law? 3204

*Clo.* I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law. 3205

*Other.* Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not bene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue bene buried out of Christian Buriall. 3206  
3207  
3208

*Clo.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp Adams Profession. 3209  
3210  
3211  
3212  
3213  
3214

*Other.* Was he a Gentleman? 3215

*Clo.* He was the first that euer bore Armes. 3216

*Other.* Why he had none. 3217

*Clo.* What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnder- 3218

3224 1920 Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,  
 1921 Of a Mafon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?  
 1922 2. Why a Mafon, for he buildes all of stone,  
 1923 And will indure long.  
 1924 *Clowne* That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.  
 1925 2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,  
 1926 And that brings many a one to his long home.

3230 1927 *Clowne* Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe  
 1928 does it well ? the gallowes does well to them that doe ill,  
 1929 goe get thee gone:  
 1930 And if any one aske thee hereafter, fay,  
 1931 A Graue-maker, for the houfes he buildes  
 3244 1932 Laft till Doomef-day. Fetch me a flope of beere, goe.

3239 1933

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

3279 1934 *Clowne* A picke-axe and a fpade,  
 1935 A fpade for and a winding sheete,

stand the Scripture? the Scripture faves *Adam* dig'd; 3219  
 could hee digge without *Armes*? Ile put another que- 3220  
 stion to thee; if thou anfwereft me not to the purpose, con- 3221  
 fesse thy selfe ——— 3222

*Other.* Go too. 3223

*Clo.* What is he that builds stronger then either the 3224  
*Mafon*, the *Shipwright*, or the *Carpenter*? 3225

*Other.* The *Gallowes* maker; for that *Frame* outliues a 3226  
 thousand *Tenants*. 3227

*Clo.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the *Gallowes* 3228  
 does well; but how does it well? it does well to those 3229  
 that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the *Gallowes* is 3230  
 built stronger then the *Church*: *Argall*, the *Gallowes* 3231  
 may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come. 3232

*Other.* Who builds stronger then a *Mafon*, a *Ship-* 3233  
*wright*, or a *Carpenter*? 3234

*Clo.* I, tell me that, and vnyoake. 3235

*Other.* Marry, now I can tell. 3236

*Clo.* Too't. 3237

*Other.* Maffe, I cannot tell. 3238

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.* 3239

*Clo.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your 3240  
 dull *Affe* will not mend his pace with beating; and when 3241  
 you are ask't this question next, say a *Graue-maker*: the 3242  
*Houfes* that he makes, lasts till *Doomesday*: go, get thee 3243  
 to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of *Liquor*. 3244

*Sings.* 3245

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,* 3246

*me thought it was very sweete:* 3247

1936 Most fit it is, for t'will be made,     *he throwes vp a shouel.*

1937 For such a gheft most meete.

3250 1938 *Ham.* Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,

1939 That is thus merry in making of a graue?

1940 See how the flauie joles their heads against the earth.

3252 1941 *Hor.* My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-

3279 1942 *Clowne* A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

1943 For and a winding sheete,

1944 Most fir it is for to be made,

1945 For such a ghoft most meet.

(thing.



- To contract O the time for a my behoue,* 3248  
*O me thought there was nothing meete.* 3249
- Ham.* Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that 3250  
 he fings at Graue-making? 3251
- Hor.* Custome hath made it in him a property of ea- 3252  
 finesse. 3253
- Ham.* 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath 3254  
 the daintier sence. 3255
- Clowne fings.* 3256
- But Age with his stealing steps* 3257  
*hath caught me in his clutch:* 3258  
*And hath shipped me intill the Land,* 3259  
*as if I had neuer beene such.* 3260
- Ham.* That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing 3261  
 once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it 3262  
 were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It 3263  
 might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Affe o're Of- 3264  
 fices: one that could circumuent God, might it not? 3265
- Hor.* It might, my Lord. 3266
- Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could fay, Good Mor- 3267  
 row sweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this 3268  
 might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such 3269  
 a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not? 3270
- Hor.* I, my Lord. 3271
- Ham.* Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, 3272  
 Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons 3273  
 Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to 3274  
 see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but 3275  
 to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke 3276  
 on't. 3277
- Clowne fings.* 3278
- A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.* 3279  
*for and a shrowding-Sheete:* 3280  
*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,* 3281  
*for such a Guest is meete.* 3282

3283 1946 *Ham.* Looke you, there's another *Horatio*.  
 1947 Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?  
 1948 Me thinks he should indite that fellow  
 1949 Of an action of Batterie, for knocking  
 1950 Him about the pate with's shouel:now where is your  
 1951 Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and

3290 1952 Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,

1953 And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce  
 1954 Holde the conueiance of his land, and must  
 1955 The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!  
 1956 I prethee tell me *Horatio*,

3299 1957 Is parchuent made of sheep-skinnes?

1958 *Hor.* I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.

1959 *Ham.* Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues

1960 That deale with them, or put their trust in them.

1961 There's another, why may not that be such a ones

1962 Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,

1963 When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee

1964 Lets question yonder fellow.

1965 Now my friend, whose graue is this?

3304 1966 *Clowne* Mine fir.

1967 *Ham.* But who must lie in it? (fir.)

1968 *Clowne.* If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

*Ham.* There's another : why might not that bee the  
 Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his  
 Quillets? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why  
 doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about  
 the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of  
 his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's  
 time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-  
 nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries :  
 Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Reco-  
 ueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his  
 Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchafes, and dou-  
 ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of  
 Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will  
 hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himfelfe  
 haue no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a iot more, my Lord. 3298

*Ham.* Is not Parchmeent made of Shep-skinnes? 3299

*Hor.* I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too. 3300

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues that feek out affu- 3301

rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whofe Graue's  
 this Sir? 3303

*Clo.* Mine Sir: 3304

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,* 3305

*for such a Guest is meete.* 3306

*Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeed:for thou lieft in't. 3307

*Clo.* You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:  
 for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine. 3309

*Ham.* Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and fay 'tis thine :  
 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou  
 lyest. 3312

*Clo.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me  
 to you. 3314

- 1969 *Ham.* What man must be buried here?  
 1970 *Clowne* No man fir.  
 1971 *Ham.* What woman?  
 1972 *Clowne-* No woman neither fir, but indeede

3320 1973 One that was a woman.

3322 1974 *Ham.* An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio,*

- 1975 This feauen yeares haue I noted it : the toe of the pefant,  
 1976 Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,  
 1977 That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,

3347 1978 How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

- 1979 *Clowne* I faith fir, if hee be not rotten before  
 1980 He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,  
 1981 He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner  
 1982 Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

- Ham.* What man dost thou digge it for? 3315
- Clo.* For no man Sir. 3316
- Ham.* What woman then? 3317
- Clo.* For none neither. 3318
- Ham.* Who is to be buried in't? 3319
- Clo.* One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, 3320  
shee's dead. 3321
- Ham.* How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake 3322  
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the 3323  
Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, 3324  
the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pefant 3325  
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his 3326  
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker? 3327
- Clo.* Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day 3328  
that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*. 3329
- Ham.* How long is that since? 3330
- Clo.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: 3331  
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee 3332  
that was mad, and sent into England. 3333
- Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into England? 3334
- Clo.* Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his 3335  
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there. 3336
- Ham.* Why? 3337
- Clo.* 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as 3338  
mad as he. 3339
- Ham.* How came he mad? 3340
- Clo.* Very strangely they say. 3341
- Ham.* How strangely? 3342
- Clo.* Faith e'ene with loosing his wits. 3343
- Ham.* Vpon what ground? 3344
- Clo.* Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene 3345  
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares. 3346
- Ham.* How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot? 3347
- Clo.* Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue 3348  
many pocky Coarfes now adaies, that will scarce hold 3349  
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine 3350  
yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e. 3351

- 1983 *Ham.* And why a tanner?  
 3353 1984 *Clowne* Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,  
 1985 That it will holde out water, that's a parlous  
 1986 Deuourer of your dead body, a great foaker.  
 1987 Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,  
 3332 1988 Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*  
 1989 Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,  
 1990 Hee that's mad.  
 1991 *Ham.* I mary, how came he madde?  
 1992 *Clowne* Ifaith very strangely, by loofing of his wittes.  
 1993 *Ham.* Vpon what ground?  
 1994 *Clowne* A this ground, in *Denmarke*.  
 1995 *Ham.* Where is he now?  
 1996 *Clowne* Why now they sent him to *England*.  
 3334 1997 *Ham.* To *England* !wherefore?  
 1998 *Clowne* Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,  
 1999 Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,  
 2000 It will not be feene there.  
 2001 *Ham.* Why not there?  
 3338 2002 *Clowne* Why there they say the men are as mad as he.  
 3357 2003 *Ham.* Whose scull was this?

2004 *Clowne* This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,  
 2005 He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,  
 2006 Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* scull.

- 3366 2007 *Ham.* Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*  
 2008 I knew him *Horatio*,  
 2009 A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times

2010 vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kiffed a  
 2011 hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me : Wheres

*Ham.* Why he, more then another? 3352

*Clo.* Why fir, his hide is fo tan'd with his Trade, that 3353  
he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, 3354  
is a fore Decayer of your horfon dead body. Heres a Scull 3355  
now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years. 3356

*Ham.* Whose was it? 3357

*Clo.* A whorefon mad Fellowes it was; 3358  
Whose doe you thinke it was? 3359

*Ham.* Nay, I know not. 3360

*Clo.* A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a 3361  
Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This fame Scull 3362  
Sir, this fame Scull fir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester. 3363

*Ham.* This? 3364

*Clo:* E'ene that. 3365

*Ham.* Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-* 3366

*ratio*, a fellow of infinite I est; of most excellent fancy, he 3367  
hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how 3368  
abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rifes at it. Heere 3369  
hung those lipps, that I haue kift I know not how oft. 3370  
Where be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your 3371

2012 your iefte now *Yoricke*? your flashe of meriment : now go

2013 to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her felfe an inch

2014 thicke, to this she muft come *Yoricke*. *Horatio*, I prethee

3379 2015 tell me one thing, dooft thou thinke that *Alexander* looked  
2016 thus?

2017 *Hor.* Euen fo my Lord.

3382 2018 *Ham.* And fmelt thus?

2019 *Hor.* I my lord, no otherwife.

3385 2020 *Ham.* No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of

2021 *Alexander, Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*

2022 became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being

2023 but clay, why might not time bring to paffe, that he might

2024 ftoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?

2025 Imperious *Cafar* dead and turnd to clay,

3395 2026 Might ftoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

3400 2027 *Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,*

2028 *with a Priest after the coffin.*

3401 2029 *Ham.* What funerall's this that all the Court laments?

2030 It fhews to be fome noble parentage :

2031 Stand by a while.

3406 2032 *Lear.* What ceremony elfe? fay, what ceremony elfe?



Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to  
set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own  
Jeering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies  
Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this  
fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-  
thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that my Lord? 3377

*Ham.* Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fa-  
shion i'th' earth? 3378

*Hor.* E'ene so. 3379

*Ham.* And smelt so? Puh. 3380

*Hor.* E'ene so, my Lord. 3381

*Ham.* To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*.  
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *A-*  
*lexander*, till he find it flopping a bung-hole. 3382

*Hor.* 'Twere to confider: to curiously to confider so. 3383

*Ham.* No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether  
with modestie enough & likelihood to lead it; as thus.  
*Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* re-  
turneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make  
Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuert-  
ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? 3384

Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay, 3385

Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away. 3386

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, 3387

Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw. 3388

But soft, but soft, aside, heere comes the King. 3389

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,* 3400

*with Lords attendant.* 3401

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow, 3402

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken 3403

The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, 3404

Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate. 3405

Couch we a while, and mark. 3406

*Laer.* What Cerimony else? 3407

3409 2033 *Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,  
 2034 And more than well the church can tolerate,  
 2035 She hath had a Dirge fung for her maiden foule:  
 3411 2036 And but for fauour of the king, and you,  
 2037 She had beene buried in the open fieldes,

3415 2038 Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

2039 *Lear.* So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a miniftring Angell  
 2040 shall my fifter be, when thou liest howling.

3428 2041 *Ham.* The faire *Ofelia* dead!  
 2042 *Queene* Sweetes to the fweete, farewell:  
 2043 I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,  
 2044 And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.  
 2045 *Lear.* Forbeare the earth a while:fifter farewell:

2046 *Leartes leapes into the graue.*  
 2047 Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie,  
 2048 And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*  
 2049 Whats he that coniures fo? *in after Leartes*

<i>Ham.</i> That is <i>Laertes</i> , a very Noble youth : Marke.	3407
<i>Laer.</i> What Cerimony else ?	3408
<i>Priest.</i> Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.	3409
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,	3410
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,	3411
She should in ground vnfanctified haue lodg'd,	3412
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,	3413
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her :	3414
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,	3415
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home	3416
Of Bell and Buriall.	3417
<i>Laer.</i> Muft there no more be done ?	3418
<i>Priest.</i> No more be done :	3419
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,	3420
To sing sage <i>Requiem</i> , and such rest to her	3421
As to peace-parted Soules.	3422
<i>Laer.</i> Lay her i'th' earth,	3423
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,	3424
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)	3425
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,	3426
When thou liest howling ?	3427
<i>Ham.</i> What, the faire <i>Ophelia</i> ?	3428
<i>Queene.</i> Sweets, to the sweet farewell.	3429
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my <i>Hamlets</i> wife :	3430
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)	3431
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.	3432
<i>Laer.</i> Oh terrible woer,	3433
Fall ten times trebble, on that curf'd head	3434
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence	3435
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,	3436
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes :	3437
<i>Leaps in the graue.</i>	3438
Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,	3439
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,	3440
To o're top old <i>Pelion</i> , or the skyish head	3441

3447 2050 *Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

2051 *Lear.* The diuell take thy foule.

2052 *Ham.* O thou praieft not well,

2053 I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,

2054 For there is something in me dangerous,

3453 2055 Which let thy wifedome feare, holde off thy hand:

2056 I lou'de *Ophelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:

2057 Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:

2058 Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,

3467 2059 Wilt drinke vp veffels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:

2060 Com'ft thou here to whine?

2061 And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,

2062 Here let vs ftand : and let them throw on vs,

2063 Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,

2064 Make Oofell as a Wart.

2065 *King.* Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the fea,

Of blew <i>Olympus</i> .	3442
<i>Ham.</i> What is he, whose griefes	3443
Beares fuch an Emphafis ? whose phrafe of Sorrow	3444
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ftand	3445
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,	3446
<i>Hamlet</i> the Dane.	3447
<i>Laer.</i> The deuill take thy foule.	3448
<i>Ham.</i> Thou prai'ft not well	3449
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat ;	3450
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,	3451
Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,	3452
Which let thy wifeneffe feare. Away thy hand.	3453
<i>King.</i> Pluck them afunder.	3454
<i>Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.</i>	3455
<i>Gen.</i> Good my Lord be quiet.	3456
<i>Ham.</i> Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,	3457
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.	3458
<i>Qu.</i> Oh my Sonne, what Theame ?	3459
<i>Ham.</i> I lou'd <i>Ophelia</i> ; fortie thoufand Brothers	3460
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)	3461
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou do for her	3462
<i>King.</i> Oh he is mad <i>Laertes</i> ,	3463
<i>Qu.</i> For loue of God forbear him.	3464
<i>Ham.</i> Come fhow me what thou'lt doe.	3465
Woo't weepe ? Woo't fight ? Woo't teare thy felfe ?	3466
Woo't drinke vp <i>Efile</i> , eate a Crocodile ?	3467
Ile doo't, Dost thou come heere to whine ;	3468
To outface me with leaping in her Graue ?	3469
Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.	3470
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw	3471
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground	3472
Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone,	3473
Make <i>Offa</i> like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,	3474
Ile rant as well as thou.	3475
<i>Kin.</i> This is meere Madneffe ;	3476
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him :	3477

3478 2066 Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:  
 2067 Therefore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

2068 *Ham* What is the reason fir that you wrong mee thus?  
 2069 I neuer gaue you caufe : but stand away,

3485 2070 A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

2071 *Exit Hamlet and Horatio.*

2072 *Queene.* Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,

2073 And not his heart, *Leartes.*

2074 *King.* My lord, t'is so : but wee'le no longer trifle,

2075 This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,

2076 For presently we meane to send to him,

2077 Therefore *Leartes* be in readynes.

2078 *Lear.* My lord, till then my foule will not bee quiet.

2079 *King.* Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,

2080 Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,

2081 Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

2082 *Queene* God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

3493 2083

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio*

Anon as patient as the female Doue,	3478
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd ;	3479
His filence will fit drooping.	3480
<i>Ham.</i> Heare you Sir :	3481
What is the reason that you vie me thus ?	3482
I loud' you euer ; but it is no matter :	3483
Let <i>Hercules</i> himselfe doe what he may,	3484
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. <i>Exit.</i>	3485
<i>Kin.</i> I pray you good <i>Horatio</i> wait vpon him,	3486
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,	3487
Wee'l put the matter to the present push :	3488
Good <i>Gertrude</i> set some watch ouer your Sonne,	3489
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument :	3490
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see ;	3491
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. <i>Exeunt.</i>	3492

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.* 3493

*Ham.* So much for this Sir ; now let me see the other, 3494  
You doe remember all the Circumstance. 3495

*Hor.* Remember it my Lord ? 3496

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting, 3497  
That would not let me sleepe ; me thought I lay 3498  
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly, 3499  
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know, 3500





Our indifcretion fometimes ferues vs well, 3501  
 When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs, 3502  
 There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends, 3503  
 Rough-hew them how we will. 3504

*Hor.* That is moſt certaine. 3505

*Ham.* Vp from my Cabin 3506

My fea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke, 3507  
 Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire, 3508  
 Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew 3509  
 To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold, 3510  
 (My feares forgetting manners) to vnfeale 3511  
 Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*, 3512  
 Oh royall knauery: An exact command, 3513  
 Larded with many feuerall forts of reaſon; 3514  
 Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too, 3515  
 With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life; 3516  
 That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated, 3517  
 No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe, 3518  
 My head ſhoud be ſtruck off, 3519

*Hor.* Iſt poſſible? 3520

*Ham.* Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyfure: 3521  
 But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed? 3522

*Hor.* I beſeech you. 3523

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with Villaines, 3524  
 Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines, 3525  
 They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe, 3526  
 Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire, 3527  
 I once did hold it as our Statifts doe, 3528  
 A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much 3529  
 How to forget that learning: but Sir now, 3530  
 It did me Yeomans ſeruiſe: wilt thou know 3531  
 The effects of what I wrote? 3532

*Hor.* I, good my Lord. 3533

*Ham.* An earneſt Coniuration from the King, 3534  
 As England was his faithfull Tributary, 3535  
 As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh, 3536



As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare, 3537  
 And stand a Comma 'twene their amities, 3538  
 And many such like Affis of great charge, 3539  
 That on the view and know<sup>o</sup> of these Contents, 3540  
 Without debatement further, more or lesse, 3541  
 He should the bearers put to fodaine death, 3542  
 Not shruing time allowed. 3543

*Hor.* How was this seal'd ? 3544

*Ham.* Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate; 3545  
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse, 3546  
 Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale : 3547  
 Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other, 3548  
 Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impreffion, plac't it safely, 3549  
 The changeling neuer knowne : Now, the next day 3550  
 Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fement, 3551  
 Thou know'ft already. 3552

*Hor.* So *Guildensterne* and *Rofincrance*, go too't. 3553

*Ham.* Why man, they did make loue to this employment 3554  
 They are not neere my Conscience; their debate 3555  
 Doth by their owne insinuation grow : 3556  
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes 3557  
 Betweene the paffe, and fell incensed points 3558  
 Of mighty opposites. 3559

*Hor.* Why, what a King is this ? 3560

*Ham.* Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon 3561  
 He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother, 3562  
 Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes, 3563  
 Throwne out his Angle for my proper life, 3564  
 And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience, 3565  
 To quit him with this arme ? And is't not to be damn'd 3566  
 To let this Canker of our nature come 3567  
 In further euill. 3568

*Hor.* It must be shortly knowne to him from England 3569  
 What is the issue of the businesse there. 3570

*Ham.* It will be short, 3571  
 The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more 3572

2084 *Ham.* beleue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*,  
 3574 2085 That to *Leartes* I forgot my felfe :  
 2086 For by my felfe me thinkes I feele his grieffe,  
 2087 Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

3580 2088 *Enter a Bragart Gentleman.*

2089 *Horatio*, but marke yon water-flie,

3584 2090 The Court knowes him.but hee knowes not the Court.

3589 2091 *Gent.* Now God faue thee, fweete prince *Hamlet*.

2092 *Ham.* And you fit:foh, how the muske cod fmels!

2093 *Gen.* I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you

2094 *Ham.* I shall fir giue you attention:

2095 By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.

3596 2096 *Gent.* It is indeede very rawifh colde.

2097 *Ham.* T'is hot me thinkes.

3599 2098 *Gent.* Very fwoltery hote:

Then to fay one : but I am very forry good *Horatio*, 3573  
 That to *Laertes* I forgot my felfe ; 3574  
 For by the image of my Caufe, I fee 3575  
 The Portraiture of his ; Ile count his fauours : 3576  
 But fure the brauery of his grieffe did put me 3577  
 Into a Towring paffion. 3578

*Hor.* Peace, who comes heere ? 3579

*Enter young Ofricke.* (marke. 3580

*Ofr.* Your Lordfhip is right welcome back to Den- 3581

*Ham.* I humbly thank you Sir, doft know this waterflie? 3582

*Hor.* No my good Lord. 3583

*Ham.* Thyfate is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to 3584  
 know him : he hath much Land, and fertile ; let a Beaft 3585  
 be Lord of Beafts, and his Crib fhall ftand at the Kings 3586  
 Mefle; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I faw fpacious in the pof- 3587  
 feffion of dirt. 3588

*Ofr.* Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, 3589

I fhould impart a thing to you from his Maiefty. 3590

*Ham.* I will receiue it with all diligence of fpirit;put 3591  
 your Bonet to his right vfe, 'tis for the head. 3592

*Ofr.* I thanke your Lordfhip, 'tis very hot. 3593

*Ham.* No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is 3594  
 Northerly. 3595

*Ofr.* It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed. 3596

*Ham.* Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my 3597  
 Complexion. 3598

*Ofr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere 3599  
 I cannot tell how : but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me fig- 3600  
 nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: 3601  
 Sir, this is the matter. 3602

*Ham.* I befeech you remember. 3603

*Ofr.* Nay, in good faith, for mine eafe in good faith : 3604  
 Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at 3605  
 his weapon. 3606

3610 2099 The King, ſweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your ſide,  
 2100 Six Barbary horſe, againſt ſix french rapiers,  
 2101 With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:  
 2102 In good faith they are very curiouſly wrought.

2103 *Ham.* The cariages ſir, I do not know what you meane.

3617 2104 *Gent:* The girdles, and hangers ſir, and ſuch like.

2105 *Ham.* The worde had beene more coſin german to the  
 2106 phraſe, if he could haue carried the canon by his ſide,

2107 And howe's the wager? I vnderſtand you now.

3624 2108 *Gent.* Mary ſir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies  
 2109 At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,  
 2110 And on your ſide the King hath laide,  
 2111 And defires you to be in readineſſe.

2112 *Ham.* Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,  
 2113 I dare venture my ſkull:when muſt this be?

2114 *Gent.* My Lord, preſently, the king and her maieſty  
 2115 With the reſt of the beſt iudgement in the Court,  
 2116 Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

3632 2117 *Ham.* Goe tel his maieſtie. I wil attend him.

2118 *Gent.* I ſhall deliuer your moſt ſweet anſwer. *exit.*

3638 2119 *Ham.* You may ſir, none better for y'are ſpiced,

- Ham.* What's his weapon? 3607
- Ofr.* Rapier and dagger. 3608
- Ham.* That's two of his weapons; but well. 3609
- Ofr.* The fir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor- 3610  
fes, against the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French 3611  
Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, 3612  
Hangers or fo : three of the Carriages infaith are very 3613  
deare to fancy, very responfiue to the hilts, most delicate 3614  
carriages, and of very liberall conceit. 3615
- Ham.* What call you the Carriages? 3616
- Ofr.* The Carriage s Sir, are the hangers. 3617
- Ham.* The phrafe would bee more Germaine to the 3618  
matter : If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would 3619  
it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Hor- 3620  
fes against fixe French Swords : their Assignes, and three 3621  
liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but a- 3622  
gainst the Danish ; why is this impon'd as you call it? 3623
- Ofr.* The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes be- 3624  
twene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits ; 3625  
He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to 3626  
imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the 3627  
Anfwere. 3628
- Ham.* How if I anfwere no? 3629
- Ofr.* I meane my Lord, the opposition of your perfon 3630  
in tryall. 3631
- Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please 3632  
his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let 3633  
the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the 3634  
King hold his purpose ; I will win for him if I can : if 3635  
not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits. 3636
- Ofr.* Shall I redeliuer you ee'n fo? 3637
- Ham.* To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na- 3638  
ture will. 3639
- Ofr.* I commend my duty to your Lordship, 3640

2120 Elfe he had a bad nofe could not fmell a foole.

3643 2121 *Hor.* He will difclofe himfelfe without inquirie.

3655 2122 *Ham.* Beleue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the fodaine  
2123 Very fore all here about.

2124 *Hor.* My lord forbear the challenge then.

2125 *Ham.* No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,  
3662 2126 Why then it is not to come, theres a predefinate prouidence,  
2127 in the fall of a ſparrow : heere comes the King.

2128 *Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.*

3671 2129 *King* Now fonne *Hamlet*, we haue laid vpon your head,  
2130 And make no queſtion but to haue the beſt.

2131 *Ham.* Your maieſtie hath laide a the weaker ſide.

2132 *King* We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.



*Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it  
himselſe, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue. 3641 3642

*Hor.* This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his  
head. 3643 3644

*Ham.* He did Complie with his Dugge before hee  
fuck't it : thus had he and mine more of the ſame Beauty  
that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of  
the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of  
yefty collection, which carries them through & through  
the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow  
them to their tryalls : the Bubbles are out. 3645 3646 3647 3648 3649 3650 3651

*Hor.* You will loſe this wager, my Lord. 3652

*Ham.* I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France,  
I haue beene in continuall practice ; I ſhall winne at the  
oddes : but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere a-  
bout my heart : but it is no matter. 3653 3654 3655 3656

*Hor.* Nay, good my Lord. 3657

*Ham.* It is but foolery ; but it is ſuch a kinde of  
gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman. 3658 3659

*Hor.* If your minde diſlike any thing, obey. I will fore-  
ſtall their reſpaire hither, and ſay you are not fit. 3660 3661

*Ham.* Not a whit, we deſie Augury; there's a ſpeciall  
Prouidence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not  
to come : if it bee not to come, it will bee now : if it  
be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no  
man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-  
times ? 3662 3663 3664 3665 3666 3667

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Atten- 3668*  
*dants with Foyle s, and Gauntlets, a Table and 3669*  
*Flagons of Wine on it. 3670*

*Kin.* Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me. 3671

3672 2133 *Ham.* Firſt Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,

2134 Proteſting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes*.

2135 If *Hamlet* in his madneſſe did amiſſe,

3681 2136 That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,

2137 And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,

2138 I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

2139 And thinke I haue ſhot mine arrow o're the houſe,

2140 And hurt my brother.

3691 2141 *Lear.* Sir I am ſatiſfied in nature,

2142 But in termes of honor I'le ſtand aloofe,

2143 And will no reconcilment,

2144 Till by ſome elder maiſters of our time

2145 I may be ſatiſfied.

2146 *King* Giue them the foyles.

3704 2147 *Ham.* I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, theſe foyles,

*Ham.* Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong, 3672  
 But pardon't as you are a Gentleman. 3673  
 This prefece knowes, 3674  
 And you muft needs haue heard how I am punish't 3675  
 With fore diftraction? What I haue done 3676  
 That might your nature honour, and exception 3677  
 Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneffe : 3678  
 Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*. 3679  
 If *Hamlet* from himfelfe be tane away : 3680  
 And when he's not himfelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*, 3681  
 Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it : 3682  
 Who does it then? His Madneffe? If't be fo, 3683  
*Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd, 3684  
 His madneffe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy. 3685  
 Sir, in this Audience, 3686  
 Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd euill, 3687  
 Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts, 3688  
 That I haue fhott mine Arrow o're the houfe, 3689  
 And hurt my Mother. 3690

*Laer.* I am fatisfied in Nature, 3691  
 Whofe motiue in this cafe fhould firre me moft 3692  
 To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor 3693  
 I ftand aloofe, and will no reconcilment, 3694  
 Till by fome elder Mafters of knowne Honor, 3695  
 I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace 3696  
 To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time, 3697  
 I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue, 3698  
 And wil not wrong it. 3699

*Ham.* I do embrace it freely, 3700  
 And will this Brothers wager frankly play. 3701  
 Giue vs the Foyles : Come on. 3702

*Laer.* Come one for me. 3703

*Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance, 3704  
 Your Skill fhall like a Starre i'th'darkeſt night, 3705  
 Sticke fiery off indeede. 3706

3719 2148 Haue all a laught, come on fir :     *a hit.*

3738 2149 *Lear.* No none.

*Heere they play.*

3739 2150 *Ham.* Iudgement.

3740 2151 *Gent.* A hit, a most palpable hit.

2152 *Lear.* Well, come againe.

*They play againe.*

2153 *Ham.* Another. Iudgement.

<i>Laer.</i> You mocke me Sir.	3707
<i>Ham.</i> No by this hand.	3708
<i>King.</i> Giue them the Foyles yong <i>Ofricke</i> ,	3709
Coufen <i>Hamlet</i> , you know the wager.	3710
<i>Ham.</i> Verie well my Lord,	3711
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a th'weaker fide.	3712
<i>King.</i> I do not feare it,	3713
I haue feene you both :	3714
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.	3715
<i>Laer.</i> This is too heauy,	3716
Let me see another.	3717
<i>Ham.</i> This likes me well,	3718
These Foyles haue all a length.	<i>Prepare to play.</i> 3719
<i>Ofricke.</i> I my good Lord.	3720
<i>King.</i> Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table :	3721
If <i>Hamlet</i> giue the first, or second hit,	3722
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,	3723
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,	3724
The King ſhal drinke to <i>Hamlets</i> better breath,	3725
And in the Cup an vnion ſhal he throw	3726
Richer then that, which foure ſucceſſiue Kings	3727
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.	3728
Giue me the Cups,	3729
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,	3730
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,	3731
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,	3732
Now the King drinckes to <i>Hamlet</i> . Come, begin,	3733
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.	3734
<i>Ham.</i> Come on fir.	3735
<i>Laer.</i> Come on fir.	<i>They play.</i> 3736
<i>Ham.</i> One.	3737
<i>Laer.</i> No.	3738
<i>Ham.</i> Iudgement.	3739
<i>Ofr.</i> A hit, a very palpable hit.	3740
<i>Laer.</i> Well : againe.	3741

2154 *Lear.* I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.

2155 *King* Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee

3751 2156 *Queene* Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

2157 *King* Giue him the wine.

2158 *Ham.* Set it by, I'le haue another bowt firft,

2159 I'le drinke anone.

2160 *Queene* Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinks to thee.

2161 *Shee drinkes.*

3754 2162 *King* Do not drinke *Gertred* : O t'is the poyfnd cup!

3765 2163 *Ham.* *Leartes* come, you dally with me,

2164 I pray you paffe with your moft cunningft play.

2165 *Lear.* I! fay you fo? haue at you,

2166 Ile hit you now my Lord:

3768 2167 And yet it goes almoft againft my confcience.

<i>King.</i> Stay, giue me drinke.	3742
<i>Hamlet,</i> this Pearle is thine,	3743
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,	3744
<i>Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.</i>	3745
<i>Ham.</i> Ile play this bout firft, fet by a-while.	3746
Come : Another hit ; what fay you ?	3747
<i>Laer.</i> A touch, a touch, I do confesse.	3748
<i>King.</i> Our Sonne fhall win.	3749
<i>Qu.</i> He's fat, and fcant of breath.	3750
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,	3751

The Queene Carowfes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.* 3752

<i>Ham.</i> Good Madam.	3753
<i>King.</i> <i>Gertrude,</i> do not drinke.	3754
<i>Qu.</i> I will my Lord ;	3755
I pray you pardon me.	3756
<i>King.</i> It is the poyfon'd Cup, it is too late.	3757
<i>Ham.</i> I dare not drinke yet Madam,	3758
By and by.	3759
<i>Qu.</i> Come, let me wipe thy face.	3760
<i>Laer.</i> My Lord, Ile hit him now.	3761
<i>King.</i> I do not thinke't.	3762
<i>Laer.</i> And yet 'tis almost 'gainft my confcience.	3763
<i>Ham.</i> Come for the third.	3764
<i>Laertes,</i> you but dally,	3765
I pray you paffe with your beft violence,	3766
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.	3767
<i>Laer.</i> Say you fo ? Come on.	<i>Play.</i> 3768
<i>Ofr.</i> Nothing neither way.	3769
<i>Laer.</i> Haue at you now.	3770

2168 *Ham.* Come on fir.

3771 2169 *They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,*  
2170 *Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.*

2171 *King* Looke to the Queene.

3782 2172 *Queene* O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.

3785 2173 *Ham.* Treafon, ho, keepe the gates.

2174 *Lords* How ift my Lord *Leartes*?

2175 *Lear.* Euen as a coxcombe should,

2176 Foolifhly flaine with my owne weapon:

3790 2177 *Hamlet*, thou haft not in thee halfe an houre of life,

2178 The fatall Inftrument is in thy hand.

2179 Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poyfned,

2180 That drinke was made for thee.

2181 *Ham.* The poyfned Inftrument within my hand?

3797 2182 Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:



*In scuffling they change Rapiers.* 3771

- King.* Part them, they are incens'd. 3772  
*Ham.* Nay come, againe. 3773  
*Ofr.* Looke to the Queene there hoa. 3774  
*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord ? 3775  
*Ofr.* How is't *Laertes* ? 3776  
*Laer.* Why as a Woodcocke 3777  
 To mine Sprindge, *Ofricke*, 3778  
 I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie. 3779  
*Ham.* How does the Queene? 3780  
*King.* She founds to see them bleede. 3781  
*Qu.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke. 3782  
 Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke, 3783  
 I am poyson'd. 3784  
*Ham.* Oh Villany ! How ? Let the doore be lock'd. 3785  
 Treacherie, seeke it out. 3786
- Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*. 3787  
*Hamlet*, thou art flaine, 3788  
 No Medicine in the world can do thee good. 3789  
 In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life ; 3790  
 The Treacherous Instrumēt is in thy hand, 3791  
 Vnbated and envenom'd : the foule practise 3792  
 Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye, 3793  
 Neuer to rife againe : Thy Mothers poyson'd : 3794  
 I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. 3795  
*Ham.* The point envenom'd too, 3796  
 Then venome to thy worke. 3797
- Hurts the King.* 3798
- All.* Treafon, Treafon. 3799  
*King.* O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt. 3800  
*Ham.* Heere thou incestuous, murdrous, 3801

3803 2183 Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

2184 *Lear.* O he is iustly ferued:

2185 *Hamlet.* before I die, here take my hand,

2186 And withall, my loue : I doe forgiue thee. *Leartes dies.*

3811 2187 *Ham.* And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

3820 2188 *Hor.* No, I am more an antike Roman.

2189 Then a Dane, here is some poifon left.

2190 *Ham.* Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,

2191 O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,

2192 What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?

3825 2193 What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,

2194 If not from thee? O my heart finckes *Horatio*.

2195 Mine eyes haue lost their fight, my tongue his vse:

Damned Dane,	3802
Drinke off this Potion : Is thy Vnion heere ?	3803
Follow my Mother.	<i>King Dyes.</i> 3804
<i>Laer.</i> He is iustly seru'd.	3805
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe :	3806
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble <i>Hamlet</i> ;	3807
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,	3808
Nor thine on me.	<i>Dyes.</i> 3809
<i>Ham.</i> Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.	3810
I am dead <i>Horatio</i> , wretched Queene adiew,	3811
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,	3812
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte :	3813
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death	3814
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.	3815
But let it be : <i>Horatio</i> , I am dead,	3816
Thou liu'ft, report me and my causes right	3817
To the vnfatisfied.	3818
<i>Hor.</i> Neuer beleeeue it.	3819
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:	3820
Heere's yet some Liquor left.	3821
<i>Ham.</i> As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.	3822
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.	3823
Oh good <i>Horatio</i> , what a wounded name,	3824
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.	3825
If thou did'ft euer hold me in thy heart,	3826
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,	3827
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,	3828
To tell my Storie.	3829
	<i>March afarre off, and shout within.</i> 3830
What warlike noyse is this ?	3831
	<i>Enter Ofricke.</i> 3832
<i>Ofr.</i> Yong <i>Fortinbras</i> , with conquest come frō Poland	3833
To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.	3834
<i>Ham.</i> O I dye <i>Horatio</i> :	3835
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,	3836

3841 2196 Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my foule. *Ham. dies.*

3846 2197 *Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.*

2198 *enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.*

2199 *Fort.* Where is this bloody fight?

2200 *Hor.* If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,

2201 Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

3853 2202 *Fort.* O imperious death! how many Princes

2203 Haft thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? *(land,*

3856 2204 *Ambaff.* Our ambaffie that we haue brought from *Eng-*

2205 Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?

2206 O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

2207 *Hor.* Content your felues, Ile shew to all, the ground,

2208 The first beginning of this Tragedy:

3867 2209 Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,

2210 And let the State of the world be there:

2211 Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,

2212 That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,	3837
But I do prophesie th'election lights	3838
On <i>Fortinbras</i> , he ha's my dying voyce,	3839
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,	3840
Which haue folicitated. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. <i>Dyes</i>	3841
<i>Hora</i> . Now cracke a Noble heart :	3842
Goodnight sweet Prince,	3843
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,	3844
Why do's the Drumme come hither ?	3845
<i>Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,</i>	3846
<i>Colours, and Attendants.</i>	3847
<i>Fortin</i> . Where is this fight ?	3848
<i>Hor</i> . What is it ye would see ;	3849
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.	3850
<i>For</i> . His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,	3851
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.	3852
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,	3853
So bloodily haft strooke.	3854
<i>Amb</i> . The fight is dismall,	3855
And our affaires from England come too late,	3856
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,	3857
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,	3858
That <i>Rofincrance</i> and <i>Guildensterne</i> are dead :	3859
Where should we haue our thanks ?	3860
<i>Hor</i> . Not from his mouth,	3861
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you :	3862
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.	3863
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,	3864
You from the Polake warres, and you from England	3865
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies	3866
High on a stage be placed to the view,	3867
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,	3868
How these things came about. So shall you heare	3869
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,	3870

3879 2213 *Fort.* I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,  
2214 Which now to claime my leifure doth inuite mee:

2215 Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines  
2216 Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:  
2217 For he was likely, had he liued,  
3892 2218 To a prou'd most royall.

2219 Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this  
3897 2220 Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amiffe.

*Finis*



Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters 3871  
 Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause, 3872  
 And in this vphot, purposos mistooke, 3873  
 Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I 3874  
 Truly deliuer. 3875

*For.* Let vs haft to heare it, 3876  
 And call the Noblest to the Audience. 3877  
 For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune, 3878  
 I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome, 3879  
 Which are ro claime, my vantage doth 3880  
 Inuite me, 3881

*Hor.* Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake, 3882  
 And from his mouth 3883  
 Whose voyce will draw on more : 3884  
 But let this fame be presently perform'd, 3885  
 Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde, 3886  
 Left more mischance 3887  
 On plots, and errors happen. 3888

*For.* Let foure Captaines 3889  
 Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage, 3890  
 For he was likely, had he beene put on 3891  
 To haue prou'd most royally : 3892  
 And for his passage, 3893  
 The Souldiours Muficke, and the rites of Warre 3894  
 Speake lowdly for him. 3895  
 Take vp the body ; Such a fight as this 3896  
 Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis. 3897  
 Go, bid the Souldiers shoote. 3898

*Exeunt Marching : after the which, a Peale of* 3899  
*Ordenance are shot off.* 3900



HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE.

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH  
THE 1603 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
B	21	33
B 2	92	112
B 3	162	None corresponding.
B 3 (v.) or blank.	234	361
C	306	428
C 2	378	541
C 3	450	645
C 3 (v.) or blank.	522	739
D	594	827
D 2	666	942
D 3	738	1060
D 3 (v.) or blank.	809	1170
E	881	1765
E 2	953	1259
E 3	1025	1439
E 3 (v.) or blank.	1097	1545
F	1167	None corresponding.
F 2	1240	None corresponding.
F 3	1312	2018
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1384	2124
G	1453	2260
G 2	1523	None corresponding. (See marginal notation.)
G 3	1594	None corresponding.
G 3 (v.) or blank.	1664	None corresponding.
H	1731	2869
H 2	1803	None corresponding.
H 3	1875	None corresponding.
H 3 (v.) or blank.	1946	3283
I	2118	3382
I 2	2010	None corresponding.
I 3	2162	3754
I 3 (v.) or blank.	2220	None corresponding.



COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH  
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 152	47	1st column, page 268	2096
2d " " 152	95	2d " " 268	2162
1st " " 153	161	1st " " 269	2228
2d " " 153	220	2d " " 269	2292
1st " " 154	286	1st " " 270	2357
2d " " 154	350	2d " " 270	2422
1st " " 155	416	1st " " 271	2488
2d " " 155	476	2d " " 271	2554
1st " " 156	542	1st " " 272	2620
2d " " 156	607	2d " " 272	2685
1st " " 257	673	1st " " 273	2750
2d " " 257	738	2d " " 273	2816
1st " " 258	804	1st " " 274	2881
2d " " 258	870	2d " " 274	2947
1st " " 259	930	1st " " 275	3009
2d " " 259	995	2d " " 275	3075
1st " " 260	1059	1st " " 276	3141
2d " " 260	1121	2d " " 276	3205
1st " " 261	1187	1st " " 277	3270
2d " " 261	1251	2d " " 277	3336
1st " " 262	1316	1st " " 278	3401
2d " " 262	1382	2d " " 278	3467
1st " " 263	1448	1st " " 279	3532
2d " " 263	1514	2d " " 279	3598
1st " " 264	1580	1st " " 280	3664
2d " " 264	1644	2d " " 280	3728
1st " " 265	1710	1st " " 281	3794
2d " " 265	1776	2d " " 281	3858
1st " " 266	1841	1st " " 282	3879
2d " " 266	1903	2d " " 282	3899
1st " " 267	1967		
2d " " 267	2030		













